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THE

WORKS

OF

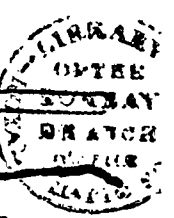
Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.
The SOLDIER's FORTUNE.
The ATHEIST, *or the Second Part of the* SOLDIER's FORTUNE.

5 IX. P 6



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M.DCC.LXVIII.

00052719

FRIENDSHIP

IN

FASHION,

A

COMEDY.

Archilochum rabies armavit Iambis

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Gentleman of his Majeſty's Bed-Chamber,

My LORD,

YOUR Lordſhip has ſo often and ſo highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn myſelf for giving you a Trouble ſo impertinent as this is: Conſidering how remiſs I have been in my Reſpects to your Lordſhip, in that I have not waited on you ſo frequently as the Duty I owe your Lordſhip, and my own Inclinations required; but the Circumſtances of my Condition, whoſe daily Buſineſs muſt be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happineſs. Be pleaſed then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Inſtance of his Gratitude who in a high meaſure owes

his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordſhip will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unſucceſsfully: I am ſure I have Reaſon to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky Cenſures ſome have paſt on me for this Play, I hope your Lordſhip will believe I hardly deſerve them. For to my beſt remembrance, when I firſt was accuſed of the thing by ſome People of the World, who had perhaps as little Reaſon to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themſelves deſerved it, I made it my Buſineſs to clear myſelf to your Lordſhip, whoſe good Opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worſt Enemies can wrong me of elſe: I hope I convinced your Lordſhip of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been juſt. For I thank my Stars I know myſelf better than (for all the Threats ſome have been pleaſed to beſtow upon me) to tell a Lye to ſave my Throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your Lordſhip's Favour and good Opinion, and accept of the Prayers and Well-wiſhes of

Your moſt humble, and

moſt obliged Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

HOW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage,
That ſtrives to pleaſe in this fantaſtic Age?
It is a thing ſo difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bid me plainly ſay,
You muſt not look for any in his Play.
I' th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not ſo much as one well-meaning Hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every Word he ſays,
On ſtricteſt Vigils, and on Faſting-Days,
When he his Fleſh to Penance did enjoin,
Nay took ſuch Care to work it chaſte and fine,
He diſciplin'd himſelf at ev'ry Line.
Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends,
Tho' ſome have ſtrove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have ſo very few of thoſe,
They'd need take care whoſe Favour 'tis they loſe.
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cheriſh and educate your Sons with Care:
Breed 'em to wholeſom Law, or give 'em Trades.
Let 'em not follow th' Muſes, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful riſing Cits
Have we of late known ſpoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critics are worſe treated here
Than on the Bankſide Butchers do a Bear.
Faith, Sirs, be kind, ſince now his Time is come,
When he muſt ſtand or fall as you ſhall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair Play for't,
And he's content for once, to make you Sport.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Goodvile,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Truman,	Mr. *Smith.*
Valentine,	Mr. *Harris.*
Sir *Noble Clumſey*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malagene,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Caper,	Mr. *Jevon.*
Saunter,	Mr. *Bowman.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Goodvile,*	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Victoria,	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Camilla,	Mrs. [illegible]
Lady [illegible]	Mrs. *Gwin.*
Lettice,	Mrs. *Seymour*
Bridget,	Mrs. ———

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *The Mall.*

TRUMAN *reading a Billet, and Servant.*

TRUMAN.

IN a Vizor ſay you?

SERVANT.

Yes Sir, and as ſoon as ſhe had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away ſhe hurry'd.

TRUMAN.

The meaning of a Billet of this Nature without a Name is a Riddle to me. [*Reads.*

You know me and ſee me often, I wiſh I may never ſee you more, except you know better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this ſo ſoon as it comes to your Hands. ——Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than ſome ſtanch Virtue of Thirty-five, that is juſt now fallen under the Temptation; or what is as bad, one of thoſe cautious Dealers that never venture but in Maſquerade, where they are ſure to be-

be wondrous kind, though they diſcover no more to the Lover than he has juſt Occaſion to make uſe of.

Enter GOODVILE *and* VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Truman, Good-morrow; juſt out of your Lodging; but that I know thee better, I ſhould ſwear thou hadſt reſolv'd to ſpend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance for the Sins of the laſt.

GOODVILE.

I beg your Pardon! Some Lady has taken up your Time. Thou canſt no more riſe in a Morning without a Wench; than thou canſt go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave Whoring?

TRUMAN.

Peace, Matrimony, Peace——ſpeak more reverently of your dearly beloved Whoring. *Valentine*, he is the mere Spirit of Hypocriſy———he had hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilſt he debauch'd me with two Vizors in an Hackney to Supper.

VALENTINE.

Truly, *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to ſomething———But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where ſhall we dine?

TRUMAN.

Where you will, I am indifferent.

GOODVILE.

And I.

VALENTINE.

I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but-

TRUMAN.

With whom?

VALENTINE.

Why, your Couſin *Malagene*, *Goodvile*.

GOODVILE.

Valentine, thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true

true indeed, he is ſome Relation to me, but 'tis ſuch a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

VALENTINE.

But Rogues and Fools are ſo very plenty, 'tis hard always to eſcape 'em.

TRUMAN.

Beſides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never ſpoke well of any Man behind his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Diſperſer of nauſeous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Siſter; pr'ythee let's avoid him, if we can to-day.

GOODVILE.

'Twill be almoſt impoſſible, for he is as impudent as he is troubleſome: as there is no Company ſo ill but he'll keep, ſo there's none ſo good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever ſeen you once, he'll be ſure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

VALENTINE.

He came where I was laſt Night, roaring drunk; ſwore Damn him, he had been with my Lord ſuch-a-one, and had ſwallowed three Quarts of Champaigne for his Share. Said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forced to promiſe him I would meet him to-day, to get rid of him.

GOODVILE.

Faith, Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my Houſe: I have [illegible]ubb'd him of late, and he'll hardly venture that way ſo ſoon again: At Night I'll promiſe you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own ſake with Freedom ſhe pleaſes) has ſent for the Fiddles to come.

TRUMAN.

Goodvile, if there be any ſuch thing as Eaſe in Matrimony, thou haſt it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes them as diſtinguiſhable from one of us, as your Jews are from the reſt of Mankind.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Oh there are Pleaſures you dream not of; he is only confin'd by it that will be ſo; A Man may make his Condition as eaſy as he pleaſes.——Mine is ſuch a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but ſhe entertains me with freſh Kindneſs: and *Jack*, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miſs'd of an Opportunity, ſtops a Gap well enough.

TRUMAN.

There's no Condition ſo wretched but has its Reſerve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his own warm Buſh; and your marry'd Whore-maſter that miſſes of his Wench, goes honeſtly home, and there's Madam Wife.——But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

GOODVILE.

In the firſt place, my Couſin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon ſuch an Occaſion, the inimitable Lady *Squeamiſh*.

TRUMAN.

That indeed is a worthy Perſon, a great Critic forſooth: one that cenſures Plays, and takes it very ill ſhe has none dedicated to her yet; a conſtant Frequenter of all Maſquerades and Public Meetings, a perfect Etiquet, very affected, and ſomething old.

VALENTINE.

Diſcourſes readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a ſtrange Admirer of Accompliſhments and good Breeding, as ſhe calls it; a reſtleſs Dancer; one that by her Good will would never be out of Motion.

TRUMAN.

How, *Valentine!* you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you ſpeak too harſhly of your Miſtreſs, though the Buſineſs be over. You ſtand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man of Principles.

GOOD.

GOODVILE.

That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harraſs'd Stager has always ſome ſuch reſty Whore-maſter or another, whom ſhe makes the beſt of her Deſpair withal; and after being forſaken by half the Town beſides, comforts herſelf in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen, you'll be ſure to follow?

TRUMAN.

Sir we'll not fail to wait on you [*Exit.* Goodvile.

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddeſt Adventure this Morning——ha——*Malagene!*

Enter MALAGENE.

How came he hither?

MALAGENE.

Jack Truman, Monſieur *Valentine, bon jour*——Was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——ha?

VALENTINE.

Yes, he parted hence juſt now.

MALAGENE.

Faith, I'll tell ye what, Gentlemen, *Goodvile*'s a very honeſt Fellow as can be, but he and I are fall'n out of late, though faith 'twas nothing of my ſeeking.

TRUMAN.

No, I'll be ſworn for thee, thou lov'ſt thyſelf better.

VALENTINE.

Pray, what was the matter, *Malagene?*

MALAGENE.

Why I was adviſing him to look after things better at Home: The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the purpoſe, for faith I ſhould be ſorry to ſee any ill come on't, very ſorry.

TRUMAN.

But hark ye, *Malagene, Goodvile*'s a ſort of a ſurly Companion, and apt to have ſo good an Opinion of himſelf,

that

that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice; he might have been very ſevere with you upon this Occaſion.

MALAGENE.

Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine Piece of Work on't indeed; hark ye, (under the Roſe) he's ſweetly fitted with my Couſin tho'.

VALENTINE.

Pray, Sir, ſpeak with more Reſpect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to reliſh any of your Satire at preſent.

MALAGENE.

O Lord, Sir, I beg your pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may deſign an Intereſt. Faith *Ned*, if thou doſt, I'll never be thy Hindrance, for all ſhe's my Kinſwoman.

TRUMAN.

The Raſcal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Siſter, though but for the bare Pleaſure of telling it himſelf.

MALAGENE.

Now when he comes home, will ſhe be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! Where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you ſhould go abroad ſo ſoon that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauch'd Companion young *Valentine:* But that I know you are a good Dear, I ſhould be apt to be jealous of you, that I ſhould, ha, ha

TRUMAN.

Sir, you are very bold with our Cl[illegible]ers, methinks.

MALAGENE.

I, ſhaw! your Servant; ſure, we that know one another may be free: You may ſay as much of me, if you pleaſe. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Buſineſs laſt night?——ha.

TRUMAN.

Not a Word I aſſure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Pr'ythee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

MALAGENE.

Why, coming out of *Chatolin*'s laſt Night (Where it had coſt me a Guinea Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which ſhall be nameleſs) juſt as I was getting into a Coach, who ſhould come by but a bluſtering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and ſwore, Damn him, the Coach was for him; we had ſome Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Paſs, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away his *Toledo*, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, ſeiz'd upon *Damozel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, managed her all Night, and juſt now ſent her off,—Faith amongſt Friends ſhe was a Perſon of Quality, I'll tell you that.

TRUMAN.

What a Perſon of Quality at that Time o'th Night, and on Foot too.

MALAGENE.

Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

VALENTINE.

Oh, Sir, you may be ſure we ſhall be very cautious of ſpreading any Secrets of yours of this Nature—lying Rake-hell; the higheſt he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and ſhe too baniſh'd him at laſt, becauſe he boaſted of her favours.

MALAGENE.

Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will: for I think it was no more than any one would have done upon the ſame Occaſion—ha——

TRUMAN.

Doubtleſs, Sir, you were much in the right. But, *Valentine*, we ſtay too long; 'tis time we were going.

MALAGENE.

What, to Dinner? I'll make a third Man——where ſhall it be?

TRUMAN.

Sir, I am ſorry, we muſt beg your Excuſe this time, for we are both engag'd.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Whoo! pr'ythee, that's all one, I am ſure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

VALENTINE.

No, but *Malagene*, to make ſhort of the Buſineſs, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneaſy if you be there.

MALAGENE.

What's that to the purpoſe?—I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks! of honeſt Fellows, you keep the oddeſt Company ſometimes that ever I knew.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir, we are reſolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto deſire you would leave us to ourſelves to day.

MALAGENE.

No——but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have dicovered a Treaſure of pale Wine——I aſſure you 'tis the ſame the King drinks of——What ſay you *Jack*? I am but for one Bottle or two; for faith I have reſolv'd to live ſober for a Week.

TRUMAN.

Pr'ythee Tormentor leave us; do not I know the Wine thou drink'ſt is as baſe as the Company thou keep'ſt. To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor muſt you go with us.

MALAGENE.

Why, if one ſhould ask the Queſtion now, whither are you going? ha!

VALENTINE.

How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*?—you may be ſure of them; they'll eat and drink and go all over the World with you.

MALAGENE.

How canſt thou think, that I would keep ſuch loathſome Company? A Brace of ſilly, talking, dancing, ſinging Raſcals: 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with

with 'em, I know not how! and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuſe 'em for an Hour or two——but come what will on't, I am reſolv'd to go along with you to-day.

TRUMAN.

Upon my Word, Sir, you cannot——Why ſhould you make ſo many Difficulties with your Friends?

MALAGENE.

Whoo! prithee leave fooling——You would ſhake me off now, would you? But I know better things.——The Sham won't paſs upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

TRUMAN.

Death, we muſt uſe him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not paſs, Sir?

MALAGENE.

No Sir.

TRUMAN.

Pray, Sir, leave us.

MALAGENE.

I ſhan't do't Sir.

TRUMAN.

But you muſt, Sir.

MALAGENE.

May be not, Sir.

TRUMAN.

I am going this way. [*Walking off.*

MALAGENE.

So am I.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir, I muſt ſtay here a little longer.

MALAGENE.

With all my Heart; 'tis the ſame thing, I am not in haſte.

VALENTINE.

Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*, ——you'll run the hazard of a ſcurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Beating; I am ſorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am us'd to ſerve him ſo, Man; let him alone, you ſhall ſee how I'll teaze him. Hark you, *Jack*.

TRUMAN.

Sir, you are an impudent troubleſome Coxcomb.

MALAGENE.

No matter for that, I ſhan't leave you.

TRUMAN.

Sir, I ſhall pull you by the Noſe then.

MALAGENE.

'Tis all one to me, do your worſt.

TRUMAN.

Take that then, Sir——Now d'ye hear—— [*Tweaks him by the Noſe.*

Go about your Buſineſs.

MALAGENE.

Nay, faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jeſt too far; What a Pox I know you are not in earneſt; pr'ythee let's go.

TRUMAN.

Death, Sir, you lie; not in earneſt!—let [*Kicks him.*] this convince you——How like you the Jeſt now, Sir?

MALAGENE.

Hark you, *Truman*, we ſhan't dine together then, ſhall we?

VALENTINE.

Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter; *Truman* had a Quarrel laſt Night, and we are juſt now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him ſo ſurly. Nevertheleſs, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you ſhall; perhaps we may have occaſion for a third Man.

MALAGENE.

No, no, if that be the Buſineſs, I'll ſay no more; puh——I hate to preſs into any Man's Company againſt his Inclination. *Truman*, upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porters laſt Night, and loſt my Money.—Pr'ythee lend me two Guineas till next Time I ſee thee, Child.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

With all my Heart, Sir. I was ſure 'twould come to this at laſt; 'tis here, you may command what you pleaſe from your Servant. *Malagene*, good-morrow.

Enter CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

MALAGENE.

Dear *Jack Truman* your humble.—— [*Ex.* Truman.

VALENTINE.

Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene?*

MALAGENE.

No, here are two ſilly Fellows coming, I'll go and divert myſelf a little with them at preſent.

VALENTINE.

Why, thoſe are the very People you rail'd at ſo but now; You will not leave us for them, at a time when you may be ſo ſerviceable?

MALAGENE.

Hang it, you will have no occaſion for me; Man; ſay no more on't, but take my Advice; be ſure you ſtand faſt, don't give ground, d'ye hear, puſh briſkly, and I'll warrant you do your Buſineſs.

VALENTINE.

Sir, I thank you for your Counſel, and am ſorry we can't have your Company; but you are engag'd?

MALAGENE.

Are you ſure tho' it will come to Fighting? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks,

VALENTINE.

Nay, nothing ſo certain as that we ſhall fight; I wiſh you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

MALAGENE.

A pox on't, now I remember, I promiſed to meet theſe People here, and can't avoid them now; I'd go elſe with you with all my Heart, Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me ſend a Guard, I'll do't.

VALENTINE.

No, Sir,—there's no Danger—Nothing but the Rogue's Cowardice could have rid us of him. [*Ex.* Val.

MALAGENE.

How now, Bullies, whither ſo faſt this Morning? I parted juſt now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a Humour of drinking, and to ſpeak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingroſs ſtill all the Diſcourſe to themſelves: And a Man can never be free with them neither.

CAPER.

Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the delicat'ſt Creature but now as we came round; I am a Raſcal, if I don't think her one of the fineſt Women in the World; I ſhan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

SAUNTER.

'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield*'s Daughter, that came to Town laſt Summer when *Goodvile* was marry'd. He in love with her poor Soul!——I ſhall beg his pardon there, as I take it—— [*Sings.*

MALAGENE.

'That's *Truman*'s blowing: She's always ling'ring after him here, and at the Play-houſe: ſhe heats herſelf here every Morning againſt the general Courſe at Night, where ſhe comes as conſtantly as my Lady *Squeamiſh* herſelf.

SAUNTER.

I vow that's a fine Perſon; don't you think ſhe has abundance of Wit, *Malagene?* She and I did ſo rally *Caper* t'other Day.

Ay, it may be ſo.

SAUNTER.

But did you never her hear ſing? She made me ſit with her till Two o'Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song I have, and I vow ſhe ſings it wonderfully.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Damn her, ſhe's the moſt affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens: there is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can eſcape her, we ſhall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

CAPER.

Malagene, thou art the moſt ſatirical Thief breathing: I'd give any Thing thou didſt but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my ſide ſometimes.

SAUNTER.

Well *Malagene*, I hope to ſee thee ſo in love one Day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and ſet up for a Shape and a Face: Or, what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the World, I vow and ſwear. [*Walks up and down with an affected Motion.*

CAPER.

Nor I.

——*Ah* Phillis, *if you would not love*
The Shepherd, &c. [*Sings.*

But d'ye hear, *Malagene?* they ſay *Goodvile* gives a Ball to-night, is't true?

MALAGENE.

Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

CAPER.

I am glad of it with all my Heart——*Saunter*——There's my Lady, ſo be ſure ſhe'll not fail.

SAUNTER.

But will you go, *Malagene? Goodvile* and you are at a diſtance.

MALAGENE.

Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that: But faith, I ſhould meet my Lord——at Court to Night. Beſides, I han't been in the Drawing-Room theſe three Days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

She here! nay then———

CAPER.

Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Caper*, your moſt devoted.———Oh dear Mr. *Saunter!* a thouſand Thanks to you for my Song.

SAUNTER.

Your Ladyſhip does your Servant too much Honour.

[*Sings, As* Chloe *full of* &c.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Caper*, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not ſeen you theſe two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

CAPER.

I ſhould have waited on your Ladyſhip, but was ſo tir'd at the Maſquerade at my Lord *Flutter*'s t'other Night.

[*Dances and capers.*

SAUNTER.

Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to night: Will your Ladyſhip be there?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Yes; I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* ſent me Word.

CAPER.

Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I ſhall have the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, by all means, Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour, I did not ſee you; I was ſo engaged in the Civilities of theſe Gentlemen.

MALAGENE.

Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, muſt command the Honour

Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyſhip ſee Mr *Valentine?*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, name him not. Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthieſt, baſeſt Fellow——beſides, he has no Principles, nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company, I ſwear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

MALAGENE.

The Truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, becauſe the Fellow has ſome Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the Way, and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Lord, 'tis impoſſible. Wit! why he was abroad but two Years, and all that Time too in an Academy; he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worſt Mien in the World: He has a ſort of an ill natured way of talking indeed, and they ſay makes bold with me ſometimes, but I'll aſſure you I ſcorn him.

MALAGENE.

Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is fouly bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

They ſay he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who paſſes for a Wit forſooth. 'Tis true, ſhe's well enough, but I ſuppoſe is not the firſt that has been troubled with his impertinent Addreſſes.

MALAGENE.

Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happineſs to me. But methinks your Ladyſhip ſpeaks with ſomething of Heat ——By Heav'n ſhe's jealous! [*Aſide.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, I'll aſſure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the leaſt. But did you ever hear 'em diſcourſe any thing of me?

MA-

MALAGENE.

Never any ill, Madam; only a little idle Rallery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be ſomething laviſh when they have been drunk in my Company.—— 'Twill work.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, I know he has ſpoke diſhonourably of me behind my Back, becauſe he failed in his filthy Deſigns. Madam *Camilla* may deſerve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Falſhood. [*Aſide.*—— Mr. *Caper.*

CAPER and SAUNTER.

Madam.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Where do you go to-day.

CAPER.

Will your Ladyſhip be at the new Play?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, I ſaw it the firſt Day, and don't like it.

MALAGENE.

Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll aſſure you there's nothing in it that's moving. I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

SAUNTER.

Does your Ladyſhip know who writ it.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings; he is but a young Man, and I ſuppoſe he has not been a Writer long; beſides, he has had little or no Converſation with the Court, which has been the Reaſon he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

SAUNTER.

I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha!

CAPER

CAPER.

No, nor ſo much as a Dance.

MALAGENE.

Oh, it's impoſſible it ſhould take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthieſt Things, full of Bawdy and naufeous Doings, which they miſtake for Railery and Intrigue: Beſides, they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and Men of Wit, as they ſtile 'em, are either ſilly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or elſe rude, ill-mannerly drunken Fellows—Tough—I am aſham'd any one ſhould pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that paſs, I vow.

MALAGENE,

Who would improve in thoſe things, muſt conſult with your Ladyſhip.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I ſwear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Perſon; I wonder the World ſhould be ſo malicious to give you ſo undeſerving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a Perſon of Worth.

MALAGENE.

In troth, Madam, your Ladyſhip and myſelf are the Subjects of Abundance of Envy; for I love to be malicious now and then; and faith, am the very Scourge of the Court, they all ſtand in awe of me, for I muſt ſpeak what I know, tho' ſometimes I am uſed a little ſcurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my Way.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extremely too ſometimes, ſo it be decently manag'd. —— But as I was ſaying, there is not a Perſon in the World underſtands the Intrigues of the Court better than myſelf; I am the general Confident of the Drawing-room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

CAPER.

Dear Madam, how ſtands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty?*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Worſe than ever; 'tis very provoking to ſee how ſhe uſes the poor Creature: but the Truth is, ſhe can never be at reſt for him; he's more troubleſome than an old Huſband continually whiſpering his Softneſs and making his Vows, till at laſt ſhe is forced to fly to me for Shelter, and then we do ſo laugh—which the good-natured Creature takes ſo patiently—I ſwear, I pity him.

SAUNTER.

But my Lady *Colt*, they ſay, is kinder to the Sparkiſh Mr. *Pruneit.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you ſhould underſtand no better; to my Knowledge it is all falſe; I know all that Intrigue from the Beginning to the Ending, it has been off this Month——beſides, he keeps a Player again——Oh, Mr. *Saunter!* whatever you do, never concern yourſelf with thoſe Players.

SAUNTER.

Madam, I have left the Folly long ſince; when firſt I came to Town, I muſt confeſs I had a Gallantry there. But ſince I have been acquainted with your Ladyſhip's Wit and Beauty, I have learned to lay out my Heart to better Advantage——I think that was finely ſaid.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll ſwear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the moſt court-like Way of expreſſing yourſelf——

SAUNTER.

Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Malagene*, theſe are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll ſwear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* ſings the *French* Manner better than ever I heard any *Engliſh* Gentleman in my Life. Beſides, he pronounces

his

his *Engliſh* in ſinging with a *French* Kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a ſtrange Beauty — Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the laſt new Song.

SAUNTER.

Let me die; Your Ladyſhip obliges me beyond Expreſſion———*Malagene*, thou ſhalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a* French *Tone.*

MALAGENE.

What a Devil was this? I underſtand not a Word on't.

SAUNTER.

Ha, *Malagene*, ha.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Did you ever hear any thing ſo fine?

MALAGENE.

Never, Madam, never: I ſwear your Ladyſhip is a great Judge.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But how plain and diſtinctly too every Word was pronounc'd!

MALAGENE.

Oh, to Admiration, to Admiration. [*Makes Mouths aſide.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——O ſad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'll dance with no Body but you to Night, for I ſwear, I believe I ſhall be out of Humour.

MALAGENE.

That's more than ſhe ever was in her Life, ſo long as ſhe had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH,

Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately—But now you talk of Intrigues, I am miſtaken if you don't ſee ſomething where we are going To-night.

MALAGENE.

What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not ſo?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie! I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk ſo ſtrangely,——but let me die, I can't but laugh — ha, ha, ha — Well, Gentlemen, you ſhall dine with me To-day—what ſay you, Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

MALAGENE.

Your Ladyſhip may be ſure of me, I hate to break good Company.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And pray now let us be very ſevere, and talk maliciouſly of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how ſhall I divide myſelf—I'll ſwear, I am ſtrangely at a loſs—Mr. *Malagene*, you muſt be Mr. *Saunter*'s Miſtreſs I think at preſent.

MALAGENE.

With all my Heart, Madam——Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I ſwear you are a charming Creature, and your Courtſhip is as extraordinary as your Voice. — Let me die, and I vow I muſt have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humourſome and very whimſical I think: ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE *and* LETTICE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

DID you deliver the Billet?

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But are you ſure you did?

LET-

LETTICE.

Can your Ladyſhip think I would be guilty of the leaſt Neglect in a Concern of ſuch Moment?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And are you ſure he dines here to-day?

LETTICE.

Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine*'s there too. Oh, I'll ſwear he's a fine Man, the moſt courteous Perſon.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What, becauſe he hunts and kiſſes you when he's drunk? No, *Lettice, Trueman, Trueman,* O that *Trueman.*

LETTICE.

I wonder your Ladyſhip ſhould be ſo taken with him: Were I to chuſe, I ſhould think my Maſter the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Huſband as one would wiſh: I have not ſeen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he ſneaks to his ſeparate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then riſes and out again upon his Parole; Fleſh and Blood can't endure it.

LETTICE.

But he always viſits your Ladyſhip firſt.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very reſpectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can deſire, but God knows that's all.

LETTICE.

And where's the Pleaſure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and ſtarve at home?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I laugh tho' to think what an eaſy Fool he believes me; he thinks me the moſt contented, innocent, harmleſs Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

LETTICE.

A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

And as blind with Love as his own good Opinion of himſelf has made him.

LETTICE.

And can you find in your Heart to wrong ſo good a natur'd, complete, well-meanimg, harmleſs Huſband, that has ſo good an Opinion of you?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, wrong him! what ſay you, *Lettice?* I wrong my Huſband! ſuch another Word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

LETTICE.

What meant the Billet to Mr. *Trueman* then this Morning?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

To make him my Friend perhaps, and diſcover if I can who it is that wrongs me in my Huſband's Affection; for I am ſure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deſerves no better than ordinary of me, if the Truth were known.

LETTICE.

Why, ſhe is his near Kinſwoman, and lives here in the Houſe with you; beſides, he would never diſhonour his own Family ſurely.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the Nearneſs of Blood is the leaſt Thing conſidered. Beſides, as I have heard, 'tis almoſt the only Way Relations care to be kind to one another now a-days.

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! how can you diſſemble with him ſo? Beſides, Mr. *Trueman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh, if I would ever conſent to wrong my Huſband (which

(which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice!*) it ſhould be to chuſe, with his Friend. For ſuch a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll ſwear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking ſo much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into one's Head, which I am the moſt averſe to of all Things in the World.

LETTICE.

But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and 'tis as hard not to think a little idly ſometimes, as it is to be always in good Humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Trueman* ſhould be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladyſhip ſuſpects.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ay, and with a Deſign of Marriage too: but a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his Security in a Wife, as Succeſs in a Miſtreſs.

LETTICE.

Beſides, after a little Time, he is ſo very induſtrious in cuckolding others, that he never dreams how ſwimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter VICTORIA.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But huſh—ſhe's here.

VICTORIA.

A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Couſin, your humble Servant: Have you heard who are below?

VICTORIA.

Yes, young *Trueman*, and his inſeparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Well, what will you do, Couſin? *Trueman* comes reſolv'd on Conqueſt: for with the Advantages he has in

your Heart already, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould be able to hold out againſt him.

VICTORIA.

Yes, powerful Champaign, as they call it, may do much; a Spark can no more refrain running into Love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid diſputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows ſtronger than his Reaſon.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Come, come, diſſemble your Inclinations as artfully as you pleaſe, I am ſure they are not ſo indifferent but they may be eaſily diſcerned.

VICTORIA.

Truly, Madam, you may be miſtaken in your Gueſs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How! I doubt it is ſome other Man then has cauſed this Alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is ſhe not extremely alter'd?

VICTORIA.

Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glaſs, and let her ſee herſelf: Lord, you are paler than you uſed to be.

LETTICE.

Ay, and then that Blueneſs under the Eyes.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Beſides, you are not ſo lively as I have known you: Pardon me, Couſin.

LETTICE.

Well, if there be a Fault, Marriage will cure all.

VICTORIA.

I'll aſſure you, I have none that I know of ſtands in need of ſo deſperate a Remedy. Marriage! Fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter PAGE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Well, what now?

PAGE.

PAGE.

Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, *Camilla!* Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria?*

VICTORIA.

I'll but ſtep into my Chamber, and follow you inſtantly. [*Ex. Mrs.* Good. *and* Page.] Whither can all this drive? Surely ſhe has diſcovered ſomething of *Goodvile*'s Love and mine: If ſhe has, I am ruin'd.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

Victoria! your Couſin is not here, is ſhe? What, in Clouds? I ſtole this Minute from my Friends on purpoſe to ſee thee, and muſt not I have a Look? Not a Word?

VICTORIA.

Oh, I am ruin'd and loſt for ever, I fear your Wife has had ſome Knowledge of our Loves: And if it be ſo, what will then become of me?

GOODVILE.

Pr'ythee no more: My Wife! ſhe has too good an Opinion of herſelf, to have an ill one of me; and would as ſoon believe her Glaſs could flatter her, as I be falſe to her: My Wife——ha, ha.

VICTORIA.

Yes, I am ſure it muſt be ſo; it can be no otherwiſe: But you are ſatisfied, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miſerable.

GOODVILE.

Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd ſooner renounce my Family, and own myſelf the Baſtard of a Raſcal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he ſhall be thine to-night.

VICTORIA.

I have great Reaſon to expect it indeed. That you

would hazard your Intereſt in ſo good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that ſo little concerns you, and which you have already made your beſt of.

GOODVILE.

No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deſerve it by doing thee that Juſtice which I am incapable of.

VICTORIA.

You can promiſe eaſily.

GOODVILE.

Ay, and as reſolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ha, ſhe here!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, ſo, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I ſhould catch you.

GOODVILE.

Faith, my Dear, I have been ſpeaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*: My Couſin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh, fie, *Victoria!* Can you be ſo hard-hearted to deny any Thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

VICTORIA.

I muſt confeſs it is with ſome Difficulty; but ſhould I too eaſily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s Interceſſion, who knows but your Ladyſhip might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may preſume there's Hopes for himſelf.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ay, but Couſin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, tho' but in regard of that, do me ſuch an Injury: Beſides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare truſt him. Don't you, Love?

GOODVILE.

Truſt me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—Credu-

lous

lous Innocence! [*Aſide.*] Alas, my Dear, were I as falſe as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would ſhame me into Honeſty.

Enter CAMILLA *running and ſqueaking*; TRUMAN *and* VALENTINE *after her.*

CAMILLA.

For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, ſave me!—Mr. *Goodvile* 'tis ſafer travelling thro' the Deſerts of *Arabia*, than entering your Houſe: Had I not run hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

VALENTINE.

Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to little Purpoſe; I am ſtaunch, and never change my Game.

CAMILLA.

But when you have loſt it, if freſh ſtart up, you can be as fully ſatisfy'd, who hunt more for the Love of the Sport, than for the Sake of the Prey.

VALENTINE.

But, Madam, ſhould you chance to be taken, look to't; for I ſhall touze and worry you moſt unmercifully, till I have reveng'd myſelf ſeverely, for the Pains you coſt me catching.

CAMILLA.

Therefore I am reſolv'd to keep out of your Reach; Lord! what would become of ſuch a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of ſo ravenous an Animal?

TRUMAN.

But are you too, Lady, ſo wild as Mrs. *Camilla?*

VICTORIA.

Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not ſo unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine.*

TRUMAN.

No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as ſoft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own Eaſe and Pleaſure, which Way you will.

VICTORIA.

'Tis ſtrange two of ſuch different Tempers ſhould ſo well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wiſh to meet withal.

VALENTINE.

Yes, Madam, at the Playhouſe in a Vizor, when you come dreſt and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimouſly modiſh and impertinent as the perteſt Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we loſe our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

CAMILLA.

But the Comfort is, you are ſure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at Eaſe as ever they were.

TRUMAN.

Why, you would not be ſo unconſcionable as to have us two ſuch whining crop-ſick Lovers, as ſigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be ſung about the Town by Fools and Bullies, in Taverns.

GOODVILE.

Till ſome *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the Hint, ſwells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Cloris* dwindles into a Kitchen-Wench.

VICTORIA.

'Tis preſum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make love but by Contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

CAMILLA.

As if the only Way to raiſe a good Opinion of yourſelves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

TRUMAN.

Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard World, and when Beauty is held at ſo dear a Rate, 'tis the beſt Way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

VA-

VALENTINE.

But you ſhall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

VICTORIA.

You had beſt have a care tho', leſt you over-reach yourſelves and repent of your Purchaſe when 'tis too late.

CAMILLA.

Beſides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in Heat of Wine, for the Love it raiſes is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very ſhort-liv'd.

GOODVILE.

How! Madam! have a care what you ſay; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that ſpeak againſt it forfeit their Charter. I muſt not have my Favourite traduc'd. Boy, bring ſome Wine, you ſhall prove its good Effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink—

CAMILLA.

Till your Brains are afloat, and all the reſt ſink.

VALENTINE.

I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

CAMILLA.

Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

TRUMAN.

But if your Ladyſhip ſhould be in the wrong — Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refreſher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too buſy withal. And tho' now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I ſhall have a care never to break my Heart with loving.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of thoſe tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear ſaluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, tho' it comes without a Name, and makes you as unſatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themſelves?

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be ſenſible it muſt be ſhe, and none but ſhe could ſend mine this Moruing. Well, poor *Jack Truman* look to thyſelf, Snares are laid for thee; — but the Virtuous muſt ſuffer Temptation; and Heav'n knows all Fleſh is frail. [*Aſide.*

Enter BOY *with Wine.*

GOODVILE.

Now, Boy, fill the Glaſſes. But before we proceed, one Thing is to be conſider'd. My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little Notice one of another, as we may chance to do ſeven Years hence; but at Night———

VALENTINE.

A very fair Propoſal.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Agreed, Sir, if you will have it ſo.

GOODVILE.

The Wine—now each Man to his Poſt.

[*They ſeparate,* Good. *to* Cam. Val. *to* Vict. Trum. *to* *Mrs.* Goodvile.

The Word. [*All take Laſſes.*

TRUMAN.

Love and Wine.

GOODVILE.

Paſs —— [*They drink.*

Enter LETTICE.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice,* you muſt ſing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Muſic is as great an Encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Lettice ſings.

How bleſs'd he appears,
That revels and loves out his happy Years;

That

That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his Race:
And knowing Life's ſhort, chuſes living apace.
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it.
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

II.

Each Day we grow older;
But as Fate approaches, the Brave ſtill are bolder;
The Joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay;
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.

GOODVILE.

So, now ſhow me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking,

BOY.

Sir, my Lady *Squeamiſh* is below, juſt alighted out of her Coach.

GOODVILE.

Nay, then Drinking will have the major Vote againſt it. She is the moſt exact Obſerver of Decorums and Decency alive. But ſhe is not alone, I hope.

BOY.

No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumſey*, a full portly Gentleman.

TRUMAN.

That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Eſtate, and her Kinſman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladyſhip has undertaken to poliſh and make a fine Gentleman.

VALENTINE.

'Tis ſuch a fulſome overgrown Rogue! yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a Shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion, Mr. *Saunter*.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her Heels; and we may know as well when ſhe is near by the Noiſe her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new-fangled Gingel of his Coach. She comes——and Woe be to the Wretch whom ſhe firſt lights upon.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, *Sir* NOBLE CLUMSEY, MALAGENE, CAPER, *and* SAUNTER.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten Thouſand Happineſſes wait on you! Fair Madam *Victoria*, ſweet charming *Camilla*, which Way ſhall I expreſs my Service to you?—Couſin, your Honour, your Honour to the Ladies.

CLUMSEY.

Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I ſalute you all. And Gallants, I am your moſt humble moſt obliged, and moſt devoted Servent.——That I learn'd at the End of an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

GOODVILE.

Sir *Noble Clumſey* is too great a Courtier.

CLUMSEY.

Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an Occaſion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Gallants, you muſt pardon my Couſin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Converſation but what I have had the Honour to inſtruct him in.

MALAGENE.

But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I reſpect and honour. Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

VALENTINE.

Hark you, *Malagene*, how durſt you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care ſo little for your Company?

MALAGENE.

O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I gueſs'd this was the Duel you were going about. I ſhould not have left you elſe, faith, *Ned*, I ſhould not.

GOODVILE.

But, Madam, can the worthy Knight, your Kinſman, drink? What think you, Sir *Noble*, of the Ladies Healths?

CLUMSEY.

In a Glaſs of ſmall Beer, if you pleaſe.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ſweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll ſwear, I am ſo afraid he ſhould ſpoil himſelf with drinking. Lord, how I ſhould loath a Fellow with a red Noſe!

VALENTINE.

See *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Miſtreſſes.

TRUMAN.

Oh, 'twere Pity to interrupt 'em. A Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb ſometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-dog; and I could no more be jealous of one than of the other.

VALENTINE.

I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em Sport. And the Familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I ſhall make bold to divert——— Mr. *Saunter*, a Word; have you any Pretences with that Lady? hah!

SAUNTER.

Some ſmall Encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my Boaſt of thoſe Favours, never.

VALENTINE.

No, Sir, 'twere your beſt Courſe.

SAUNTER.

Oh Lord, you are pleaſed to be merry. Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that, ———Sings.—*Would* Phyllis *be mine, and for*, &c. *Enter*

Enter BOY.

BOY.

Madam, the Fiddles are below; ſhall I call 'em up?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

No, let 'em ſtay a little, we'll dance below.

CAPER.

Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [Cap. *capers.*

BOY.

Here, Sir.

CAPER.

Have you brought my Dancing-ſhoes?

BOY.

No, Sir, you gave me no Order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

CAPER.

Raſcal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-ſhoes? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em faſten'd to the Heels of thoſe I have on.

TRUMAN.

It is an unpardonable Fault, Sir, that your Boy ſhould forget your Dancing-ſhoes,

CAPER.

Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no Senſe; I muſt get rid of him as ſoon as I can: I would no more dance in a Pair of Shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a Pair of Gambado's

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Miſtreſs for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam *Camilla?* Thou Monſter of Perjury. [*To* Val.

VALENTINE.

Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is Abundance of Love on my Side, but I can find very little in hers: If your Ladyſhip would but ſtand my Friend upon this Occaſion.———I think this is civil.

Lady

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll ſwear Sir, you are a moſt obliging Perſon—Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has deſired me to be his Advocate: Who could withſtand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein, beſides a Thouſand Graces in every Thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla!* guard, guard your Heart; but I'll ſwear, if it were my own Caſe, I doubt I ſhould not—ha, ha, ha!

VALENTINE.

Madam? What means all this?

GOODVILE.

Poor *Ned Valentine!*

TRUMAN.

'Tis but what I told him he muſt look for: But ſtay, there is more yet coming.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worſe than thy ill Genius, take all Opportunities to expoſe thy Folly and Falſhood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

VALENTINE.

But has your Ladyſhip no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appeaſe you? Why ſhould you chuſe by your Malice to expoſe your Decay of Years, and lay open your poor Lover's Follies to all, becauſe you could improve 'em to your own Uſe no longer? [*Approaches.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Come not near me, Traitor—Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be ſo cruel? See, ſee, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n's Sake have a care of him; I fear he is diſtemper'd in his Mind: What Pity 'tis ſo hopeful a Gentleman ſhould run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Madam, how can you uſe Mr. *Valentine* ſo? 'Tis enough to put him out of Humour, and ſpoil him for being good Company all the Day after it.

Lady

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greateſt Pleaſure to me in the World; let me die, but I love to rally a baſhful young Lover, and put him out of Countenance at my Heart.

SAUNTER.

Ha, ha, ha! and I'll ſwear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when ſhe ſets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine!* Lord, how ſillily he looks!

CAPER.

Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

VALENTINE.

Hark you, Coxcomb, I can be angry very angry, d'ye mark me?

CLUMSEY.

No, but Sir, don't be in a Paſſion: My Lady will have her Humour; but ſhe's a very good Woman at the Bottom.

VALENTINE.

Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Now, Madam, if your Ladyſhip thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themſelves a little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* muſt do us the Honour of their Company.

SAUNTER.

Say you ſo, Madam? I' faith and you ſhall have it. Come, *Caper*, we are the Men for the Ladies, I ſee that ——— Hey Boys!

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh dear! and ſweet Mr. *Saunter* ſhall oblige us with a Song.

SAUNTER.

O Madam, ten Thouſand, ten Thouſand if you pleaſe. I'll ſwear I believe I could ſing all Day and all Night, and never be weary.

When

When Phillis *watch'd her harmleſs Sheep,*
Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[*Ex.* Saunter, Caper, *and Ladies.*

GOODVILE.

A happy Riddance this; now, Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir *Noble Clumſey.*

CLUMSEY.

Really, Gallants, I muſt beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

TRUMAN.

Oh, ſurely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and ſmall Beer.

CLUMSEY.

I muſt confeſs, Sir, I am ſomething plump; but a little Fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

MALAGENE.

No, by no means, my Dear, thou haſt an heroic Face, which well becomes this noble Port and Fulneſs of thy Body.

VALENTINE.

Goodvile, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been ſome time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

MALAGENE.

Faith, *Goodvile*, do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart—Faith and Troth, give me thy Hand.

GOODVILE.

But, Sir, ſhould I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

MALAGENE.

Drunk, Sir, I ſcorn your Words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very ſober. This noble Knight ſhall be Security for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

CLUM-

CLUMSEY.

Sir, you are a Perſon altogether a Stranger to me; and I have ſworn never to be bound for any Man.

TRUMAN.

But, Sir *Noble*, you are obliged in Honour to ſerve a Gentleman and your Friend.

CLUMSEY.

Say you ſo, Sir? oblig'd in Honour? I am ſatisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatſoever he ſays I'll ſtand to.

MALAGENE.

Hark thee, Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

GOODVILE.

Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glaſs.—Gentlemen, Sir *Noble*'s Lady's Health.

CLUMSEY.

Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you ſhall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glaſs of good Wine.

VALENTINE.

Say you ſo? Take the other Glaſs then, Sir *Noble*.

CLUMSEY.

'Fore *George*, and ſo I will. Pox't on't, let it be a Brimmer: Gentlemen, God ſave the King.

MALAGENE.

Well ſaid, my lovely Man of Might. His Worſhip grows good Company.

TRUMAN.

Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*; they are Men of pretty Parts.

CLUMSEY.

Oh Sir, the fineſt Perſons——the moſt obliging well-bred complaiſant modiſh Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Eſtates.

TRUMAN.

This Rogue is one of thoſe earthly Mongrels that knows the Value of nothing but a good Eſtate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blackſmith.

CLUMSEY.

How ſay you, Sir, a good Eſtate? Odd's Heart, give me the other Glaſs, I have two thouſand Pounds a Year.

MALAGENE.

Say'ſt thou ſo? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in Abundance, Sirrah, d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou ſee'ſt I am free, for faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, it ſhall be your Taſk; drink him up luſtily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my Lady his Couſin, it may make ſome Sport.

VALENTINE.

A very good Propoſal.

MALAGENE.

Say no more; thy Word's a Law, and it ſhall be done. Come, bear up, my luſty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

CLUMSEY.

Ay, ſo ſay I, hang Sobriety——drink, whore, rant, roar, ſwear, make a Noiſe, and all that: But be honeſt, do'ſt hear, be honeſt.

TRUMAN.

I would very fain be ſo if I could; but the damn'd Billet this Morning went out of my Head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any Miſchief comes on't, 'tis your own Fault, not mine. I did not ſtrike firſt, and there's an End on't. [*Muſic within.*

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies deſire your Com-

Company. Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

TRUMAN.

Say'ſt thou ſo? I thank thee for thy News with all my Heart. The Devil I ſee will get the better on't, and there is no reſiſting.

LETTICE.

Sir *Noble* my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſent me to tell you ſhe wants your Company to dance.

CLUMSEY.

Tell her I am buſy about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come. — Dance! I look like a Dancer indeed! but theſe Women will be always putting us on more than we can do ——— Boy, give me more Wine.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, remember, and uſe Expedition.

[*Ex.* Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.

CLUMSEY.

Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight; and here's a Health to all the Whores in Chriſtendom.

MALAGENE.

Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [*Drinks.*

CLUMSEY.

So, there's for you, do you ſee? [*Breaks a Glaſs.* Sirrah, don't you look ſcurvily; I have Money in my Pocket, you muſt know that.—Bring us more Wine.—*Malagene*, thou art a pretty Fellow; doſt thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will ſalute thy under Lip. [*Staggers.*

MALEGENE.

Ha, what's the Meaning of this? I doubt I ſhall almoſt be drunk as ſoon as the Knight. Sir *Noble*, canſt thou whore?

CLUMSEY.

How, whore! what a Queſtion's there? Thou ſhalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

MALAGENE.

What a Raſcal this Knight is; I have known as worthy

worthy a Perſon as himſelf a Pimp, and one that thought it no Blemiſh to his Honour neither. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH *at the Door.*

CLUMSEY.

Hah, my Lady Couſin!—Faith, Madam, you ſee I am at it.

MALAGENE.

The Devil's in it, I think; we cou'd no ſooner talk of Whores, but ſhe muſt come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, odious! inſufferable! who would have thought, Couſin, you would have ſerv'd me ſo—fough, how he ſtinks of Wine, I can ſmell him hither.—How have you the Patience to hear the Noiſe of Fiddles, and ſpend your Time in naſty drinking?

CLUMSEY.

Hum! 'tis a good Creature: Lovely Lady, thou ſhalt take thy Glaſs.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Uh gud; Murder! I had rather you had offer'd me a Toad.

CLUMSEY.

Then *Malogene*, here's a Health to my Lady Couſin's *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. [*Drinks and breaks the Glaſs.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

MALAGENE.

A certain Place, Madam, in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Antients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, he is an ingenious Perſon I'll aſſure you.

CLUMSEY.

Now, Lady bright, I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy Hand, I'll go ſtraight and begin my Grandmother's kiſſing Dance; but firſt deign me the private Honour of thy Lip.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, fie, Sir *Noble!* how I hate you now! for Shame be not ſo rude: I ſwear you are quite ſpoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter GOODVILE *a little heated.*

GOODVILE.

WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's reſolv'd on; and ſo one Care is over. But then *Camilla!* how ſhall I get poſſeſſion of her. —— Well, my Mind miſgives me, I ſhall do ſomething may call my Diſcretion in queſtion; and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love, and muſt have her, come what will on't; and no Time ſo fit to begin the Enterprize as this; ſhe may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter TRUMAN *and* VALENTINE. *Muſic.*

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to deſpair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

TRUMAN.

Goodvile, thou haſt no Conſcience; a decay'd Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country, is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no ſuch trifling Matter.

GOODVILE.

Oh but I hate to be baulk'd, and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Miſtreſs that jilts me

me when I thought I had made ſure of the Buſineſs. But Gallants, how ſtand the Affairs of Love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I queſtion not your Friendſhip in the Matter, but truſt the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

VALENTINE.

He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what Score he is ſo wondrous civil. But I am miſtaken, if he be behind with him in Kindneſs long. [*Aſide.*

TRUMAN.

A Pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very Thought on't goes a little againſt my Stomach. Like a young Thief tho' I have ſome itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

GOODVILE.

Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria:* In the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendſhip, to ſo good and generous a Perſon as *Truman.* [*Exit.*

TRUMAN.

What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didſt thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

VALENTINE.

I muſt confeſs it ſomething ſurprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Perſon to put his Miſtreſs upon, than his Friend. But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

TRUMAN.

Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it—his Wife even his very Wife told me all.

VALENTINE.

I begin to ſuſpect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill Opinion of you; I obſerv'd ſomething but now very obliging towards you; beſides, when a Woman begins to betray her Huſband's Secrets, 'tis a certain Sign ſhe has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, no more of that; tho' it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this ſmiling Rogue.

VALENTINE.

'Tis fifty Times better than cutting his Throat; that were to do him more Honour than he deſerves.

Enter MALAGENE.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha, the rareſt Sport———*Jack Truman, Ned Valentine.*

TRUMAN.

Why, what's the matter? Where?

MALAGENE.

Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith, *Jack*, I am but little better.

VALENTINE.

Dear Sir, and what of all this?

MALAGENE.

Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beer-glaſs in his Hand, I ſet him full drive at my Lady *Squeamiſh*; for nothing elſe but to make Miſchief, *Ned*—nothing elſe in the World; for every body knows I am the worſt-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my Way of Wit.

VALENTINE.

Do you love no body then?

MALAGENE.

No, not I; Yes, a Pox on't, I love you well enough, becauſe you are a Rogue I have known a good while. Tho' ſhou'd I take the leaſt Prejudice againſt you, I cou'd not afford, you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

TRUMAN.

Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a Sign the Rogue is drunk that he ſpeaks Truth.

MALAGENE.

I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jeſt as ever you heard.

VA-

VALENTINE.

Pray, Sir, do.

MALAGENE.

Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and aſk'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Propoſition to me.) Being in one of my witty merry Fits, I aſk'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow ſhook his Head, and told me he was born ſo. But how d'ye think I ſerv'd him?

VALENTINE.

Nay, the Devil knows.

MALAGENE.

I ſhow'd my Parts I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Buſineſs.

TRUMAN.

And this you ſay is your Way of Wit?

MALAGENE.

Ay altogether, this and Mimickry. I'm a very good Mimick: I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

VALENTINE.

The rumbling of a Wheelbarrow!

MALAGENE.

Ay, the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow, ſo I ſay—Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sauſages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roaſting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

TRUMAN.

That indeed muſt be the Effect of very curious Obſervation.

MALAGENE.

No, hang it, I never make it my Buſineſs to obſerve any thing, that is mechanic. But all this I do, you ſhall ſee me if you will. But here comes her Ladyſhip and Sir *Noble*.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH *and Sir* NOBLE CLUMSEY.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, dear Mr. *Truman*, reſcue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'ns Sake.

CLUMSEY.

I tell thee, Lady, I muſt embrace thy lovely Body: Sir, do you know me! I am Sir *Noble Clumſey:* I am a Rogue of an Eſtate, and I live ——— Do you want any Money? I have fifty Pounds.

VALENTINE.

Nay, good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generoſity we beſeech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble.*

CLUMSEY.

Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is. ——— Hang Money, my Father was an Alderman.

MALAGENE.

'Tis pity good Guineas ſhould be ſpoil'd, Sir *Noble*, by your Leave. [*Picks up the Guineas.*

CLUMSEY.

But, Sir, you will not keep my Money?

MALAGENE.

Oh, hang Money, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

CLUMSEY.

Well, get thee gone for an Arch-Wag—I do but ſham all this while—but by Dad he's pure Company.

TRUMAN.

Was there ever ſuch a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheleſs a mighty Opinion of himſelf, and thinks all this Wit and pretty Diſcourſe.

CLUMSEY.

Lady, once more I ſay be civil, and come kiſs me; I ſhall raviſh elſe, I ſhall raviſh mightily.

VALENTINE.

Well done, Sir *Noble*, to her, never ſpare.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I may be even with you tho' for all this, Mr. *Valentine:*

tine; Nay, dear Sir *Noble*: Mr. *Truman*, I'll ſwear he'll put me into Fits.

CLUMSEY.

No, but let me ſalute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*

MALAGENE.

Faith Madam, do let me make the Match.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a ſtrange Man, and I'll ſwear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

MALAGENE.

Write? I thank your Ladyſhip for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or ſo ſometimes, that's all.

TRUMAN.

But he can act.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll ſwear, and ſo he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have ſeen him. Oh the *Engliſh* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Beſides, we want Poets.

CLUMSEY.

Poets! why I am a Poet: I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Couſin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counſel. Be ſure to ſay ſoft melting tender Things in it that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters virtuous whate'er you do.

CLUMSEY.

Moving! Why, I can never read it myſelf but it makes me laugh: Well, 'tis the prettieſt Plot, and ſo full of Waggery.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ridiculous!

MALAGENE.

But, Knight, the Title, Knight, the Title.

CLUMSEY.

Why let me ſee; 'tis to be call'd, *The merry Conceits of Love*; or *The Life and Death of the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog* Bobadillo.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha.

VALENTINE.

[But Sir *Noble*, this ſounds more like a Comedy.

CLUMSEY.

Oh, but I have reſolv'd it ſhall be a Tragedy, becauſe *Bobadillo*'s to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I ſcorn to write Comedy. I know ſeveral that can ſquirt Comedy.—I'll tell you more of this when I am ſober.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us ſee you act a little ſomething of *Harlequin?* I'll ſwear you do it ſo naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whiteball* all the time. [Mal. *acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't, neither: I'll ſwear you'll make me burſt. Was there ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

TRUMAN.

Was ever any thing ſo affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life ſure is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman, with all the exquiſite Silline ſs and Vanity of her Sex, yet none of the Charms! [Malagene *ſpeaks in* Punchinello's *Voice.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleaſure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actreſs?

MALAGENE.

Ever ſince your Ladyſhip has been off from the Hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [*In his own Voice aloud.*

Lady

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any ſuch baſe thing to my Face, whatever he might ſay of me behind my Back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the World, that I am ſatisfy'd of.

VALENTINE.

Can your Ladyſhip take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene?* A Woman ſhould bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the Ill-manners of her Monkey ſometimes: The Fools and Raſcals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of ſaying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Which you men of Wit (as you think yourſelves) are very angry you ſhould be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts ſhould be your Misfortune.

VALENTINE.

Ay, Madam, I feel the Curſe of it: I who had juſt Senſe enough to fall in love with ſo much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradiſe I was ſo happily poſſeſt of.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

This Malice and Ill-nature ſhall not ſerve your Turn; I ſhall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

CAPER.

Oh dear Madam, we are utterly undone for want of your Ladyſhip's Company I'll vow, Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[*Cuts backwards.*

CLUMSEY.

Sir, are you a Dancing-Maſter? you are very nimble, methinks.

CAPER.

Ay Sir, I hate to ſtand ſtill. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little overtaken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to ſee thee ſo merry.

CLUMSEY.

Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or ſo, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

CAPER.

No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind dancing altogether.

CLUMSEY.

Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

SAUNTER.

No, I make love and ſing to Ladies.

CLUMSEY.

Whores to my Knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A Pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the *Mall*.

TRUMAN.

Why, what was the Matter, Sir *Noble*?

CLUMSEY.

By yea, and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd inſtead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, Variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleaſant.

TRUMAN.

I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right; for I never came near theſe giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney ſtripping Whore that did not know 'em.

CAPER.

Ned Valentine, I have a Kindneſs to beg of you.

VALENTINE.

Sir, you may command me any thing.

CAPER.

Why, you muſt know I am in love with *Camilla*.

VA-

VALENTINE.

Very good.

CAPER.

Now I would have you ſpeak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the Truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch'd him at it but now: Faith it made my Heart ach, never ſtir if it did not.

VALENTINE.

In troth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil. *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as faſt as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarrey now I underſtand, and by that time he has play'd as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Miſtreſs *Victoria*, I may ſtand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art upon too ſure Grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

VALENTINE.

Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is ſome Love hatching between you and his Wife: Both our Revenge lies in thy Hands; and if thou doſt not thyſelf and me Juſtice, I'll diſown thee for ever.

TRUMAN.

See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honeſty in it.

Enter GOODVILE *ſinging.*

When Beauty can't move, and our Paſſions grow co'd,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.

GOODVILE.

——*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She ſwears thou art ſo very modeſt, ſhe would not for all the World marry thee for fear of ſpoiling that Virtue.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Nay, then I doubt I have loſt her for ever; for if ſhe complains of my Modeſty, ſhe has found a Fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

GOODVILE.

But that is a Quality, which tho' they hate ever ſo much in a Gallant they are apt for many Reaſons to value in a Huſband: Fear not, Diſſimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more deſpair of a Woman, tho' ſhe ſwore ſhe hated me, than I would believe her tho' ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd me,

[*Enter Lady* SQUEAMISH *and the reſt of the Company, with the Fiddles.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. *Caper*, where are you? you ſhall dance with Madam *Camilla*. Mr. *Saunter*, wait on *Victoria*. Mr. *Goodvile*, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Truman*, won't you oblige me? Madam *Goodvile*——ha, ha, ha: I'll ſwear I had utterly forgotten Mr. *Valentine*.

VALENTINE.

Your Ladyſhip knows me to be a civil Perſon, if you pleaſe, I'll keep good Orders. [*All take out the Women.*

MALAGENE.

Faith *Ned* do, and I'll keep the Muſic in tune: Away with it; [*Muſic plays.*] Hold, hold — what inſufferable Raſcals are theſe? why ye ſcurvy thraſhing ſcraping Mongrels, ye make a worſe Noiſe than crampt Hedghogs. An old gouty Dancing-Maſter that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Muſic on his crack'd Kit ——'Sdeath ye Dogs, can't you play now as a Gentleman ſings? ha——

GOODVILE.

Sir, will you never leave this nauſeous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I muſt be forc'd to uſe you ill, or endure the perpetual Torment of your Impertinence.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Well Sir, I have done Sir, I have done: But 'tis very hard a Man can't be permitted to ſhew his Parts. 'Sdeath, *Frank*, doſt thou think thou underſtand'ſt Muſic?

GOODVILE.

Sir, I underſtand it ſo well, that I won't have it interrupted in my Company by you.

MALAGENE.

I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had underſtood any thing before——I think there I was pretty even with you.

GOODVILE.

Saucineſs and Ill-manners are ſo much your Province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

MALAGENE.

Sir, you may uſe your Pleaſure; but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking. But pr'ythee, *Frank*, why ſhould you be out of Humour ſo? The Devil take me, if I ſhall not give thee ſuch a Jerk preſently will make thee angry indeed.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd? I'll ſwear, Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. Theſe People have no Manners in the leaſt, play not at all to Dancing: But I vow he himſelf ſings a Tune extreme prettily.

GOODVILE.

Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd! I ſhall have no Opportunity to purſue my Buſineſs with *Camilla*: I muſt remove this troubleſome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a ſtop at leaſt to her Impertinence. [*Aſide.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beſeech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* ſing a *Scotch* Song: I'll ſwear I am a ſtrange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the prettieſt ſoft melting gentle harmleſs Things——

SAUN.

SAUNTER.

By Dad, and ſo they are.—*In* January *laſt*—[*Sings.*

VALENTINE.

Deliver us! a *Scotch* Song! I hate it worſe than a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Muſic. I wiſh I could ſee her Ladyſhip dance a *Scotch* Jig to one of 'em.

MALAGENE.

I muſt needs beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I have forgotten the laſt new *Scotch* Song: But if you pleaſe I'll entertain you with one of another Nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleaſant.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me. [Malagene *ſings an* Iriſh *Cronon.*

MALAGENE.

Well, Madam, how like you it, Madam, ha?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Really it is very pretty now——the prettieſt odd out-of-the way Notes. Don't you admire it ſtrangely?

MALAGENE.

I'll aſſure your Ladyſhip I learnt it of an *Iriſh* Muſician that's lately come over, and intend to preſent it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine!* I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Miſtreſs——ha, ha, ha.

VALENTINE.

My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he ſhall learn it if you pleaſe; and if your Ladyſhip has any further Service for him——

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art ſomething too rough; I am afraid her

her Ladyſhip will be reveng'd; I ſee Miſchief in her Eyes: 'Tis ſafer provoking a *Lancaſhire* Witch, than an old Miſtreſs; and ſhe is as violent in her Malice too.

GOODVILE.

Malagene, a Word with you———hark ye, come hither. [*Goes to the Door.*

MALAGENE.

Well *Frank*, what's the Buſineſs now? I am clearly for Miſchief; ſhall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Raſcals out of Doors?

GOODVILE.

No, Sir; but I'll be ſo civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no ſtruggling, I have Footmen within.

MALAGENE,

Whoo, pr'ythee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a ſilly affected fantaſtical Gipſy: I did all this but o' purpoſe to ſhew her——Let me alone, I'll abuſe her worſe.

GOODVILE.

No, Sir, but I'il take more Care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Reſiſtance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. [*Ex.* Mal. So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have ſome little Time to myſelf.———Fiddles ſtrike up. [*Dance.*

TRUMAN.

Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleaſures of a ſingle Life; and eaſe yourſelf of that wretched formal Auſterity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who would not hate to be one of thoſe ſimpering Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very ſtrict to their Devotion for awhile, but at laſt turn as errant Sinners as ever they were.

TRUMAN.

Marriages indeed ſhould be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are for handſome Retreats and Conveniences,

not

not for Priſons, where thoſe that cannot live without 'em may be ſafe, yet ſometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But never, Sir, without a Lady Abbeſs, or a Confeſſor at leaſt.

TRUMAN.

Might I, Madam, have the Honour to be your Confeſſor, I ſhould be very indulgent and laviſh of Abſolution to ſo pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at Shrift already.

TRUMAN.

And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as penſively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

See, Mr. *Caper*, your Miſtreſs.

CAPER.

Ha, *Camilla!* Sir your Servant, may I have the Honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

GOODVILE.

No, Sir, Death! ſurely I have Fools that reſt and harbour in my Houſe, and they are a worſe plague than Bugs and Moths: Shall I never be quiet?

VALENTINE.

Sir *Noble*, Sir *Noble*, have a care of your Miſtreſs! do you ſee there?

CLUMSEY.

Hum—ha—where? oh— [*Wakes and riſes.*

SAUNTER.

Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper*'s as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittieſt Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I ſhall marry her.

CLUMSEY.

Marry, Sir! whom will you marry Sir? you lie. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee myſelf preſently.

VIC-

VICTORIA.

You, Sir *Noble!*—what d'ye mean! [*She ſqueaks.*

CLUMSEY.

Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. Theſe are Rogues, my Dear, errant Rogues. Come along——— [*Ex. Sir* Nob. *and* Vict.

CAPER.

Ha, *Saunter.*———

SAUNTER.

Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

CAPER.

I'faith, and ſo I will———I don't value him this! [*Cuts.* [*Ex.* Cap. *and* Saunt.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll ſwear my Couſin Sir *Noble* is a ſtrange pleaſant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and ſee the Sport. Mr. *Truman*, will you walk? O dear 'tis violent hot. [*Exeunt.*

VALENTINE.

I'll withdraw too, and at ſome Diſtance obſerve how Matters are carry'd between *Goodvile* and *Camilla*. [*Ex.*

GOODVILE.

Are you then, Madam, reſolv'd to ruin me? Why ſhould all that Stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deſerve the Gleanings of it? I love you———

CAMILLA.

And all the Sex beſides. That ever any Man ſhould take ſuch Pains to forſwear himſelf to no purpoſe!

GOODVILE.

Nay, then there's Hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the Truth of my Love, 'tis a Sign you have ſome Inclinations at leaſt that are my Friends.

CAMILLA.

This *Goodvile* I ſee is one of thoſe ſpruce poliſh'd Fools who have ſo good an Opinion of themſelves, that they think no Woman can reſiſt 'em, nor Man of better

Senſe

Senſe deſpiſe 'em. I'll ſeem at preſent to comply, a try how far 'twill paſs upon him. [*Aſide.*

GOODVILE.

Well, Madam, have you conſider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

CAMILLA.

No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever it was.

GOODVILE.

And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with myſelf? ha!

CAMILLA.

At your own Diſcretion, Sir, tho' I ſhould be loth to ſee ſo proper a handſome Gentleman come to an ill End.

GOODVILE.

Good charitable Creature! But, Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge ſhall be to love you ſtill; gloat on and loll after you where-e'er I ſee you; in all public Meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and ſo plain, that every Fop that ſings 'em ſhall know 'tis you I mean.

CAMILLA.

So Sir, this is ſomething: Cou'd not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at firſt? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; beſides, 'tis a thouſand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of Love and Noiſe, and all to as little Purpoſe as any thing you ſay elſe.

GOODVILE.

Right exquiſite Tyrant! I'll ſet a Watch and Guard ſo ſtrict upon you, you ſhall not entertain a well-dreſs'd Fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a leud Lampoon publiſh it to the Town; till you ſhall repent and curſe the Hour you ever ſaw me.

CAMILLA.

Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man!

GOODVILE.

Ha, how's that? am I then miſtaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I aſk ten thouſand Pardons;

curſt

caſt damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd myſelf now for ever.

CAMILLA.

Well Sir, ſhould I now forgive you all, could you conſent to wrong your Lady ſo far? you have not yet been married a full Year: How muſt I then ſuſpect your Love to me, that can ſo ſoon forget your Faith to her?

GOODVILE.

Oh Madam, what do you do? The Name of a Wife to a Man in love is worſe than cold Water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to ſtrike the Diſtemper to my Heart and kill me quite: My Lady, quoth-a!

CAMILLA.

Beſides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

GOODVILE.

I grant it, he is ſo; a Friend is a Thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withal: Nay more, I would on a good Occaſion loſe my Life for my Friend, but not my Pleaſure. Say when and where it ſhall be?

CAMILLA.

Never, I dare not.

GOODVILE.

You muſt by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the loweſt Garden.

CAMILLA.

I won't promiſe you, can't you truſt my good Nature?

GOODVILE.

Charming Creature I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my Hopes are compleated.

CAMILLA.

Haſte! haſte! away Sir, I ſee *Valentine* coming.

[*Ex.* Good.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in ſo good a Humour.

CA-

CAMILLA.

Ay Sir, and what may pleaſe you more, he is parted hence in as good a Humour as he has left me here.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, BRIDGET *at the Door.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Valentine and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an Opportunity to be reveng'd! ah, how I love Malice!

VALENTINE.

Ungrateſulleſt of Women!

CAMILLA.

Fooliſheſt of Men! Can you be ſo very ſilly to be jealous? for I find you are ſo: What have you ever obſerv'd ſince firſt your Knowledge of me that might perſuade you I ſhould ever grow fond of a Man, as notoriouſly falſe to all Women, as you are unworthy of me?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Has *Valentine* been falſe to her too? Nay, then there is ſome Pleaſure left yet, to think I am not the only Woman that has ſuffer'd by his Baſeneſs. [*Aſide.*

VALENTINE.

What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an Hour only for a little harmleſs Rallery or ſo? an Honour I could never obtain without hard Suit and humble Supplication.

CAMILLA.

Alas, how very politic you are grown! you would pretend Diſpleaſure to try your Power. No—I ſhall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me but that your Love was at firſt as ill grounded as your fantaſtical Jealouſy is now.

VALENTINE.

What ſpecious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am [illegible] and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd— What, not a Word!

CA-

CAMILLA.

Tho' I can hardly deſcend to ſatisfy your Diſtruſt, for which I hardly value you, and almoſt hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did diſcourſe with him and of Love too; nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promiſed it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted ſuch an Opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found too unruly to be kept at a diſtance.

VALENTINE.

Tho' I had ſome Reaſon to be in doubt, yet this true Reſentment and juſt Proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a Man I have little Reaſon to truſt, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my Knowledge of his Baſeneſs made me run into ſo mean a Diſtruſt of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again diſcard me for ever.

CAMILLA.

Yes: but the next time I ſhall happen to diſcourſe with a Gentleman in private, I ſhall have you liſtening at the Door, or Eves-dropping under the Window. What, diſtruſt your Friend, the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvile!* Fie, how can you be ſo ungenerous?

VALENTINE.

There is not ſuch another Hypocrite in the World: He never made love but to delude, nor Friendſhip but for his Ends: — Even his own Kinſwoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long ſince corrupted, and now would put her on his beſt Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

CAMILLA.

I cannot but laugh to think how eaſily he ſwallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more tranſported at Poſſeſſion, than he was with Expectation; and he went away in a greater Triumph than if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

VALENTINE.

Where did you promiſe him?

CAMILLA.

In the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden. *Lady*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So, in the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. [*Aside.*

But Mr. *Valentine*, you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleaſant.

VALENTINE.

And when?

CAMILLA.

Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Enough, I know the Time and Place; and Madam *Camilla*, I ſhall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to-night. Alas, poor inconſiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her! [*Aside.*

CAMILLA.

Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyſhip Madam *Squeamiſh*, than a new Faſhion, a new Dance, or new Song. How many Viſits would ſhe make on the Occaſion! not a Family in Town would be at reſt for her till ſhe had made it a Jeſt, from the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holborn*.

VALENTINE.

But for ſome private Reaſons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to-night, which the leaſt Accident may interrupt.——Beſides, I have thought upon't, and will ſo contrive the Matter, that *Goodvile* ſhall keep his Aſſignation, and her Ladyſhip herſelf ſupply the Place of the much-expected charming *Camilla*.

CAMILLA.

But would you, Sir, do me ſuch an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhuman.

VALENTINE.

Good conſcionable Creature, have Patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too faſt; there's an Account yet between you and I which muſt be made even, and I think I had beſt ſecure it now I have you in my Cuſtody.

CAMILLA.

Ay, but Sir, if I part with any thing, I ſhall expect to have ſomething to ſhew for't.

VALENTINE.

Nay, if I don't offer as luſty Security and Conditions as any Man, let me loſe all I lay claim to, that's fair. [*Exeunt.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extremely ſurprizing. *Bridget*, go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had laſt made in imitation of *Camilla's*, for perhaps I ſhall go a maſquerading to-night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheleſs.

BRIDGET.

Madam, won't the other ſerve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove's* t'other Night; that's nearer.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Impertinent Creature! and wouldſt thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I ſay; and d'ye hear, bring me a Maſk with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to-night.

BRIDGET.

I never knew her without fantaſtical ones, I am ſure, for they coſt me many a weary Errand. [*Exit.*

Enter VICTORIA.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh my dear *Victoria!* the moſt unlook'd-for Happineſs! the pleaſant'ſt Accident! the ſtrangeſt Diſcovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

VICTORIA.

Dear Madam, what is't ſo tranſports you?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I ſhall die with Laughter—ha, ha, ha.

Camilla

Camilla and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*—ha, ha———O dear, my Heart's broke.

VICTORIA.

Good Madam, refrain your Mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a Share in it.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

An Aſſignation! an Aſſignation to-night in the lower Garden;——by ſtrong good Fortune I overheard it all juſt now——but to think on the pleaſant Conſequence that will happen, drives me into an Exceſs of Joy beyond all Sufferance.

VICTORIA.

Madam, in all Probability the pleaſanteſt Conſequence is like to be theirs, if any body's; and I cannot gueſs how it ſhould touch your Ladyſhip in the leaſt.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

O Lord, how can you be ſo dull? Why at the very Hour and Place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s ſtead, before ſhe can be there herſelf; then when ſhe comes expoſe her Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly reveng'd myſelf for all the baſe Injuries her Lover has done me.

VICTORIA.

But Madam, can you endure to be ſo malicious?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That, that's the dear Pleaſure of the Thing; for I vow I'd ſooner die ten thouſand Deaths, if I thought I ſhould hazard the leaſt Temptation to the Prejudice of my Honour.

VICTORIA.

But why ſhould your Ladyſhip run into the Mouth of Danger? Who knows what ſcurvy lurking Devil may ſtand in readineſs, and ſeize your Virtue before you are aware of him?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Temptation? No, I'd have you know I ſcorn Temptation: I durſt truſt myſelf in a Convent amongſt a Kennel of cramm'd Friers: Beſides, that ungrateful ill-bred

Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Averſion, more odious to me than foul weather on a *May-day*, or ill ſmell in a Morning.

VICTORIA.

Nay, now, Madam, you are too violent.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that ſhould commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria*, urge nothing in his Behalf; for if you do, you loſe my Friendſhip for ever: Tho' I ſwear he was a fine Perſon once, before he was ſpoil'd.

VICTORIA.

I am ſure your Ladyſhip had the beſt Share in his Spoiling then. [*Aſide.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

No, were I inclined to entertain Addreſſes, I aſſure you I need not want for Servants; for I ſwear I am ſo perplex'd with *Billet-Doux* every Day, I know not which way to turn myſelf: Beſides, there's no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind. Oh, dear *Victoria!* whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart: Tho' really I think true Love is the greateſt Pleaſure in the World.

VICTORIA.

Would I had never known Love; my Honour had not then lain at the mercy of ſo ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Well, certainly I am the moſt unſteddy, reſtleſs, humourſom Woman breathing: Now I am ſo tranſported at the thoughts of what I have deſign'd, that I long till the Hour comes, with more impatience than——I'll ſwear I know not what to ſay——Dear *Victoria*, ten thouſand Adieus——Wiſh me good Succeſs—Yet now I think on't I'll ſtay a little longer—I'll ſwear I muſt not neither—. Well, I'll go—No, I'll ſtay—Well, I'm reſolved neither to ſtand ſtill——ſit ſtill——nor lie ſtill—— nor have one thought at reſt——till the Buſineſs be over——I'll ſwear I'm a ſtrange Creature. [*Exit L.* Squeamiſh.

VICTORIA.

Farewell Whirligig.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE,

Victoria here! To meet with an old Miſtreſs when a Man is in purſuit of a freſh one, is a worſe Omen than a Hare in a Journey.——I'll ſtep aſide this Way till ſhe's paſt me; ſo farewell Fubb. [*Makes Mouths.*] *Ex.* Vict.] Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla!* How I long for the happy Hour! Swelling burning Breaſts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, Millions of Kiſſes, and unſpeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter TRUMAN *and* VALENTINE.

Well, Gentlemen, now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

TRUMAN.

Dear *Goodvile*, thou art too powerful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a ſwift Glaſs or two now were ſeaſonable and refreſhing, to waſh away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

VALENTINE.

After a Man has been diſturb'd with the public Impertinences and Follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompenſe himſelf with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

GOODVILE,

Spoken like Men that deſerve the Life you enjoy. I'll in before, and put all things in readineſs.

[*Ex.* Goodvile.

VALENTINE.

This worthy Perſon, for his Honeſty and Sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaſter. But he is as damnable an *Engliſh* Friend and Gentleman, as one would wiſh to meet withal.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Valentine, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Juſtice, and the pleaſant Cheat ſhe has put upon him, ſhould rather make thee deſpiſe and laugh at him as I do.

VALENTINE.

Truman, thou indeed haſt Reaſon: And when I ſhall know the happy Succeſs of the Revenge thou haſt in ſtore for him, I may do myſelf and him that Juſtice as to ſcorn him, but am too angry yet.

TRUMAN.

Then to give thee Eaſe (for I dare truſt thee) know this very Night I alſo have an Aſſignation with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper End of the Garden, the oppoſite Walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

VALENTINE.

Then I am at reſt; let's in. I have nothing elſe to do but take care ſo to finiſh him, as that you ſhall fear no Interruption: At leaſt he will be ſo full of his Expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what Poſture his own Affairs ſtand in another Place.

TRUMAN.

Away then; and may good Luck attend us: Ere yet two Hours are paſt his Wife's my own. Methinks already in that ſecure dark private Grotto,

Cloſe in my Arms, and languiſhing ſhe lies,
With dying Looks, ſhort Breath, and wiſhing Eyes;
And the ſupine dull Cuckold nothing ſpies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Night-Garden.*

Enter GOODVILE *at one Door;* *Mrs.* GOODVILE *and* LETTICE *following her at the other.*

GOODVILE.

SO, I think I came off in good Time: Hold, now for *Camilla:* by *Jove,* I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there? *Victoria* as I live; nay, it muſt be ſhe, as I ſaid before. The poor Gipſy's jealous; has had ſome Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla:* I'll loſe off, and obſerve which Way ſhe ſteers.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice, I fear that's Mr. *Goodvile*'s Voice: Whatever you do, if any croſs Accident happens, be ſure you call me *Victoria.*

GOODVILE.

Ay, ay 'tis *Victoria!* vigilant Devil! but I'll take this Way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice, look well round you that nobody ſee us, and then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

Thus far all is well. How I pity poor *Valentine!* yonder is he plying Bumpers, as they call 'em, more furiouſly than a foreign Miniſter, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited ſomething long tho'; who comes here?

Enter LETTICE.

'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice.*

TRU.

TRUMAN.

My little good natur'd Agent is't you? Where's thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languiſh here ſo long in Expectation: It looks as if ſhe rather meant to make a Trial of my Patience, than my Love: Is ſhe coming?

LETTICE.

Well, I ſwear (as my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſays) you are a ſtrange Creature. But I'll go and tell her; tho' I'll vow I utterly diſown having any Hand in the Buſineſs; and if any ill comes of it, 'tis none of my Fault.

TRUMAN.

No, no, not in the leaſt. Pr'ythee diſpatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

'Tis I, *Jack Truman*; your Friend *Valentine*.

TRUMAN.

My dear Encourager of Iniquity, What News? Where's *Goodvile?*

VALENTINE.

No matter for *Goodvile*; here comes your Miſtreſs.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE, VALENTINE *retires.*

TRUMAN.

Now, now, now! what the Devil ails me? how I ſhall quake and tremble?——Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mr. *Truman*, is't your Voice? *Lettice* you may go again if you will——[*Ex.* Lettice.] Well, Sir; I'll vow, Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

TRUMAN.

I'll warrant you, Madam, while you are in my Poſ-

ſeſſion, no Cold ſhall hurt you: Come, ſhall we withdraw to the Grotto?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Withdraw to the Grotto? bleſs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll ſwear you make my Heart ache.

TRUMAN.

Oh Madam! I have the beſt Cure for the Paſſion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it, Madam, 'tis *Probatum:* Come, come, let's retire——Do, make a Diſturbance, and ruin yourſelf and me, do!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, I'll ſwear, Sir, you are unſufferably rude: You had beſt make a Noiſe and alarm my Huſband, you had ſo, hang me, I ſhall cry out.

TRUMAN.

No, no, I'm ſure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll uſe you ſo gently——hark!——don't you here, there's ſomebody coming

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Where, where, where? If we are ſeen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you ſuch an Advantage again.

TRUMAN.

I'm ſure you would not, if I ſhould let ſlip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah Lord, you kill me?——what will become of me ——ah—— [*Carries her in.*

VALENTINE.

Nay, faith, Madam, your Condition is ſomething deſperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like to have here; but it is for the Sake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perſuade me to any Thing.

Enter

Enter MALAGENE *at ſome Diſtance.*

MALAGENE.

So, *Jack Truman* and Madam *Goodvile* have order'd Matters pretty well, I'll ſay that for my Kinſwoman, ſhe lays about her handſomely. But certainly I hear another Voice this Way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more Sport yet.

VALENTINE.

That ſhould be *Goodvile:* I'll ſtep behind this Tree, and ſee how he and her Ladyſhip behave themſelves. This is like to be a Night of as civil Buſineſs, as I have known a great while.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

Death and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine*, has ſous'd me? if I ſhould have overſtay'd the Time now, and miſs'd of my Appointment with *Camilla*— *Truman* is reel'd home, that's certain; and *Valentine*, I believe, has follow'd him by this Time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That muſt be *Valentine*; nay, I'm ſure it is he! how ſneakingly will he look when he ſhall find his Miſtake? But I'll take care, if poſſible, that no ſuch Thing ſhall happen; ſo mine be the Pleaſure, and *Camilla*'s the Scandal; I'll ruſh by him thro' the Walk into the Wilderneſs. [*Runs croſs the Walk.*

GOODVILE.

That muſt be ſhe: how ſoftly ſhe flew along, as if ſhe fear'd to be too late, looſely attir'd, and fit for Joys! Now all the Power of Love and good Fortune direct me. [*Exit.*

VALENTINE.

So, thanks to our Stars, he's ſafe; tho' a Pox on't, methinks this dry Pimping is but a ſcurvy Employment. Had I but a Siſter or Kinſwoman of his to keep doing withal, there were ſome Comfort in it,———but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I muſt not be ſeen. [*Exit.*

Enter TRUMAN, *and Mrs.* GOODVILE.

TRUMAN.

You ſhall not go: Come but back a little, I have ſomething more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: Beſides, Mr. *Goodville* is in the Garden; and if he ſhould chance to meet us, what Excuſe could we make to him?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But will you promiſe me *Victoria* ſhall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deſerve it, I am ſure, half ſo well as I.

Kind tender hearted Creature, I know it; Nor ſhall ſhe ever come ſo near it, as to know that I have one.———Alas! we talk too long. [*Noiſe*] I hear Company coming, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd and diſappointed, and then I am undone.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I'll ſwear you make me tremble every Joint of me: What would you have me do?

TRUMAN.

See, ſee, who are yonder?

[*Exeunt* Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Enter GOODVILE *and Lady* SQUEAMISH.

GOODVILE.

What a Feaſt of Delight have I had! ſurely ſhe was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienc'd Tenderneſs exceeded practis'd Charms:———Dear, bleſt, lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ha. ha, ha!

GOOD.

GOODVILE.

How's this? my Lady *Squeamiſh!*——Death and the Devil.

Lady SQUEAMISH,

Truly, ſweet Mr. *Valentine*, the ſame. Now, Sir, I hope———Uh gad! Mr. *Goodvile!*

[*They ſtare at each other.*

GOODVILE.

Have I been mumbling an old Kite all this while inſtead of my young Partridge? a pox of my depraved Palate, that could diſtinguiſh no better.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what ails you!——This was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die, it is very pleaſant, ha, ha, ha!

GOODVILE.

A pox on the Pleaſures, and you too, I ſay.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

This malicious Devil *Camilla* has over-reach'd me:——Well, Mr. *Goodvile*, you are the worthieſt Perſon;———had I an only Daughter, I durſt truſt her with you, you are ſo very civil.———Well, Innocence is the greateſt Happineſs in the World.

GOODVILE.

Right, Madam, it is ſo, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the World, not we.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

The cenſorious World, if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to ſpeak reproachfully; but ſo long as I myſelf am ſatisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a Thing I defy and ſcorn.

GOODVILE.

Very philoſophically ſpoken:——But, Madam, ſo long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happineſs, why ſhould we deny ourſelves the ſecond Pleaſure of Cong ratulation?

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot ſay that you

have had the leaſt Advantage over my Frailty: Well what might have happen'd, if the ſtrict Severity of both our Virtues, had not ſecur'd us?

GOODVILE.

This affected Impudence of her's, is beyond all the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.——Virtue with a Pox! I think I have Reaſon to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But, dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Tho' I am extremely miſtaken if I ſaw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much miſtaken if a Lady was not with him too.

GOODVILE.

Hell and Confuſion! that muſt be *Victoria:* I thought indeed I ſaw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending ſhe came with a malicious Deſign of diſcovering me, avoided her——Falſe to me with *Valentine?*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I'll ſwear, Mr. *Goodvile,* I have long ſuſpected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria,* and this Jealouſy has confirmed me; and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

GOODVILE.

Death, Madam! this is beyond all Sufferance——diſappointed, and jilted by *Camilla!* abuſed by *Victoria!* and with *Valentine* too, *Truman*'s Friend, who I thought ſhould have marry'd her!——Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex; may the beſt of 'em be ever ſuſpected, and the moſt cautious always betray'd.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Mr. *Goodvile,* be patient: Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or truſting Men again ——Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria* to gain an Empire. I'll ſwear if you are not more moderate, you'll diſcompoſe me ſtrangely: —How my Heart beats!

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Patience! preach it to a galled Lion :——No, I am ſure ſhe is not far off, and I will find her; ſurprize her in the midſt of her Infamy and Proſtitution.——'Sdeath, Madam, let me go.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you ſhall not go——I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to ſtir———Oh my Heart, here's *Malagene*.

Enter MALAGENE *ſinging*, Frank, Frank, Frank, *&c.*

MALAGENE.

Why how now, *Frank*, what a Pox out of Humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him? what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks!——Why *Frank*, I ſay, pr'ythee bear up.

GOODVILE.

Hark you, Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath, you Buffoon, I will.

MALAGENE.

No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I ſhall publiſh; by my Soul, Joy, I ſhall.

GOODVILE.

How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owls! I'll ſet my Houſe o'fire, rather than have it haunted and peſter'd by ſuch Vermin.

MALAGENE.

Faith *Frank* do; I have not ſeen a Houſe o'fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolic, pr'ythee let us about it preſently.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, you ſhall be perſuaded; Don't run yourſelf into Danger thus raſhly.

GOODVILE.

Do you hear then, Monſieur *Pimponio*; as you expect to live a quiet Hour, run in and call for ſome Lights, and return with 'em inſtantly.

M. A-

MADAGENE.

Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't; if Miſchief comes not of this, the Devil's in't——but, dear *Frank*, ſtay till I come again, I'll be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyſhip into the Wilderneſs; or any Thing.

[*Ex.* Malagene.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Let me not live; this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Perſon, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you uſe him too ſeverely.

GOODVILE.

I wiſh, Madam, he may deſerve that Character of you: He is one of thoſe Worldlings you were ſpeaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe knows all that has paſſed between us to-night, for he has a ſhrewd diſcerning Judgment in theſe Matters.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he ſay of me? I defy even Envy itſelf to do me or my Honour any Prejudice. Tho' I wiſh I had let this Frolic alone to-night.

GOODVILE.

Frolic with a Pox!——If theſe be her Frolics, what the Devil is ſhe when ſhe is in earneſt? O he returns with the Lights?——Look who are theſe; by Heaven the ſame.

Enter TRUMAN *and Mrs.* GOODVILE.

TRUMAN.

Gently, gently, Madam, for fear of an Ambuſcade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* ſince.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Soe, ſee, Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: Haſte, haſte down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

TRUMAN.

Fear not, truſt all to my Conduct. [*Ex.*

[*As Mrs.* Goodvile *is going away,* Goodvile *catches hold of her Gown—ſhe claps on her Maſque.*

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Stay, Madam *Victoria*; nay you may ſtay, 'tis in vain to fly, I have diſcovered all your Falſhood, I have: Was mine a Paſſion to be thus abuſed? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious falſe Woman!——is your Lover too aſhamed or afraid to ſhew himſelf? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

Here I am, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Ha, *Truman!* [*Mrs.* Goodvile *gets looſe and Ex.*

TRUMAN.

Yes, Sir, the ſame; ready both to acknowledge and juſtify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought, Sir, might have been allowed without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That ſhe is innocent as to any Thing on my part I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my own Honour Juſtice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear ſo highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleaſed to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

GOODVILE.

Concern'd Sir! have I not Reaſon to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinſwoman under my Charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unſeaſonable Hour, might alarm a Man leſs tender of his Reputation than I am.

TRUMAN.

Sir, this Excuſe won't ſerve my Turn; nor am I ſo blind as not to be ſenſible (which I before ſuſpected) that *Victoria* has been long your Miſtreſs.——A pox of the Honour of your Family? you had given her all your Heart, you ſaid; and your Paſſion was not a Thing to be thus abuſed: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

TRUMAN.

You would have made me believe ſo indeed; but the Daubing was too coarſe, and the artificial Face appear'd too plain.—One would have thought, Sir, that you who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompenſed a caſt Miſtreſs withal, and not have endeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend. But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be eſteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I join Forces to publiſh a little, as he calls it.

MALAGENE.

Faith, *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart; now I have him on my Side, I dare ſay any Thing——*Frank Goodvile*——pugh.

GOODVILE.

Sir, I ſhall require a better Account of this hereafter.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lord, Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile?* how happen'd this Difference?—I'll ſwear I'm ſtrangely ſurpriz'd.

TRUMAN.

Your Ladyſhip I ſuppoſe, can beſt give an Account how Matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll ſwear you are a ſcandalous Perſon.

GOODVILE.

Sir, ſince you are ſo rough, be pleaſed not to concern yourſelf with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do, if you dare juſtify your own to-morrow.

TRUMAN.

If I dare;——nay Sir, ſince you queſtion it, I'll convince you preſently;—Draw. [*They fight.*

Enter

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Hold, hold, what's the Matter here?——*Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile*, for ſhame put up.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Where is this perfidious falſe Man? where is Mr. *Goodville?* So, Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it ſeems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* poſſeſſes all my Joys; What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Miſtreſs?——here, come kill me: Would I had been laid in my Grave, ere I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

GOODVILE.

'Sdeath, I thought ſhe had been in her Chamber this Hour at leaſt:—'Tis true, my dear, I muſt own a Kindneſs for *Victoria*, as my Kinſwoman; but——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How! dare you own it? and to my Face too? matchleſs Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out thoſe hot, laſcivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their Way:——O that I could blaſt him with a Look!——Was my Love ſo deſpicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria!* the Thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I will die! Oh!

TRUMAN.

Delicate Diſſimulation! how I love her? [*Aſide.*

GOODVILE.

Dear Madam, hear me ſpeak——Madam, I ſay that——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I know you cannot want an Excuſe; Diſſimulation and Falſhood have been your Practice:—But that you ſhould wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the Sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every Thing that was ally'd

ally'd to you was dear to me) is an Injury ſo great, that it diſtracts my Reaſon.——I could pardon any Thing but my wrong'd Love,——Let me be gone; ſend me to a Nunnery; confine me to a Charnel-Houſe, vile ungrateful Wretch! any Thing but thy Preſence I can endure.

GOODVILE.

Is there every Way ſo damn'd a Creature as a Wife?—Lord, Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I'll warrant it, you would perſuade me I am mad:—Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy; patiently have paſs'd over the many tedious Nights I have endur'd in your Abſence; contented myſelf with Prayers for your Safety———

MALAGENE.

O Lord; Prayers!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

When you, in the very Inſtant, were languiſhing in the Arms of a Proſtitute.

GOODVILE.

Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now.———Curſe on her, what ſhall I do!

Mrs. GOODVILE.

'Tis a ſign you believ'd me ſafe enough; you would not certainly elſe have the Impudence to have brought a new Miſtreſs under my Noſe;——I ſee there how guilty ſhe ſtands——have you a Stomach ſo hot that it can digeſt Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? or was it the Fantaſticalneſs of your Appetite, to try how ſo coarſe a Diſh would reliſh, after being cloyed with better Feeding?——Nay, Sir, I have been inform'd of all———

VALENTINE.

Has then your virtuous Ladyſhip been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvile* this Evening?

[*To Lady* Squeamiſh.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Well, ſhe has dealt with the Devil, that's certain;—a Pox on't, I ſee there's no living for me on this Side of the World:—Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll into the Country.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, Sir, I know my Preſence has always been uneaſy to you: Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to cure. This in the firſt Year of our Marriage! nay, and to own it, proclaim your own Falſhood, and my diſgraceful Injury, in the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in Town, was by to be a Witneſs; 'twas very diſcreetly done, and doubtleſs would be a Secret long.

GOODVILE.

Whirr,—nay ſince it is ſo, what the Devil ſhould I ſtrive to ſmother my good Actions—Well, if you will have it ſo, Madam *Victoria* has been my Miſtreſs, is my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Miſtreſs, and what a Pox would you have more? and ſo good bye to you.

Enter Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, CAPER, *and* SAUNTER.

CLUMSEY.

How's this! who's that ſpeaks diſhonourably of my Love, and Lady that ſhall be, *Victoria?* Before *George* ſhe's a Queen, and whoever ſays to the contrary, I'll firſt make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilt of it.

CAPER.

Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Maſquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they ſee no Company; *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, pr'ythee go and take one Friſk:—as I hope to be ſaved, there are three or four of the fineſt Ladies, the delicateſt ſhaped Women; I am ſure I know 'em all.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Sir, I wiſh you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I ſhall be very boiſterous, and miſtake 'em for Whores, tho' if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they muſt be of Quality.

CAPER.

I gad, and ſo they are; but Mum for that;——One of 'em is ſhe that gave me this Ring; and the other preſented me with a gold enamell'd Watch could not coſt leſs than thirty Guineas;——Trifles *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal ſometimes.

SAUNTER.

Nay, Sir, you muſt not come off ſo——*Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

GOODVILE.

Yes, Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

SAUNTER.

Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any Body——*Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

GOODVILE.

'Sdeath, you Coxcomb, mind your ſinging, do you hear? and play the Fool by yourſelf, or——

SAUNTER.

Sing Sir, ſo I can, *Fa, la, la, la*, &c. *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

GOODVILE.

Yes Sir, I ſay my Miſtreſs.

CLUMSEY.

'Ounds, then draw.

VALENTINE.

Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the matter?

CAPER.

Why how now *Saunter*? How doſt do dear Heart——Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and——

GOODVILE.

Was ever Man ſo overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-order'd, addle-pated, wadling Brace of

of Puppies :——You Fool in the firſt place ſing and be ſafe—and you ſlight Graſshopper, dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

CAPER.

Dance Sir, and ſo I think I can, Sir, and fence, and play at Tennis, and make love, and fold up a Billet-Doux, or any Thing better than you Sir, Dance quoth a—there, Sir.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay Sir *Noble*, not only ſo, but own'd and boaſted of it to my Face. Told me———

CLUMSEY.

Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable; and I'll eat his Heart for't.

GOODVILE.

Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones, be patient a little—. See, ſee, you Beagles, Game for you, freſh Game; that great Towſer has ſtarted it already? on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo. [*Thruſts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But dear Mr. *Caper*, Maſqueraders did you ſay! I'll ſwear I'll among 'em; ſhall I not have your Company? Oh! dear Maſqueraders! I'll vow I can ſtay no longer.

[*Exit haſtily.*

VALENTINE.

Curſe on her, ſhe's gone, and has prevented me—*Caper*, *Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Maſqueraders, for ſhame follow her; ſhe'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

SAUNTER.

Faith *Caper* and ſo ſhe will. Well, I am reſolv'd to marry *Victoria* for fear of the worſt:———Madam, your moſt devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. *Goodvile* to night———

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Dear Sir, it needs no Excuſe.

CAPER.

My Reſentment, Madam———

TRU-

TRUMAN.

You are too ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear ſhe has loſt you.

CAPER.

Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I muſt bring thee acquainted with thoſe Ladies.

SAUNTER.

Pr'ythee put on a Maſque, and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

TRUMAN.

Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

BOTH.

Dear Soul, adieu. [*Embracing him.*

Exeunt *Singing and Dancing.*

TRUMAN.

Theſe Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good Time; they were never ſeaſonable before.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Diſeaſes and Viſitations are neceſſary ſometimes to ſweep away the noiſome Crouds that infeſt and incumber the World.

MALAGENE.

As I have often ſaid I muſt publiſh, I muſt ſpread; and ſo good b'ye to you. [*Exit.*

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Oh! Madam, yonder's my Maſter raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country preſently: Has given Order to diſperſe the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—Ha, ha, ha, into the Country? I'd as ſoon believe he would turn Capuchin.

TRUMAN.

But, Madam, it was inhumanly done to come yourſelf upon him: One would have thought that I had uſed him bad enough for the wiſe Miſtake he made of *Victoria.*

Mrs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I would not have miſs'd it for the World. Now would he come on his Knees for Compoſition; and if I do not bring him to it within theſe four Hours——

TRUMAN.

Why, Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinences that ever the moſt eminent of our Sex have ſtudy'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired; then of a ſudden ſeem to grow fond of both thoſe clincant Fools, which I am ſure he of all Things loaths; yet do it too ſo forc'dly, that he himſelf ſhall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

TRUMAN.

Have you then maliciouſly deſign'd, in ſpite of Nature, to keep me conſtant?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Which you will be ſure to be.

TRUMAN.

A dozen new freſh young unſeen Beauties, and the Devil himſelf in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwiſe; I never really lov'd or liv'd till now. There is nothing I'd not wiſh to be, except the very Husband himſelf, rather than loſe you.

Enter VALENTINE *and* CAMILLA.

VALENTINE.

Jack Truman!

TRUMAN.

Well, *Ned*, what's the Matter?

VALENTINE.

Treaſon, *Truman*; your being here with Mrs. *Goodvile* I fear is diſcover'd; I heard ſome ſuch Thing whiſper'd among the Maſqueraders, and *Goodvile* himſelf ſeems ſuddenly alter'd; I would adviſe you to come and ſhew yourſelf, and make the beſt on't.

Mrs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let me alone; I'll ſecure all, I'll warrant you. I'm ſure he can have no poſitive Proofs: I'll inſtantly go and put all Things in a Confuſion, contradict all the Orders he has given for going in the Country; ſhut up myſelf in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him till he comes upon Submiſſion;——*Lettice*, follow me to my Chamber preſently. [*Exit.*

TRUMAN.

Right exquiſite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. [*Exit.*

LETTICE.

Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Buſineſs, and underſtands the managing of a Husband the beſt of any Woman in the World: I'll ſwear ſhe is an ingenious Perſon: Forty Ladies now, at ſuch an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-Woman muſt have been ſent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and enquire; but ſhe ſhows all her Changes in a Motion.

Enter GOODVILE.

GOODVILE.

How now *Lettice?* where's your Lady?

LETTICE.

Within Sir, in her Chamber.

GOODVILE.

Are you ſure of it?

LETTICE.

She commanded me to follow her thither but now.

GOODVILE.

Is ſhe alone there?

LETTICE.

Ay Sir, I'll aſſure you ſhe ſeldom deſires Company—— But I muſt haſten and follow her.

GOODVILE.

Stay a little, are you ſure ſhe was in the Houſe, before this Diſturbance happened in the Garden?

LETTICE.

Sure Sir! why I myſelf was at the Chamber-Window with her, when firſt ſhe heard you exclaim againſt Madam *Victoria!* Poor Creature! I was afraid ſhe would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, begg'd her on my Knees not to run out; but ſhe would hear nothing, but in ſpite of Force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage, the too ſenſible Reſentment of your Unkindneſs had rais'd in her.

GOODVILE.

Get you in preſently, do you hear; and take no Notice of what I have ſaid to you, as you tender your well-being.

LETTICE.

Yes Sir;—but if I conceal a Word of it, may I never ſerve a *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country Chamber-maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live. [*Ex.*

GOODVILE.

If I ſhould have been in the wrong all this while, and miſtaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria!*—Ah! Curſe on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impoſſible! Yet that miſchievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me;—By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank ſtinking Cuckold.

Enter VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

What will become of me! whither ſhall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never ſee the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in theſe Shades.

GOODVILE.

Dear *Victoria*, is't you? be free with me, were you really in the Garden before to-night, or no?

VICTORIA.

I have not been out of the Houſe ſince it was dark till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I

am

am deſtitute where to conceal myſelf from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of thoſe to whom your Baſeneſs has given an Opportunity of triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

GOODVILE.

Be not ſo outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

VICTORIA.

Which Way is't poſſible? By to-morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be ſpreading it among his Coffee-Houſe Companions, and at the Play whiſper it to the Orange-Women, who ſhall make a fulſom Jeſt of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to loll and play, and be nauſeouſly lewd with 'em in public.

GOODVILE.

I tell thee it ſhall not be; *Malagene*'s my Creature, or at leaſt henceforth I'll make him ſo; I have Reaſons for it, and to believe alſo that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the ſame I miſtook for you in the Garden to-night.

VICTORIA.

'Tis true, I was at the ſame Time to ſee for her in her Chamber, and ſhe was not there; but cannot believe her in the leaſt guilty of what you ſeem to accuſe her of.

GOODVILE.

Confound her!——ſhe's an exquiſite Jilt, thorough-pac'd and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Slights of Falſhood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confeſs all, or I'll murder him.

Enter MALAGENE.

Well Sir, what ſay you to this Matter?

MALAGENE.

Faith, Bully I think my dear Kinſwoman has maul'd you to ſome Purpoſe; I'll ſay this for her, ſhe has the

true Blood of the *Malagene*'s in her: Tol lol dara lal, &c.

GOODVILE.

What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain, and unfold yourself.

MALAGENE.

Why you muſt know, *Frank*, having a particular Eſteem for my Family, (the neareſt Relation of which I would go fifty Miles to ſee hang'd) I do think her a very a—— But no more,——Mum, dear Heart, Mum, I ſay.

GOODVILE.

What's that you ſay Sir, what do you think my Wife?

MALAGENE.

Ay what, *Frank?* what now?

GOODVILE.

Nay Sir, that you muſt reſolve me.

MALAGENE.

Why then I'll tell thee, *Frank*; doſt thou really think I love thee?

GOODVILE.

I know you'll ſay ſo, Sir, becauſe you fear me.

MALAGENE,

Then pr'ythee do ſo much as lend me ten Guineas for a Day or two.

GOODVILE.

Oh, Sir, to the purpoſe, to the purpoſe, be brief.

MALAGENE.

Nay then, Mum, I ſay again.

GOODVILE.

Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Muſt I be always forc'd to uſe you ill, to bring you to Good-manners?

MALAGENE.

Faith, Child, I am loth to make Miſchief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the Truth on't: But I find I loſe myſelf by it; the very Poets themſelves, that were wont to ſtand in awe of me, care not a Louſe for me now; and there's not a common Whore

in Town but calls me Rogue and Raſcal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

GOODVILE.

Therefore, Sir, reſolve to turn honeſt, and be juſt to your Friend.

MALAGENE.

The Devil take me, *Frank*, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow :—Know! why who ſhould know better than yourſelf? ha!

GOODVILE.

Here are five Guineas for you, upon condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have diſcover'd this Night.

MALAGENE.

I'll do't; down with your Duſt.

GOODVILE.

What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Money? I knew him make love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a Time.

MALAGENE.

Well *Frank Goodvile*, you may think as you pleaſe of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honeſt Fellow in my Heart——You would have me deal freely with you, you ſay, in this Buſineſs?

GOODVILE.

I would ſo Sir, or I ſhall deal very roughly with you.

MALAGENE.

And you lent me theſe five Guineas to that purpoſe?

GOODVILE.

You are much in the right, Sir.

MALAGENE.

Then to make ſhort of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor ſilly Cuckold as one would wiſh to drink withal, and confound me if I ſhall not be aſham'd of thy Company.

GOODVILE.

Confounded Whore!——Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

MALA-

MALAGENE.

Nay, nay, Man, ſince 'tis ſo, never be angry for the Matter. What a Pox, you thought to put the Miſtreſs upon *Truman*? *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Buſineſs; and the Devil take me if I dont think myſelf the honeſteſt Fellow amongſt you.

VICTORIA.

Now, Sir, conſider what a wretched Thing you have made me.

GOODVILE.

No more, I'm thine; and here I ſeal my Heart to thee for ever.

MALAGENE.

Well, *Frank*, can I ſerve thee any farther in this Buſineſs?

GOODVILE.

That, Sir, is as Time ſhall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpoſe; I know you are a Raſcal not to be truſted: Therefore obſerve it, if you offer to ſtir beyond the Limits I ſet you, at that very inſtant I'll murder you.

MALAGENE.

Pr'ythee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering; I hope you take me, Sir, (under the Roſe) for no Fool: and what a Pox do you think to make of me?

GOODVILE,

A Spaniel to hunt and ſet the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be Miſchief, *Malagene*, and new ripe freſh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'ſt, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

MALAGENE.

I'faith, and ſo I do with all my Heart: But, *Frank*, I don't know how this Buſineſs will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three hearty old Souls to-morrow at Dinner, to ſwear and drink, and talk Bawdy and Treaſon together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheiſts, and very honeſt Fellows.

GOODVILE.

O Sir, you may be hang'd in good Time: But for this preſent Occaſion I muſt uſe you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmoſt Art diſſemble but the leaſt Knowledge of what has happen'd to-night: And Sir, do you keep ſtill that lying ſnearing ugly merry Face which you always wear when you deſign Miſchief. I'll pretend this Morning to purſue my Deſign of going into the Country; then when they are in the Height of their Pleaſures and Aſſurance of their Safety, return and ſurprize 'em.

VICTORIA.

But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Senſe of your paſt Love and Tenderneſs for a Woman who has been ſo dear to you? You will be apt to relapſe again.

GOODVILE.

I will ſooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the Occaſion to be rid of ſo troubleſome uneaſy a Burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs looſe and aukwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

VICTORIA.

But can you then reſolve to quit and diſown her forever?

GOODVILE.

For ever, my *Victoria!*——No more, but ſtraight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Iſſue;——You, Sir, keep cloſe to me.——Quit her! as chearfully as I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how looſely ſhall I move,

Free and unbounded taſte the Sweets of Life!
Love where I pleaſe, and know no more the Strife
That's bred by that domeſtic Plague call'd Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

NOW I am satisfy'd I must be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens slight Game to pass their idle Time at: I find too in myself the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile*'s Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make myself privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mistress betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wife may, spite of his Teeth, deceive him quite, and so I have the Pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold; 'twill at least be some Ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter GOODVILE *and Boy.*

GOODVILE.

Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all Things ready; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis Time we were set out.

The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day,
Before the Wheels of Phœbus, *all about*
Dapples the drowsy East with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy Shape, and with such Softness smile and direct me.

52719

VICTORIA.

As thoſe whom Will with the Whiſp bewitches
Thro' Bogs, thro' Hedges, and thro' Ditches.

GOODVILE.

No, thou haſt led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleaſant eaſy Path of Love, where I can never loſe my Way, and muſt be always happy. But where's *Malagene?*

VICTORIA.

Below with Sir *Noble.* While the Butler was aſleep, they ſtole the Key from him: And there they are with the fat red-fac'd Fiddler that plays upon the Baſe, ſitting croſs-leg'd upon the Floor, ſtripp'd to their Shirts, and drinking baudy Healths.

GOODVILE.

That fulſome Rogue will ruin all our Buſineſs. See here what I have diſcovered juſt now in the private Corner of a Window, (a Place I ſuppoſe appointed for the Purpoſe) I found this Billet to my ſweet Wife.

Reads. *If* Goodvile *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold, let any honeſt Wittal judge ha, ha, ha. How it pleaſes me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

VICTORIA.

But, Sir, what do you reſolve on?

GOODVILE.

As I told thee, inſtantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and ſurprize 'em; for I am ſure they'll not be long aſunder when I am out of the Way: Oh! this Billet is a very honeſt Billet, and I know won't lye. But why ſhould I ſpend my Time in talking of what but vexes me when Pleaſures are ſo near me? come my *Victoria*, take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee would ſweeten Years of Cares. The Devil ——.

Enter

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE *and* LETTICE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Good Morning to you, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Good Night to you, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

How ſo, Sir?

GOODVILE.

Why good-night or good-morrow 'tis all one; Ceremony is the leaſt Thing I take care of: You ſee I am buſy.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I muſt confeſs, conſidering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis ſomething rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope, when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Ay! a little Air will be very ſeaſonable at preſent, Madam; I ſhall grow rank elſe, and all the Company I keep will ſmell me out.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh! what Joy will fill each neighbouring Village, to hear our Landlord's Honour's coming down. The Bells ſhall jingle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the Name of the whole Pariſh to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himſelf the next Lord's Day to Dinner.

GOODVILE.

I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is ſent with a Preſent of Pippins of the largeſt Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which ſhe delivers with a Curt'ſy, and bluſhes in expectation of what his Worſhip will beſtow upon her.

GOODVILE.

Oh Madam, let not any Thoughts of that Nature diſturb you; I ſhall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only pleaſe myſelf when I am there ſometimes to contemplate your Ladyſhip's Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then come the Country Squires; and their Dogs, the cleanlier Sort of Creatures of the two: Straight we're invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Foreſt's ſafe.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam; no horn'd Beaſt ſhall ſuffer for my Pleaſure; I am lately grown a Philoſoper, Madam; and find we ought not to hurt our Fellow-Creatures.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What is the Reaſon that you uſe me thus?

GOODVILE.

What is't I would not do to purchaſe Quietneſs? Your injurious Suſpicions of me were tolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealouſy has done *Victoria*———

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Jealous of *Victoria!* No, tho' my Paſſion laſt Night made me extravagant when I diſcover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamiſh*, which I can eaſily forgive, if you'll but promiſe to forget her: For I am confident it was your firſt Tranſgreſſion.

GOODVILE.

Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Yet I am too well ſatisfy'd of *Victoria*'s Virtue, for ſhe's my Friend; and tho' I ſhou'd ſee her in your Arms, I could not harbour ſuch a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you muſt love me, and I'll love you; you ſhall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvile*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Coach is ready.

GOODVILE.

You think, Madam, you have a fine eaſy Fool to play withal, but the Gayneſs of your Face is too thin to hide the Rancour of your Heart: And ſo my dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my Leave of you, never more from this Minute to look on you.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Are you then inexorable? Relentleſs cruel Man!

GOODVILE.

Good eaſy-melting kind-hearted Woman, farewell. [*Ex.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah wretched me!

LETTICE.

My Lady ſwoons. Dear Madam *Victoria*, haſten and bring my Maſter back again; you can do any Thing with him. [*Ex. Victoria.*

Mrs. GOODVILE,

No, no, *Lettice!* Let him alone, art thou ſure he's gone.

LETTICE.

I hope ſo, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then ſo ſoon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be ſure you go yourſelf to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing elſe to do he may come hither to-day.

Enter VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

There is no prevailing with him; he cries aloud his Houſe is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will ſtay in it. My Lady *Squeamiſh* too is arriv'd juſt as he left the Door; I am ſure ſhe'll come in; will you ſee her, Madam?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh I am ſick at the very Name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd againſt her, and Gunpowder put under each Threſhold Place, ready to blow her up if ſhe dare offer an Entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your Hand a little; I'll to my Chamber inſtantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with* Let.

VICTORIA.

This Management of hers ſo charms me, that I can almoſt forget all the Miſchief ſhe has done me: 'tis true ſhe reproach'd me, but 'twas done ſo handſomely that I doubly deſerv'd it to have taken Notice of it.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Dear, *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am loſt and undone for ever; Oh I ſhall die, I ſhall die! the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is falſe to me.

VICTORIA.

What ails your Ladyſhip? ſurely ſhe's diſtracted.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh *Goodvile*, *Goodvile!* the falſe, cruel, remorſeleſs *Goodvile!* I came juſt as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not ſpeak to me, would hardly ſee me, but away he drove, and ſmiling mock'd my Sorrows.

VICTORIA.

Alas! her Ladyſhip is paſſionate, as I live very paſſionate,

Lady SQUEAMISH.

So *Theſeus* left the wretched *Ariadne* on the Shore; ſo fled the falſe *Æneas* from his *Dido*.

VICTORIA.

What could you expect leſs of him, Madam? Falſhood is his Province: Your Ladyſhip ſhould have made Choice of a civil ſober diſcreet Perſon; but *Goodvile* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

That has been my Ruin; it was therefore I adored him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Aſs, becauſe

becauſe ſhe might be ſure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the Joy of my Soul. Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you muſt pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile*: Come, come, I know all.

VICTORIA.

Your Ladyſhip knows more than all the World beſides.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And, as I was ſaying, a Spark is the deareſt Thing to me in the World; I have had Acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well, one of 'em that you know was a ſweet Perſon: Oh he danc'd, and ſung, and dreſt to a Miracle, and then he ſpoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life-time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Beſides, he would look ſo languiſhingly, and liſp ſo prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Diſcourſe; I'll ſwear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the Deſcription of an Equipage.

VICTORIA.

That muſt needs be very charming.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

But Mr. *Goodvile* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to ſpeak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little fooliſh I'll ſwear, ha, ha, ha! [*Sir* Noble *and* Mal. *at the Door drunk.*

MALAGENE.

Scour, ſcour, ſcour.

CLUMSEY.

Down goes the Main-Maſt, down, down, down. [*They enter.*] *Malagene*, roar, roar, and raviſh, here are Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, firſt-rate Punks, you Rogue.

VICTORIA.

How came theſe Ruffians here?

CLUMSEY.

Ruffians! do you know who you talk to, Madam? I am a civil, ſober, diſcreet Perſon; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

MA-

MALAGENE.

Look you, Madam, make no Noiſe about this Matter, This is a Perſon of Quality, and a Friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgel ſuch Fops? Fogh——how like drunken Journeymen-Taylors they look?

MALAGENE.

Journeymen, Madam! hold there! none of your Ladyſhip's Journeymen, that's one Comfort! Woe to the poor Devil that is, I ſay.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durſt not talk thus, you ſcandalous Fellow.

MALAGENE.

Goodvile, ſay you—hark you, my Dear, were he here in Perſon, I would firſt of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel, and diſcover here to thy Kinſman what a leeky Veſſel thou art.

CLUMSEY.

Why, what is that *Goodvile?* will he wreſtle? or will he box for fifty pound. Look you, this Fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true, his Countenance is none of the beſt: but he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

MALAGENE.

Hark you, Knight: you'll bear me out of this Buſineſs, Knight: For, under the Roſe, I have Apprehenſion, that this Carcaſe of mine may ſuffer elſe.

CLUMSEY.

No more of that, Rogue! no more. Take notice good People, this civil Perſon ſhall marry my Siſter: ſhe *is* a pretty hopeful Lady—Truly ſhe is not full thirteen—but ſhe has had two Children already. Odd's heart.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ridiculous Oaf.

CLUMSEY.

Come let us talk Bawdy.

VICTORIA.

I'll call thoſe ſhall talk with you preſently. [*Ex.* Vict.

CLUMSEY.

Wheugh——ſhe's gone.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Beaſt! Brute! Barbarian! Sot!

CLUMSEY.

Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, I hope to be——

[*Runs againſt her, and almoſt beats her backward.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh help; I am murder'd! Oh my Head!

CLUMSEY.

Nay, Lady, that was no Fault of mine: You ſhall ſee I'll keep my Diſtance; and (as I was ſaying) if I have offended——

[*Reels againſt a Table, and throws down a China Jar, and ſeveral little China Diſhes.*

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh inſufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Baſket, to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

CLUMSEY.

Look you, Madam, no harm! no harm! you ſhall ſee me behave myſelf notably yet—as for example—— ſuppoſe now——ſuppoſe this the Door [*Goes to the Door.* Very well; thus then I move——

[*Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.*

Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter SERVANTS.

1 *SERVANT.*

Such as we are, Sir, you ſhall find us at your Service.

CLUMSEY.

Murder, Murder, Murder!——

MA-

MALAGENE.

When there is ſuch Odds, a Man may with Honour retire and ſteal off. [*Ex.* Mal.

Enter CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

CAPER.

Where is this Raſcal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Perſons of Quality?

CLUMSEY.

Sir, your humble Servant: Did you ſee my Perriwig?

CAPER.

Sir, you are an Aſs; and never wore a Perriwig in your Life: Jernié, what a Buſh of Briars and Thorns is here? The Mane of my Lady *Squeamiſh*'s Shock is a Chedreux to it.

CLUMSEY.

Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honeſt Fellow, and a Barber, and one that lov'd Muſic and Poetry.

SAUNTER.

How Sir!

CAPER.

But, Sir, come cloſe to the Buſineſs: How durſt you treat Ladies ſo rudely as we ſaw you but now? Anſwer to that, and tell not us of Muſic and Poetry.

CLUMSEY.

Why, he had all *Weſtminſter* Drollery, and *Oxford* Jeſts at his Fingers Ends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy* Town were a Tune, he maſter'd it upon that Inſtrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great Delight in him for it.

SAUNTER.

But, Sir, this is nothing to our Buſineſs.

CLUMSEY.

Buſineſs! hang Buſineſs! I hate a Man of Buſineſs: If you'll drink, or whore, break Windows, or commit Murder, I am for you.

CAPER.

CAPER.

Sir, will you fight?

CLUMSEY.

Fight! with whom? for what?

CAPER.

With me.

SAUNTER.

With me.

CLUMSEY.

Ay, Sir, with all my Heart; I love fighting, Sir.

CAPER.

But will you, Sir? dare you?

SAUNTER.

Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

CLUMSEY.

Why, you ſweet perfum'd Jeſſamine Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you, I'd beat you out of your artificial Sweetneſs into your own natural Rankneſs. You Stinkards! ſhall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjays?

CAPER.

This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* ſtark mad, by *Jerico*: Dear Knight, how long haſt thou been in this Pickle? this Condition, Knight? ha?

CLUMSEY.

What Pickle? what Condition? you Worms.

SAUNTER.

Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, the poor Devil muſt to *Bedlam*: *Bedlam*, Knight, the Mad-man's Hoſpital.

CLUMSEY.

What will become of you then, you Vermin; There's never an Hoſpital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handſome Fellows in this Town might be provided for? [*Fiddles play within.*

CAPER.

Hey-day, Fiddles!

SAUN-

SAUNTER.

Madam *Goodvile*, hearing we were here, hath ſent for me on purpoſe to regale us.

Enter Mrs. GOODVILE, *Lady* SQUEAMISH *with the Fiddles playing*, SAUNTER *falls to ſing the Tune with 'em, and* CAPER *dances to it.* LETTICE

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Let my Servants take Care that all the Doors ſtand open; I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Miſtreſs of. *Lettice*, try your Vow.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit raviſhes me. Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has reſolved to ſacrifice this Day to Pleaſure——what ſhall we do with ourſelves?

CAPER.

Do, Madam! we'll dance for ever,

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh, ay dance.

SAUNTER.

And ſing.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

And ſing.

BOTH.

And love.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ay, love! but Madam *Goodvile* have you reſolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very melancholy——ha, ha, ha.——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my ſight.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that ſigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Diſeaſe for Bankrupt Beauty:

Beauty: I have yet a Stock of Youth and Charms, unsull'd by the Hands of Age or Care;

And whilſt that laſts, what Woman would deſpair?

CLUMSEY.

In the mean time I'll ſcout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance [illegible] by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and deſpair.

Sings.

To love is a Pleaſure divine,
Yet I'll never ſigh or be ſad;
They are Coxcombs that languiſh and pine,
So long as Whores are to be had.—To daroll, darolda.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh ſecure that deform'd Monſter, that Rebel of mine: Fellows take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him ſenſible of his Enormities.

CLUMSEY.

Slaves avaunt! if my Lady will have it ſo, I'll walk ſoberly into the Garden, and conſider of what is paſt.

To love is a Pleaſure, &c. [*Ex.* Clum.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Lettice?

LETTICE.

Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Is Mr. *Truman* come?

LETTICE.

He'll be here preſently, Madam.

Enter PAGE *with a Letter.*

PAGE.

A Letter for your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who brought it?

PAGE.

A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But ſaid he had no Orders to ſtay for an Anſwer. [*Ex.* Page.

Mrs.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

A Woman's Hand.

Reads. *Mr.* Goodvile's *Journey out of Town is but a Pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr.* Truman, *you will find him anon return'd in hopes to ſurprize you together. Tho' he has truſted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to aſſiſt him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Diſcovery to perſuade you that I am your real Servant,* Victoria.

Poſtcript. Beware of *Malagene*, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.

This is generouſly done, *Victoria*, and I'll ſtudy to deſerve it of thee: Now, if I plague not this wiſe jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curſe me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles lead in! Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*, pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you preſently.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Come, Mr. *Caper*, will you walk?

CAPER.

A Coranto, Madam.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Ay, ten thouſand, ten thouſand, Mr. *Saunter*, I would be always near you too! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come let us walk, and ſtudy which way to divert ourſelves.

CAPER.

Allons! for Love and Pleaſure: By theſe Hands——

SAUNTER.

By thoſe Eyes——

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh no more! no more: I ſhall be loſt in Happineſs.

(*Exeunt.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, this Conſort of Fools ſhall be the Chorus to my Farce; now all the Malice, Ill-Nature, Falſhood, and Hypocriſy of my Sex inſpire me. *Lettice!* ſee *Camilla* be

be ſent for inſtantly, ſhe ſhall join with me in my Revenge, ſhe has Reaſon; Mr. *Valentine*, I ſuppoſe, will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. TRUMAN.

TRUMAN.

And, think you, Madam, he durſt not anſwer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

You would pretend, I warrant you, to be very ſtout. You Hectors in Love, are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluſter, rant, and make a Noiſe for the preſent; but when they come to the Bus'neſs, prove errant Daſtards, and good for nothing.

TRUMAN.

But, Madam, you ſhould find I dare do ſomething, would you but be civil and ſtand your Ground.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What think you tho' of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

TRUMAN.

Whilſt I have ſuch Beauty on my Side, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then, Sir, prepare yourſelf; Mr. *Goodvile* is really jealous, and miſtruſts all or more than has paſt between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we ſhall ſee him inſtantly in expectation to catch us together.

TRUMAN.

Fear him not, Madam; theſe Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are buſy: Let him run on in his dull Jealouſy, whilſt we ſtill find new Windings-out, and loſe him in the Maze.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Then if you wiſh to preſerve me yours, join with me to-day in my Deſign, which is, if poſſible, to make him mad, work

work him up to the Height of furious Suſpicion, and at that Moment, when he thinks his Jealouſy moſt juſt, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant Thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

TRUMAN.

But Mr. *Goodvile*, Madam, has Wit, and ſo good an Opinion of it too.——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

'Tis that ſhall be his Ruin: Were he a Fool, he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving

TRUMAN.

Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and proſper. But what muſt be my Part?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

To ſecure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvile* chief Inſtrument in the Diſcovery. He has Cowardice enough to ſell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told Truth enough to be believ'd once ſo long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he will own more Villanies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Neceſſity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

TRUMAN.

And I'll be ſure of him, or may I never taſte thoſe Lips again, but be condemn'd to caſt Miſtreſſes in the Side-Box at the Play-Houſe, or what is worſe, take up with a Sempſtreſs, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

Enter MALAGENE.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Here he comes.

TRUMAN.

Oh Monſieur *Malagene*, welcome!

MALAGENE.

Jack Truman, your humble Servant.

TRU-

TRUMAN.

Whither ſo faſt, I beſeech you, Sir! a Word with you, a Word with you.

MALAGENE.

Why, can I do any Thing for thee? Haſt thou any Buſineſs for me? Pr'ythee what is it?

TRUMAN.

Sir, you muſt lye for me.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha. Is that all.

TRUMAN.

Nay, Sir, you muſt.

MALAGENE.

Any thing in a civil Way, or ſo, *Jack*; but nothing upon Compulſion, Lad: Pr'ythee, let me do nothing upon Compulſion, pr'ythee now.

TRUMAN.

Then, Sir, to be brief, this is the Buſineſs: *Goodwife* I hear is been inform'd by you of what paſt in the Garden laſt Night; how durſt you be ſo impudent as to pry into any Secrets, where I was concern'd?

MALAGENE.

Why look you, *Jack*, Curioſity you know, and a natural Inclination which I have ———

TRUMAN.

To Pimping.

MALAGENE.

Confound me, *Jack*, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well Man———

TRUMAN.

What did you know?

MALAGENE.

Why, I knew thee to be an arch Wag, and an honeſt Fellow: Ah Rogue pr'ythee kiſs me: the Rogue's out of Humour.

TRUMAN.

No, Sir; I dare not uſe you ſo like a Friend, you muſt deſerve it better firſt.

MA-

M'ALAGENE.

Look you, *Jack*, the Truth of the Buſineſs is, I am beſpoke: But the Love I have to ſee the Bus'neſs go forward may perſuade me to much.

TRUMAN.

Then preſently reſolve entirely to diſown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Gourville*, or promiſe to yourſelf that wherever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat on the ſpot.

MALAGENE.

But hark you, *Jack*, how ſhall I come off with the Buſineſs? I ſhall be kick'd and us'd very ſcurvily: For the Truth is, I did tell ———

TRUMAN.

What did you tell?

MALAGENE.

Why, I told him, you Knave, I won't tell, you little cunning Cur, I told him all, Man.

TRUMAN.

All, Sir.

MALAGENE.

Ay, hang me like a Dog, all. But, Madam, you muſt pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

TRUMAN.

And what do you think to do with yourſelf?

MALAGENE.

Do? why I'll deny it all again Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at firſt affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and uſe me like a Dog, Man ——That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this. [*Pulls out a* Jews *Trump, and plays.*

TRUMAN.

And this, Sir, you'll ſtand to?

MALAGENE.

If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-Houſe Door: In the mean time I'll retire and peruſe a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

TRU

TRUMAN.

Nay, Sir, you are not to ſtir from me.

Enter LETTICE.

LETTICE.

Oh Madam, ſhift for yourſelf. Madam *Victoria* ſent me to tell you that my Maſter is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Maſquerader.

MALAGENE.

Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll deny all indeed; what an excellent Fellow might I have been? ſome Men now with my Stock of Honeſty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well, I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew 'till now that I was fit for Buſineſs.

Mrs. GOODVILE,

Mr. *Goodvile* in Maſquerade, ſay you?

LETTICE.

Yes, Madam, and two Women with him; Madam, they are juſt now alighted.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'll ſtay here, and receive this *Machiavel* in Diſguiſe. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Paſſions, pretended Love, pretended Jealouſy, pretended Rage, and in ſum the very Genius of my Sex to my Aſſiſtance.

Enter GOODVILE, *and others maſked.*

So! here they come; Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there?

Enter SERVANTS.

GOODVILE.

Madam, you'll excuſe this Freedom.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

You oblige me by uſing it: Let all the Company know

that theſe noble Perſons of Quality have honour'd me with their Preſence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and ſee the Banquet prepar'd: And let Mr. *Truman* come to me inſtantly; I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

GOODVILE.

Delicate Devil.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilſt I go and put Things in Order fit for your Reception.

[*Exit.*

GOODVILE.

Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd to be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I ſee, is a Man of punctual Aſſignation; and my Wife is a Perſon very adroit at theſe Matters: Some hot-brain'd, horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats, but I am reſolv'd to turn a civil, ſober, diſcreet Perſon, and hate Blood-ſhed: No, I'll manage the Matter ſo temperately, that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly diſcard her Bag and Baggage, whilſt you my dainty Doxies take poſſeſſion of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 *WOMAN.*

And ſhall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile?*

GOODVILE.

Ay, and ſix, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou ſhalt every Morning ſwoop the Exchange in Triumph, to ſee what gaudy Bauble thou canſt firſt grow fond of: and after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a Noiſe, hear no Play, and ſhow himſelf; thou ſhalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2 *WOMAN.*

But, Mr. *Goodvile*, what ſhall I do then?

GOODVILE.

Oh thou! thou ſhalt be my more peculiar Punk, my Houſe-keeper, my neceſſary Sin; manage all the Affairs

of

of my Eſtate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach, attended by my own Footmen, noſe my Wife where'er you meet, and, if I had any, breed up my Children. Oh, what a delicious Life will this be!

1 *WOMAN.*

Hear you, Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

GOODVILE.

Oh, the Proceſſion's coming, put on your Vizors, and obſerve the Ceremony.

Enter TRUMAN, *Mrs.* GOODVILE, CAPER, SAUNTER, *Lady* SQUEAMISH, CAMILLA, *with Fiddles, a Letter.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any Thing, command my Houſe, that and all Freedom are yours.

CAPER.

Maſques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happineſs! Sir, your humble Servant: By your Leave, Madam, ſhall you and I touſe and tumble together in the Drawing-Room hard by for Half an Hour or ſo? ha? [*Cuts.*

SAUNTER.

Fa toldara, toldara, *&c.* Ah, Madam, what do you wear a Maſque for? Have you never a Noſe, or but one Eye? Let me ſee how you are furniſh'd?

2 *WOMAN.*

Sir, if I want any Thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot ſupply me.

GOODVILE.

So; ſure this muſt come to ſomething anon.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Ah, were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, ſummoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that ſhining Pelf that muſt ſupport me in my Pleaſures.

GOODVILE.

Is he then, Madam, ſo kind a Husband?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh the moſt indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have ſo ſeaſonably withdrawn, and left me Miſtreſs of ſuch Freedom? To ſpend my Days in Triumph as I do, to ſacrifice myſelf, my Soul, and all my Senſe to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

CAMILLA.

Heav'ns, Madam, you'll provoke him beyond all Patience.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Who, Mr. *Goodvile!* which Way ſhall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as ſecret———

TRUMAN.

As we are happy. So ſubtily lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himſelf, and *Malagene* to boot, well hir'd to the Buſineſs, ſhall ne'er diſcover us.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh diſcover us! a Husband diſcover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has Reaſon, I could no more apprehend Diſcovery than a Kindneſs from him.

GOODVILE.

This Impudence is ſo rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you ſo, Madam? [*He unmaſks.*

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Oh a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! ſave me, ſave me. Mr. *Truman*, ſee ſee Mr. *Goodvile*'s Spirit: Sure ſome baſe Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghoſt has come to revenge it on me.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam, fear nothing, I am a very harmleſs Goblin, tho' you are a little ſhock'd at the Sight of me.

CAPER.

Ha, ha, ha. *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank!*

SAUNTER.

Honeſt *Goodvile*, thou ſeeſt, dear Soul, we are free here in thy Abſence.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

I ſee you are, Gentlemen, and ſhall take an Opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

GOODVILE.

Oh, Madam, it look'd ſo very charmingly, that I had no Power to ſtay longer from the dear loving Original.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, now begins the Battle.

GOODVILE.

Well, Madam, and for your ſet of Fools here; to what End and Purpoſe have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not deſign'd 'em for your own Uſe.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Why, Sir, methinks you ſhould not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to paſs away the Time withal, ſince you had taken your dearer Converſation from me.

GOODVILE.

No, Madam, I underſtand your Diet better: a Fool is too ſquob and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: You are for a ſubſtantial Diſh, a Man of Heat and Honour, ſuch as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reaſon.

TRUMAN.

Ay, Sir, whenever you'll demand it.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Nay, Sirs, no quarrelling, I beſeech you; what would you be at, Sir?

GOODVILE.

At reſt, Madam, like an honeſt Snail ſhrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if poſſible hold a quiet Poſſeſſion of it.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I hope I have done nothing that may diſturb your Quiet, Sir.

GOODVILE.

Nothing, Madam, nothing in the leaſt; how is it poſſible that any thing ſhould diſturb me? a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a mere Utenſil, a Block for you to faſhion all your Falſhood on, whilſt I muſt ſtill be ſtupid, bear my Office, and never be diſturbed, I——

Mrs. GOODVILE.

So, now your Heart is opening, and for your Eaſe I'll give it a little Vent myſelf: You are jealous, alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

GOODVILE.

And have I no Reaſon, Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rolling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fireballs at his Heart? 'Oh what an indulgent 'Creature's Mr. *Goodvile!* ſo ſeaſonably to withdraw 'and leave you Miſtreſs of ſuch Freedom: To ſpend 'your Days in Triumph as you do, to ſacrifice yourſelf, 'your Soul and Senſe to him, the Lord of all your Joys, 'your Conqueror and Protector.'

Mrs. GOODVILE.

I am glad to find my Plot ſo well ſucceed: I knew of your Jealouſy laſt Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hopes to return and ſurprize me with *Truman*. I was informed too of your Return but now, and your Diſguiſe; I knew you through it ſo ſoon as I ſaw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondneſs to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

GOODVILE.

Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden laſt Night? were you not there ſo openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might ſee?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

What Fool? what Villain have you, dares accuſe me?

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

One, who tho' he rarely told Truth before, will be ſure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinſman *Malagene*, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

TRUMAN.

The Raſcal dares not own it.

GOODVILE.

But he ſhall, Sir, tho' you protect him.

TRUMAN.

'Twas baſely done to ſet a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had play'd me with *Victoria*.

GOODVILE.

Baſely done?

TRUMAN.

Yes, baſely Sir.

GOODVILE.

Death, you lye, Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

CAPER.

Nay, look you, *Frank*; you had better be patient. Here ſhall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile* this muſt not be, *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage ſhall make you Satisfaction.

SAUNTER.

Ay, ay, pr'ythee Man, take ſome other Time, and don't quarrel now and ſpoil good Company.

GOODVILE.

Death! you dancing, talking, mettled, friſking Rogues, ſtand off! Oh I had forgot—Footmen, where are ye?

Enter FOOTMEN.

Here, take away theſe Butterflies, and do ſpeedy Execution upon 'em as I order'd; do it inſtantly. [*They ſeize them.*

CAPER.

Nay, *Frank*, what's all this for?

SAUNTER.

Nay, *Goodvile*, pr'ythee now, as I hope to live.

Enter MALAGENE.

GOODVILE.

Away with 'em—[*Ex. with* Caper *and* Saunter. Now for *Malagene*—Oh, here he comes, Madam, who will refreſh your Memory; ſpeak, Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you ſee together in the Garden laſt Night?

MALAGENE.

Ha!——no body.

GOODVILE.

Were not *Truman* and my Wife there to your Knowledge, privately.

MALAGENE.

Ha, ha, ha——Child! no.

GOODVILE.

Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whiſpering in the Grotto together?

MALAGENE.

No.

GOODVILE.

Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd with a', and inſtructed to abuſe me. This is all Contrivance, a ſtudy'd Scene to fool me of my Reaſon.

Enter FOOTMEN.

Here, take him hence and harneſs him with the other two, 'till he confeſs the Truth.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

He ſhall not go, touch him who dares. Muſt People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuſe me falſly? Ah, Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deſerv'd this at your Hands? Let not my good Name be raviſh'd from me: if you have reſolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of Pain——— Mal. *runs away.*

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Nay, Madam, here is that ſhall yet convince——ſee here a Letter from your Lover, left for you in a private Corner; hear me read it. And if you have Modeſty enough left, bluſh.

Reads. *If* Goodvile *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Death and Deſtruction! It was all my own Contrivance: Madded with your Jealouſy, I ſought all Ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a Place were you might be ſure to find it. To convince you farther, ſee here a Caution ſent me juſt before by one whom you have truſted and lov'd too much for my Quiet: Peruſe it, and when you have done, conſider how you have uſed me, and how I have deſerv'd it. Oh! [*Gives* Victoria's *Letter.*

GOODVILE.

Reads. *Journey out of Town—is a Pretence—return and ſurprize—believe by this Diſcovery—Your Servant* Victoria.

Victoria, has ſhe betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Truſt nor Faith in the Sex. By Heaven, in every Condition they are Jilts, all falſe from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

Now, Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this Minute never expect I'll ſee your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you pleaſe, and be as free as if I ne'er had had Relation to you. I ſhall take care to trouble you no more, but wiſh you may be happier then ever yet I made you.

GOODVILE.

Stay, Madam.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

No, Sir, I'll be gone? I will not ſtay a Moment longer; inhuman, cruel, falſe Traitor! Wert thou now languiſhing on thy Knees, proſtrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own Guilt, I would not ſtop nor turn my Face to ſave thee from Deſpair.

GOODVILE.

You ſhall.

Mrs. GOODVILE.

For what?

GOODVILE.

To let the World ſee how much a Fool I can be: Art thou innocent?

Mrs. GOODVILE.

By my Love I am; I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my Diſhonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baſeneſs: Oh that I could diſſemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perſuade you ſtill all your Jealouſies were juſt, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [*Exit in a Rage.*

GOODVILE.

Get thee in then, and talk to me no more; there's ſomething in thy Face will make a Fool of me; and there's a Devil in this Buſineſs which yet I cannot diſcover. *Truman*, if thou haſt enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it cloſe, and if it be poſſible let us yet be Friends.

TRUMAN.

'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

GOODVILE.

But now to my Fools; bring 'em forth, and let us ſee how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear *Valentine*, how does the fair *Camilla*?

VALENTINE.

Faith, Sir, ſhe and I have been diſpatching a trifling Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

GOOD-

GOODVILE.

Marry'd! nay then there is ſome Comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the Snare——*Valentine!* look to her, keep her as ſecret as thou wou'dſt a Murder, hadſt thou committed one: Truſt her not with thy deareſt Friend; ſhe has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter CAPER *and* SAUNTER, *their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads,* CAPER *with one Leg ty'd up, and* SAUNTER *gagg'd.*

See here theſe Rogues how like themſelves they look. Now, you paultry Vermin, you Rats that run ſqueaking from Houſe to Houſe up and down the Town; that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you: Take Warning of what you feel, and come not near theſe Doors again on peril of Hanging. Here, diſcharge them of their Puniſhment, and ſee 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, *Sir* NOBLE CLUMSEY *and* VICTORIA.

Lady SQUEAMISH.

Oh Gallants, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, be pleas'd to give my Kinſman, Sir *Noble*, Joy: He has done himſelf the Honour to marry your Couſin, *Victoria*, whom now I muſt be proud to call my Relation, ſince ſhe has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumſey*.

CLUMSEY.

Ay, Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as ſimply as I ſtand here.

GOODVILE.

Sir *Noble* marry'd to *Victoria* too! nay then in ſpite of Misfortunes——

This Day ſhall be a Day of Jubilee. But firſt,
Good People all that my ſad Fortune ſee,
I beg you to take Warning here by me,
Marriage and Hanging go by Deſtiny,
Eſpecially you gay young marry'd Blades,
Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Maſquerades.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

WELL, Sirs, if now my Spouſe and I ſhould part,
To which kind Critic ſhall I give my Heart?
Stay, let me look, not one in all the Place
But has a ſcurvy froward damning Face.
Have you reſolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?
Go ye ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curſe
For the Wife's ſake; but ſome of 'em have worſe.
Poets themſelves their own Ill-luck have wrought,
You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught.
But as in the Diſturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets firſt had jarring Fits,
You all ſet up for Critics and for Wits:
Then ſtraight there came, which coſt your Mothers Pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains:
Libels, like ſpurious Brats, ran up and down,
Which their dull Parents were aſham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others Names like Whores
That lay their Baſtards down at honeſt Doors.
For Shame, leave off this higling Way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit,
Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write,
Elſe may they all to puniſh you unite;
Join in one Force to ſtudy to abuſe ye,
And teach your Wives and Miſſes how to uſe ye.

THE

THE

SOLDIER'S FORTUNE,

A

COMEDY.

Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus;
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.

THE DEDICATION.

Mr. *Bentley*,

I Have often (during this Play's being in the Preſs) been importun'd for a Preface, which you, I ſuppoſe, would have ſpoke ſomething in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to pleaſe you, Mr. *Bentley*, I will as briefly as I can ſpeak my Mind upon that Occaſion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to yourſelf, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happen'd into my Thoughts to be the firſt who in theſe latter Years has made an Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Compliment as reaſonable as it is juſt. For, Mr. *Bentley*, you pay honeſtly for the Copy; and an Epiſtle to you is a ſort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Perſon of a higher Rank and Order, it looks like

like an Obligation for Praiſes, which he knows he does not deſerve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is poſſible, that as much may be ſaid in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the apiſh Qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Iſſue; nay, I muſt confeſs myſelf a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, e'en let the Brat ſhift for itſelf, I ſay.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I ſhall ſay in Behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into your Arms; make the beſt of it you can; praiſe it to your Cuſtomers; ſell Ten Thouſand of them, if poſſible, and then you will compleat the Wiſhes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

By the Lord FALKLAND.

FOrſaken Dames, with leſs Concern, reflect
On their inconſtant Heroes cold neglect,
Than we, (provok'd by this ungrateful Age)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With Grief we ſee you raviſh'd from our Arms,
And curſe the feeble Virtue of our Charms:
Curſe your falſe Hearts, for none ſo falſe as they,
And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe Hearts away.
Remember, faithleſs Friends, there was a Time,
(But oh the ſad Remembrance of our Prime!
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
Ae e'er was Nymph of ours to one of you.
*But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys you now;* * Pope Joan.
Fraught with ſweet Sins, and Abſolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,
She's both your Love's and your Religion's Teſt,
The faireſt Prelate of her Time, and beſt.
We own her more deſerving far than we,
A juſt Excuſe for your Inconſtancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo;
Firſt to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime y' are all addicted to.
Too ſoon, alas! your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis *rules no more when once enjoy'd:*
But all raſh Oaths of Love and Conſtancy,
With the too-ſhort forgotten Pleaſures die:
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, robb'd of her deareſt Eaſe,
Still drudges on with vain Deſire to pleaſe;

And

PROLOGUE.

And reſtleſs follows you from Place to Place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face.
Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful Men,
How can we hope you'll e'er return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treaſure left in Store,
And that's a Coin will paſs with you no more:
You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! quiet when there's Danger near),
Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Captain *Beaugard*,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Courtine,	Mr. *Smith*.
Sir *Davy Dunce*,	Mr. *Nokes*.
Sir *Jolly Jumble*,	Mr. *Leigh*.
Fourbin, a Servant to *Beaugard*,	Mr. *Jevon*.
Bloody-Bones,	Mr. *Richards*.
Vermin, a Servant to Sir *Davy*,	A Boy.

WOMEN.

Lady *Dunce*,	Mrs. *Barrey*.
Sylvia,	Mrs. *Price*.
Maid.	

A Conſtable and Watch.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD, COUTRINE, *and* FOURBIN.

BEAUGARD.

A Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teazing me about Fortune: Thou riſeſt in a Morning with ill-luck in thy Mouth; nay, never eateſt a Dinner, but thou ſigheſt two Hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, ſince the World's ſo wide.

COURTINE.

As wide as it is, 'tis ſo throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honeſt Man can hardly get a living in it.

BEAUGARD.

Do, rail, *Courtine*, do: It may get thee Employment.

COURTINE.

At you I ought to rail; 'twas your Fault we left our Employment abroad to come home and be loyal, and now we as loyally ſtarve for it.

BEAUGARD.

Did not thy Anceſtors do't before thee, Man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one. The old Cavaliers

Cavaliers got ſuch a Trick of it in the King's Exile, that their Poſterity could never thrive ſince.

COURTINE.

'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I ſhall be ere long as greaſy as an *Alſatian* Bully; this flopping Hat, pin'd up on one Side, with a ſandy weather-beaten Peruke, dirty Linen, and, to compleat the Figure, a long ſcandalous iron Sword jarring at my Heels; like a——

BEAUGARD.

Snarling, thou meaneſt like its Maſter.

COURTINE.

My Companion's the worthy Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Poſt: Your Peripatetic Philoſophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honeſt; Villains that undervalue Damnation, ſtill forſwear themſelves for a Dinner. and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

BEAUGARD.

I am aſham'd to hear a Soldier talk of Starving.

COURTINE.

Why, what ſhall I do? I can't ſteal——

BEAUGARD.

Tho' thou canſt not ſteal, thou haſt other Vices enough for any induſtrious Fellow to live comfortably upon.

COURTINE.

What! wouldſt thou have me turn Raſcal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a Livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead Company, and endure his nauſeous Nonſenſe, in hopes to get him, than I would be a Drudge to an old Woman with rheumatic Eyes, hollow Teeth, and ſtinking Breath, for a Penſion: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

BEAUGARD.

How well this Niceneſs becomes thee! I'd fain ſee thee e'en turn Parſon in a Pet, o'purpoſe to rail at all thoſe Vices which I know thou naturally art fond of. Why ſurely an old Lady's Penſion need not be ſo deſpicable in the Eyes of a diſbanded Officer as Times go, Friend.

COUR-

COURTINE.

I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think ſo.

BEAUGARD.

Why thou ſhalt think ſo too, Man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good Company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and ſuch Families, where Formality's a Scandal, and Pleaſure is thh Buſineſs; where the Women are all wanton, and the Men are all witty, you Rogue.

COURTINE.

What ſome of your Worſhip's *Wapping* Acquaintance, that you made laſt Time you came over for Recruits, and ſpirited away your Landlady's Daughter a Volunteering with you into *France*.

BEAUGARD.

I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and Leudneſs laudable, where thou ſhalt wallow in Pleaſures and Preferments, revel all Day, and every Night lie in the Arms of melting Beauty, ſweet as Roſes, and as Springs refreſhing.

COURTINE.

Pr'ythee don't talk thus; I had rather thou wouldſt tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd: A Pox of Whores, when a Man has not Money to make 'em comfortable.

BEAUGARD.

That ſhall ſhower upon us in abundance; and for inſtance, know to thy everlaſting Amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to-day.

COURTINE.

Ha! Gold by this Light!———

FOURBIN.

Out of the Clouds!———

BEAUGARD.

Ay Gold! does it not ſmell of the ſweet Hand that ſent it? ſmell——ſmell you Dog—— [*To* Fourbin.

[Fourbin *ſmells to the Handful of Gold, and gathers up ſome Pieces in his Mouth.*

FOUR-

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir, of heav'nly Sweetneſs, and very refreſhing.

COURTINE.

Dear *Beaugard*, if thou haſt any Good-nature in thee; if thou wilt not have me hang myſelf before my Time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a Bargain with him preſently: Speak, ſpeak, or I'm a loſt Man.

BEAUGARD.

Why thou muſt know this Devil, which I have given my Soul to already, and muſt I ſuppoſe have my Body very ſpeedily, lives I know not where, and may for aught I know be a real Devil; but if it be, 'tis the beſt natur'd Devil under *Beelzebub*'s Dominions, that I'll ſwear to.

COURTINE.

But how came the Gold, then?

BEAUGARD.

To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the Acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp, as fine a diſcreet, ſober, grey-bearded old Gentleman as one would wiſh, as good a natur'd public-ſpirited Perſon as the Nation holds; one that is never ſo happy as when he is bringing good People together, and promoting civil Underſtanding betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather than want Employment he will go from one End of the Town to t'other, to procure my Lord's little Dog to be civil to my Lady's little languiſhing Bitch.

COURTINE.

A very worthy Member of the Commonwealth!

BEAUGARD.

This noble Perſon one Day—but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular Account of the Matter. Sweet Sir, if you pleaſe tell us the Story of the firſt Encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Jumble*; you muſt know that's his Title.

FOURBIN.

Sir, it ſhall be done—Walking one Day upon the *Piazza*, about three of the Clock i'th' Afternoon, to get me

me a Stomach to my Dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Perſon of goodly Preſence and worthy Appearance; his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his Countenance ruddy, plump, ſmooth and chearful; who perceiving me alſo equipt, as I am, with a Mien and Air which might well inform him I was a Perſon of no inconſiderable Quality, came very reſpectfully up to me, and after the uſual Ceremonies between Perſons of Parts and Breeding had paſt, very humbly enquir'd of me what it was o'Clock—I preſently underſtood by the Queſtion that he was a Man of Parts and Buſineſs, told him, I did preſume it was at moſt but nicely turn'd of three.

BEAUGARD.

Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

FOURBIN.

The Freedom of Commerce encreaſing after ſome little inconſiderable Queſtions *pour paſſer le temps*, and ſo, he was pleas'd to offer me the Courteſy of a Glaſs of Wine: I told him I very ſeldom drank, but if he ſo pleas'd, I would do myſelf the Honour to preſent him with a Diſh of Meat at an Eating-Houſe hard by, where I had an Intereſt.

COURTINE.

Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accompliſh'd a Perſon as any of the Employment I ever ſaw.

BEAUGARD.

Let the Rogue go on.

FOURBIN.

In ſhort we agreed and went together: As ſoon as we entered the Room, I am your moſt humble Servant, Sir, ſays he—I am the meaneſt of your Vaſſals, Sir, ſaid I—I am very happy in lighting into the Acquaintance of ſo worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, ſaid he again—Worthy, Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again on t'other ſide (for you muſt know by that Time I grop'd on his Title) I kiſs your Hands from the

Bottom

Bottom of my Heart, which I ſhall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

COURTINE.

Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

FOURBIN.

Nothing, he had nothing to ſay; his Senſe was tranſported with Admiration of my Parts: So we ſat down, and after ſome Pauſe, he deſired to know by what Title he was to diſtinguiſh the Perſon who had ſo highly honour'd him.

BEAUGARD.

That is as much as to ſay, Sir, whoſe Raſcal you were.

FOURBIN.

Sir you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you pleaſe——I told him thoſe that knew me well were pleas'd to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that antient Family the *Fourbonois*; and that I had the Honour of ſerving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *Engliſh* Troops in that Service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

Oh, Sir, you did me too much Honour. What a true-bred Rogue's this!——

COURTINE.

Well, but the Money, *Fourbin*, the Money.

FOURBIN.

Beaugard, hum *Beaugard* ſays he!—ay it muſt be ſo, ——a black Man is he not?——ay, ſays I, blackiſh—a dark brown——full fac'd——yes——a ſly ſubtle obſerving Eye?——the ſame——a ſtrong-built well-made Man?——right——a deviliſh Fellow for a Wench, a deviliſh Fellow for a Wench, I warrant him? a thundering Rogue upon occaſion, *Beaugard!* a thundring Fellow for a Wench, I muſt be acquainted with him.

COURTINE.

But to the Money, the Money, Man, that's the Thing I would be acquainted withal.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

This civil Gentleman of the Chevalier's Acquaintance comes Yeſterday Morning to my Lodging, and ſeeing my Picture in Miniature upon the Toilet, told me with the greateſt Ecſtacy in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his Acquaintance had ſome favourable Thoughts of me, and I gad, ſays he, ſhe's a Hummer; ſuch a *Bona Roba*, ha, ha, ha. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till Dinner (for we concluded to eat together) ſo away he ſcuttled with as great Joy as if he had found the Philoſopher's ſtone.

COURTINE.

Very well.

BEAUGARD.

At *Locket*'s we met again; where after a thouſand Grimaces to ſhew how much he was pleas'd, inſtead of my Picture, preſents me with the Contents aforeſaid; and told me the Lady deſir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which ſhe was much tranſported withal, as well as with the Original.

COURTINE.

Ha!

BEAUGARD.

Now, whereabouts this taking Quality lies in me, the Devil take me, *Ned*, if I know: But the Fates, *Ned*, the Fates!

COURTINE.

A Curſe on the Fates! Of all Strumpets, Fortune's the baſeſt; 'twas Fortune made me a Soldier, a Rogue in red, the Grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the Peace juſt when we were upon the Brink of a War; then Fortune diſbanded us, and loſt us two Months Pay: Fortune gave us Debentures inſtead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I ſold mine, and loſt heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a Shilling for't.——

BEAUGARD.

Leave off thy railing for ſhame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of Bones. Come, Times may mend, and an honeſt Soldier be in faſhion again ———

COURTINE.

Theſe greaſy, fat, unwieldy wheezing Rogues that live at Home, and brood over their Bags, when a Fit of Fear's upon 'em, then if one of us paſs but by, all the Family is ready at the Door to cry, Heavens bleſs you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

BEAUGARD.

Ah good Men, what pity 'tis ſuch proper Gentlemen ſhould ever be out of Employment.

COURTINE.

But when the Buſineſs is over, then every Pariſh Bawd that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but Scot and Lot to the Pariſh, ſhall roar out, Fough, ye louſy Red-Coat Rake-hells! hout, ye Caterpillars, ye Locuſts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enſlave us all, plunder our Shops, and raviſh our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

BEAUGARD.

I muſt confeſs raviſhing ought to be regulated, it would deſtroy Commerce, and many a good ſober Matron about this Town might loſe the ſelling of her Daughter's Maidenhead, which were a great Grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property loſt. *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Your Worſhip's Pleaſure?

BEAUGARD.

Run, like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir *Jolly*, and deſire him to meet me at the *Blue-Poſts* in the *Hay-market* about Twelve; we'll dine together: I muſt inquire farther into Yeſterday's Adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old Friends muſt preſerve Correſpondence; we have ſhar'd good Fortune together, and bad ſhall never part us.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this: Haſt thou no more Grace than to be a true Friend? nay, to part with thy Money to thy Friend; I grant you, a Gentleman may ſwear and lye for his Friend, Pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and ſo forth; but to part with ready Money is the Devil.

BEAUGARD.

Stand aſide, either I am miſtaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming: Now *Courtine* will I ſhew thee the Flower of Knighthood. Ah Sir *Joly*!

Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My Hero! My Darling! my *Ganymede!* how doſt thou; Strong! wanton! luſty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd ſhe's thine, plump, ſoft, ſmooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! here's Shoulders! here's Shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg——Qua-a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles* Beaugard's *Legs.*

COURTINE.

What an old Goat's this?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Child, Child, Child, who's that? a Friend of thine? a Friend o' thine? A pretty Fellow, odd a very pretty Fellow, and a ſtrong Dog I'll warrant him. How doſt do, dear Heart? pr'ythee let me kiſs thee. I'll ſwear and vow I will kiſs thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad ———

BEAUGARD.

But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, that Lady, how does the Lady? what ſays the Lady, Sir *Jolly?*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What ſays the Lady! why ſhe ſays—ſhe ſays—odd ſhe has a delicate Lip, ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo hard, ſo plump, ſo blub, I fancy I am eating Cherries every Time I think

and for her Neck and Breaſts, and her——odds Life; I'll ſay no more, not a Word more, but I know, I know———

BEAUGARD.

I am ſorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, ſay you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled Orts, your Offal upon me?———

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Huſh, huſh. huſh! have a Care; as I live and breathe, not I;. alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old Fellow, decay'd and undone: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how Matters go tho' now and then, to ſee a pretty Wench and a young Fellow touze and rouze and frouze and mouze; odd I love a young Fellow dearly, faith dearly———

COURTINE.

This is the moſt extraordinary Rogue I ever met withal.

BEAUGARD.

But Sir *Jolly* in the firſt place, you muſt know I have ſworn never to marry.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I would not have thee, Man, I am a Batchelor myſelf, and have been a Whore-Maſter all my Life; beſides ſhe's married already, Man, her Huſband's an old greaſy, untoward, ill-natur'd, ſlovenly, tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy jealous.

BEAUGARD.

Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly?*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, that ſhall be; my Boy, thou ſhalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee, dear Heart; and ſhan't I hold the Door? ſhan't I peep? hah, ſhan't I, you Devil, you little Dog, ſhan't I?

BEAUGARD.

What Is't I'd not grant to oblige my Patron?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And then doſt thou hear, I have a Lodging for thee

thee in my own Houſe: doſt hear old Soul, in my own Houſe, ſhe lives the very next Door, Man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a Peep-Hole, odds fiſh I have a Peep Hole for thee; 'sbud I'll ſhew thee, I'll ſhew thee——

BEAUGARD,

But when, Sir *Jolly?* I am in haſte, impatient.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why this very Night, Man; poor Rogue's in haſte, poor Rogue; but hear you————

COURTINE.

The matter?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Shan't we dine together?

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and ſpeak Dinner at the *Blue-Poſts*, while I ſtay behind and gather up a Diſh of Whores for a Deſert.

COURTINE.

Be ſure that they be lewd, drunken, ſtripping Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that wont be affectedly ſqueamiſh and troubleſom.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I warrant you.

COURTINE.

I love a well diſciplin'd Whore that ſhews all the Tricks of her Profeſſion with a Wink, like an old Soldier that underſtands all his Exerciſe by beat of Drum.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Thief, ſay'ſt thou ſo! I muſt be better acquainted with that Fellow; he has a notable Noſe, a hard brawny Carle—true and truſty, and Mettle I'll warrant him.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'll not fail us?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye, Boys: I'll muſter

[this Evening ſuch a Regiment of rampant, roaring, myſterious Whores, that ſhall make more Noiſe than if all the Cats in the *Haymarket* were in Conjunction. Whores, ye Rogues, that ſhall ſwear with you, drink with you, talk bawdy with you, fight with you, ſcratch with you, lie with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah!—

COURTINE.

As merry as Wine, Women, and Wickedneſs can make us.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odd that's well ſaid again, very well ſaid; as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedneſs can make us: I love a Fellow that's very wicked-dearly: methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a ſort of tantara rara; tantara rara, ah, ah h-h; well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and ſhall I not ſee a little Sport amongſt you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da— [*Ex.* Beau *and* Cour.

Enter ſeveral Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *BULLY.*

In the Name of Satan, what Whores are thoſe in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *WHORE.*

Well, I'll ſwear, Madam, 'tis the fineſt Evening; I love the *Mall* mightily.

2 *BULLY.*

Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *WHORE.*

Really, and ſo do I; becauſe there's always good Company, and one meets with ſuch Civilities from every body.

3 *BULLY.*

Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3 *WHORE.*

Ay, and then I love extremely to ſhew myſelf here, when I am very fine, to vex thoſe poor Devils that call themſelves virtuous, and are very ſcandalous and crapiſh, I'll ſwear; O crimine, whoſe's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, vow.

1 *BULLY.*

1 *BULLY.*

Fogh! let's leave the nasty Sows to Fools and Diseases.

1 *WHORE.*

Oh Papa, Papa! where have you been these two Days, Papa?

2 *WHORE.*

You are a precious Father indeed, to take no more care of your Children; we might be dead for all you, you naughty Dady, you?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, my poor Fubses! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd, I will.

1 *WHORE.*

Nay, fy, Papa, I'll swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to-night; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you, Papa?

2 *WHORE.*

Ay, won't you, Dad?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odds so, odds so, well remember'd! get you gone, don't stay talking; get you gone, yonder's a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Cousin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, Monsieur *Courtine*, newly come to Town, odds so.

3 *WHORE.*

Oh Law, where Dady, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *WHORE.*

Well, you are the purest Papa; but where be dey mun, Papa——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I won't tell you, you Gipsies, so I won't—except you tickle me—sbud they are brave Fellows, all tall, and not a Bit small; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of Money.

1 *WHORE.*

Oh dear, but which is he, Papa?

2 *WHORE.*

Shan't I be in love with him, Dady?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What no body tickle me! no body tickle me! not yet tickle me a little, *Mally*—tickle me a little, *Jenny*—do He, he, he, he, he, he—[*They tickle him*] No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, ſo, ſo, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll, I'll, I'll——

3 *WHORE.*

What will you do trow?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Come along with me, come along with me, ſneak after me at a Diſtance, that no body take notice: ſwinging Fellows, *Mally*—ſwinging Fellows *Jenny*, a deviliſh deal of Money: Get you afore then, you little Dipdappers, ye Waſps, ye Wagtails, get you gone; I ſay ſwinging Fellows——— [*Ex. Sir* Jolly *with the Whores.*

Enter Lady DUNCE *and* SYLVIA.

Lady DUNCE.

Die a Maid, *Sylvia*, fy, for ſhame! what a ſcandalous Reſolution's that: Five thouſand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hoſpitals, for the innocent Recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell? fy for ſhame!

SYLVIA.

Indeed ſuch another charming Animal as your Conſort, Sir *Davy*, might do much with me; 'tis an unſpeakable Bleſſing to lie all Night by a Horſe-load of Diſeaſes; a beaſtly, unſavory, old, groaning, grunting wheazing Wretch, that ſmells of the Grave he is going to, already. From ſuch a Curſe, and Hair-cloth next my Skin, good Heaven deliver me.

Lady DUNCE.

Thou miſtakeſt the Uſe of a Huſband, *Sylvia*. They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulſom Faſhion, to lie o' Nights with a Husband; but the World's improv'd and Cuſtoms alter'd.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Pray inſtruct me then what the Uſe of a Husband is.

Lady DUNCE,

Inſtead of a Gentleman Uſher for Ceremonies ſake, to be in waiting on ſet Days, and particular Occaſions; but the Friend, *Couſin*, is the Jewel unvaluable.

SYLVIA.

But Sir *Davy*, Madam, will be difficult to be ſo governed; I am miſtaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

Lady DUNCE.

So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is eaſieſt to be deceived: For obſerve, where there's Jealouſy there's always Fondneſs; which if a Woman, as ſhe ought to do, will make the right Uſe of, a Husband's Fears ſhall not ſo awake him on one Side, as his Dotage ſhall blind him on the other.

SYLVIA.

Is your Piece of Mortality ſuch a doting Doddle? is he ſo very fond of you?

Lady DUNCE.

No, but he has the Vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not ſo much for fear I do abuſe, as that in Time I may, and therefore impoſes this Confinement on me; tho' he has other Divertiſements that take him off from my Enjoyment, which make him ſo loathſom no Woman but muſt hate him.

SYLVIA.

His private Divertiſements I am a Stranger to.

Lady DUNCE.

Then for his Perſon 'tis incomparably odious; he has ſuch a Breath, one Kiſs of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worſe than *Aſſa Fœtida*.

SYLVIA.

Oh hideous!

Lady DUNCE.

Every thing that's naſty he affects, clean Linnen he ſays

is unwholeſom; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlic and chewing Tobacco.

SYLVIA.

Fogh! this is Love! this is the Bleſſing of Matrimony.

Lady DUNCE.

Rail not ſo unreaſonably againſt Love, *Sylvia*. As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Paſſion I have for *Beaugard*, ſo methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good Thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* ſticks in thy Stomach.

SYLVIA.

If he does I'll aſſure you he ſhall never get to my Heart, But can you have the Conſcience to love another Man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

Lady DUNCE.

I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me ſay ſomething to him after a Prieſt once, but my Heart went not along with my Tongue. I minded not what it was: For my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for theſe ſeven Years have been much better employ'd—*Beaugard!* Ah Curſe on the Day that firſt ſent him into *France!*

SYLVIA.

Why ſo, I beſeech you?

Lady DUNCE.

Had he ſtay'd here, I had not been ſacrificed to the Arms of this Monument of Man, for the Bed of Death could not be more cold than his has been: He would have deliver'd me from the Monſter, for even then I lov'd him, and was apt to think my Kindneſs not neglected.

SYLVIA.

I find indeed your Ladyſhip has good Thoughts of him.

Lady DUNCE.

Surely 'tis impoſſible to think too well of him, for he has Wit enough to call his Good-nature in queſtion, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit ſuſpected.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

But how do you hope ever to get ſight of him? Sir *Davy*'s Watchfulueſs is invincible. I dare ſwear he wou'd ſmell out a Rival if he were in the Houſe, only by natural Inſtinct, as ſome that always ſweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard*'s a Soldier, and that's a Thing the old Gentleman, you know, loves dearly.

Lady DUNCE.

There lies the greateſt Comfort of my uneaſy Life; he is one of thoſe Fools forſooth, that are led by the Noſe by Knaves who rail againſt the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party. I have had hopes this Twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-Houſe for Treaſon.

SYLVIA.

But I find only yourſelf the Priſoner all this while.

Lady DUNCE.

At preſent indeed I am ſo; but Fortune I hope will ſmile, would'ſt thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

SYLVIA.

In any miſchievous Deſign with all my Heart.

Lady DUNCE.

The Concluſion, Madam, may turn to your Satisfaction; but have you no Thoughts of *Courtine*?

SYLVIA.

Not I, I'll aſſure you, Couſin.

Lady DUNCE.

You don't think him well ſhap'd, ſtraight, and proportionable?

SYLVIA.

Conſidering he eats but once a Week, the Man's well enough.

Lady DUNCE.

And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

SYLVIA.

Filthily enough of all Conſcience, with a threadbare

red Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this Day, over which a great broad greaſy Buff-Belt, enough to turn any one's Stomach but a disbanded Soldier; a Peruke ty'd up in a Knot, to excuſe its want of Combing; and then becauſe he has been a Man at Arms, he muſt wear two Truffles of a Beard forſooth, to lodge a Dunghil of Snuff upon, to keep his Noſe in good Humour.

Lady DUNCE.

Nay, now I am ſure that thou loveſt him.

SYLVIA.

So far from it, that I proteſt eternally againſt the whole Sex.

Lady DUNCE.

That Time will beſt demonſtrate, in the mean while to our Buſineſs.

SYLVIA.

As how, Madam?

Lady DUNCE.

To-night muſt I ſee *Beaugard*, they are this Minute at Dinner in the *Hay-market*; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd a Husband, himſelf to aſſiſt his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleaſant.

SYLVIA.

But 'twill be impoſſible.

Lady DUNCE.

I am apt to be perſuaded rather very eaſy; you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly Jumble*.

SYLVIA.

Out on him, Beaſt, he's always talking filthy to a Body; if he ſits but at the Table with one, he'll be making naſty Figures in the Napkins.

Lady DUNCE.

He and my ſweet Yoke-Fellow are the moſt intimate Friends in the World; ſo that partly out of neighbourly Kindneſs, as well as the great Delight he takes to be meddling with Matters of this Nature, with a great deal of Pains and Induſtry he has procur'd me *Beaugard*'s Pic-

ture, and given him to underſtand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd myſelf, wiſhes him.

SYLVIA.

But what is all this to the making your Husband inſtrumental? for I muſt confeſs of all Creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

Lady DUNCE.

That muſt be done this Night: I'll inſtantly to my Chamber, take my Bed in a Pet, and ſend for Sir *Davy*.

SYLVIA.

But which Way then muſt the Lover come?

Lady DUNCE.

Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, ſhew him the Picture he ſent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own Honour and my Quiet, to take ſome Courſe to ſecure me from the ſcandalous Solicitations of that impudent Fellow.

SYLVIA.

And ſo make him the Property, the Go-between, to bring the Affair to an Iſſue the more decently.

Lady DUNCE.

Right *Sylvia*, 'tis the beſt Office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; bleſs us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a Paralytic coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a Dry-nurſe all one's life-time to an old Child of ſixty-five, to lie by the Image of Death a whole Night, a dull Immoveable, that has no Senſe of Life but thro' its Pains; the Pigeon's as happy that's laid to a ſick Man's Feet, when the World has given him over: For my part this ſhall henceforth be my Prayer.

Curſt be the Memory, nay doubly curſt,
Of her that wedded Age for Intereſt firſt;
Tho' worn with Years, with fruitleſs Wiſhes full,
'Tis all Day troubleſom, and all Night dull.
Who wed with Fools, indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fitteſt fineſt things for Wives:
Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Eaſe,
And both make Youth and Wit much better pleaſe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* FOURBIN.

COURTINE.

SIR *Jolly* is the Glory of the Age.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Nay, now, Sir, you honour me too far.

BEAUGARD.

He's the Delight of the young, and Wonder of the old.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I ſwear, Gentlemen, you make me bluſh.

COURTINE.

He deſerves a Statue of Gold, at the Charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Out upon't, fy for ſhame: I proteſt I'll leave your Company if you talk ſo; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd—have ſtript for t'other Bottle.

BEAUGARD.

Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a Man of very extraordinary Diſcipline, I never ſaw Whores under better Command in my Life.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Piſh, that's nothing, Man, nothing; I can ſend for forty better when I pleaſe, Doxies that will ſkip, trip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the World, any thing, old Soul.

COURTINE.

Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

Sir JOLLY.

Odd as ſimple as I ſtand here, her Father was a Knight.

BEAUGARD.

Indeed, Sir *Jolly*, a Knight ſay you?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, but a little decay'd: I'll aſſure you ſhe's a very good Gentlewoman born.

COURTINE.

Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, and ſo ſhe is.

BEAUGARD.

But, Sir *Jolly*, how goes my Buſineſs forward? when ſhall I have a View of this Quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas-a-day, not ſo haſty; ſoft and fair, I beſeech you. Ah, my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadſt her in thy Arms now between a Pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to ſee fair Play, Boy; Gemini! what wou'd become of me? what wou'd become of me? there wou'd be Doings, oh lawd, I under the Bed!

BEAUGARD.

Or behind the Hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Oh no, under the Bed againſt the World, and then it would be very dark, hah!

BEAUGARD.

Dark to chuſe!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, but a little Light would do well, a ſmall glimmering Lamp, juſt enough for me to ſteal a Peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable. I won't ſpeak a Word more; there would be a Trick! O rare! you Friend, O rare! odd ſo, not a Word more, odds ſo. Yonder comes the Monſter that muſt be the Cuckold elect; ſtep, ſtep aſide and obſerve him: If I ſhould be ſeen in your Company, 'twould ſpoil all.

BEAUGARD.

For my part, I'll ſtand the Meeting of him; one way to

pro-

promote a good Underſtanding with a Wife, is firſt to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, of all Bleſſings a diſcreet Wife is the greateſt that can light upon a Man of Years: Had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beaſt had I been by this time? Well, I am the happieſt old Fool! 'Tis a horrid Age that we live in, ſo that an honeſt Man can keep nothing to himſelf. If you have a good Eſtate, every covetuous Rogue is longing for't, (truly I love a good Eſtate dearly myſelf!) if you have a handſom Wife, every ſmooth fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her: Fleſh Flies are not ſo troubleſom to the Shambles as thoſe ſort of Inſects are to the Boxes in the Play-Houſe. But Virtue is a great Bleſſing, an unvaluable Treaſure, to tell me herſelf that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the Enchantment that he ſent to bewitch her, it ſtrikes me dumb with Admiration: Here's the Villain in Effigy. [*Pulls out the Picture.*] Odd a very handſom Fellow, a dangerous Rogue, I'll warrant him: Such Fellows as theſe now ſhould be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into other Men's Paſtures. Here's a Noſe now, I could find in my Heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to preſume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bleſs us! what will this World come to! Well, poor Sir *Davy*, down, down upon thy Knees, and thank the Stars for thy Deliverance.

BEAUGARD.

'Sdeath! what's that I ſee! ſure 'tis the very Picture which I ſent by Sir *Jolly*; if ſo, by this Light I am damnably jilted. [*Aſide.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But now if——

BEAUGARD.

Surely he does not ſee us yet.

FOUR-

FOURBIN.

See you, Sir, why he has but one Eye, and we are on his blind Side; I'll dumb-found him.

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame: Now a pox of all amorous Adventures: 'Sdeath, I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this Fooling.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, methinks you are very curious.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary Reaſon to be ſo.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reaſon neither.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, if you are at Leiſure, I would beg the Honour to ſpeak with you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With me, Sir? what's your Buſineſs with me?

BEAUGARD.

I would not willingly be troubleſom, tho' it may be I am ſo at this time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It may be ſo too, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

But to be known to ſo worthy a Perſon as you are would be ſo great an Honour, ſo extraordinary a Happineſs, that I could not avoid taking this Opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this Fellow? [*Aſide.* But, Sir, you were pleaſed to nominate Buſineſs, Sir, I deſire with what ſpeed you can to know your Buſineſs, Sir, that I may go about my Buſineſs.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Sir, if I might with good Manners, I ſhould be glad to inform myſelf whoſe Picture that is, which you have in your Hand; methinks it is a very fine Painting.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis a Reſemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard*, forſooth, but he is in ſhort a Rake-hell, a poor louſy, beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him, Friend?—

BEAUGARD.

I think I have heard of ſuch a Vagabond: the truth on't is, he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

BEAUGARD.

Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Seſſions.

BEAUGARD.

The truth on't is, he has deſerv'd it long ago; but did you ever ſee him, Sir *Davy?*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir——does he know me? [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

Becauſe I fancy that Miniature is very much like him. Pray, Sir, whence had it you?—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!——bleſs us, [*Compares the Picture with* Beaugard's *Face.*

what have I done now? this is the very Traitor himſelf; if he ſhould be deſperate now, and put his Sword in my Guts!—ſlitting my Noſe will be as bad as that, I have but one Eye left neither, and may be——Oh but this is the King's Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here: I'll try to out huff him. [*Aſide.*

Whence had it you?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *Engliſh* in my Country, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go, Sir, you are a Raſcal.

BEAUGARD.

How!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I ſay you are a Raſcal, if you go to that——

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I am a Gentleman and Soldier.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So much the worſe, Soldiers have been Cuckold-makers from the Beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a——come Sir, did I never ſee you? Anſwer me to that, did I never ſee you? for aught I know you may be a Jeſuit; there were more in the laſt Army beſides you.

BEAUGARD.

Of your Acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes to my knowledge, there were ſeveral at *Hounſlow-Heath* diſguiſed in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy; I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all Night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a Woman, but the Devil is powerful.

BEAUGARD.

In ſhort, you worthy Villain of Worſhip, that Picture is mine, and I muſt have it, or I ſhall take an Opportunity to kick your Worſhip moſt inhumanly.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Kick, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can ſhew you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; ſo I ſay you are a

Raſcal

Raſcal again, and now how will you help yourſelf? poor Fool.

BEAUGARD.

Hark you, Friend, have you not a Wife?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I have a Lady, Sir—oh and ſhe's mightily taken with this Picture of yours; ſhe was ſo mightily proud of it ſhe could not forbear ſhewing it me, and telling too who it was ſent it her.

BEAUGARD.

And has ſhe been long a Jilt? has ſhe practiſed the Trade for any Time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jeſt, putting out Chriſtian Colours, when ſhe's a Turk under Deck: A curſe upon all honeſt Women in the Fleſh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha: Look you, ſweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but thoſe are things not worthy your Conſideration: Beauty's your Buſineſs. But, dear Vagabond, trouble thyſelf no further about my Spouſe, let my Doxy reſt in Peace, ſhe's Meat for thy Maſter, old Boy; I have my Belly full of her every Night.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I wiſh all your noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Moreover Captain Swaſh, I muſt tell you my Wife is an honeſt Woman, of a virtuous Diſpoſition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and ſhe deſerves it by her faithful dealing in this Affair, for that ſhe has diſcover'd loyally to me the treacherous Deſigns laid againſt her Chaſtity, and my Honour.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

By this Light the Beaſt weeps! [*Aſide.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly I cannot but weep for Joy, to think how happy I am in a ſincere, faithful, and loving Yoke-fellow. She charg'd me too to tell you into the Bargain, that ſhe is ſufficiently ſatisfy'd of the moſt ſecret Wiſhes of your Heart.

BEAUGARD.

I'm glad on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that 'tis her Deſire, that you would trouble yourſelf no more about the matter.

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But henceforward behave yourſelf with ſuch Diſcretion as becomes a Gentleman.

BEAUGARD.

Oh to be ſure, moſt exactly!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And let her alone to make the beſt uſe of thoſe innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her Reputation in hazard.

BEAUGARD.

As how, I beſeech you———

Sir Davy DUNCE.

By your impertinent and unſeaſonable Addreſs.

BEAUGARD.

And this News you bring me by a particular Commiſſion from your ſweet Lady?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yea, Friend, I do; and ſhe hopes you'll be ſenſible, dear Heart, of her good meaning by it: Theſe were her very Words, I neither add nor diminiſh, for Plain-dealing is my Miſtreſs's, Friend.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Then all the Curſes I ſhall think on this Twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives Credit to the Sex.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, certainly I am the happieſt Toad; how melancholy the Monkey ſtands now? Poor Pug, haſt thou loſt her?

BEAUGARD.

To be ſo ſordid a Jilt, to betray me to ſuch a Beaſt as that! Can ſhe have any good Thoughts of ſuch a Swine? Damn her, had ſhe abus'd me handſomly it had never vex'd me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Now, Sir, with your Permiſſion I'll take my leave.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, if you were gone the Devil I ſhall think you very well diſpoſed of.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

If you have any Letter, or other Commendation to the Lady that was ſo charm'd with your Reſemblance there, it ſhall be very faithfully convey'd by———

BEAUGARD.

Fool.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gone, I ſhall diſturb you no further; your moſt humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

Now Poverty, Plague, Pox, and Priſon fall thick upon the Head of thee! *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Sir!———

BEAUGARD.

Thou haſt been an extraordinary Rogue in thy Time.

FOURBIN.

I hope I have loſt nothing in your Honour's Service, Sir.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Find out ſome Way to revenge me on this old Raſcal, and if I don't make thee a Gentleman——

FOURBIN.

That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am ſure you have not left me one Shilling in my Pocket theſe two Months.

BEAUGARD.

Here, here's for thee to revel withal.

FOURBIN.

Will your Honour pleaſe to have his Throat cut?

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

FOURBIN.

Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own Door, and then give out to the World he did it himſelf.

BEAUGARD.

That would do very well.

FOURBIN.

Or I think (to proceed with more Safety) a good ſtale Act were a very pretty Expedient.

BEAUGARD.

Excellent, excellent, *Fourbin.*

FOURBIN.

Leave Matters to my Diſcretion, and if I do no'—— [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

I know thou wilt, go, go about it, proſper, and be famous. Now ere I dare venture to meet *Courtine* again will I go by myſelf, rail for an Hour or two, and then be good Company. [*Exit.*

Enter COURTINE *and* SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Take my Word, Sir, you had better give this Buſineſs over. I tell you, there's nothing in the World turns my Stomach ſo much as the Man, that Man that makes love

to

to me. I never ſaw one of your Sex in my Life make love, but he look'd ſo like an Aſs all the while, that I bluſh'd for him.

COURTINE.

I am afraid your Ladyſhip then is one of thoſe dangerous Creatures they call She-Wits, who are always ſo mightily taken with admiring themſelves, that nothing elſe is worth their Notice.

SYLVIA.

Oh! who can be ſo dull not to be raviſh'd with that boiſterous Mein of yours, that ruffling Air in your Gait, that ſeems to cry where-e'er you go, make room, here comes the Captain: That Face, which bids Defiance to the Weather. Bleſs us! if I were a poor Farmer's Wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me! But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never ſaw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

COURTINE.

Who can forbear to ſigh, look pale, and languiſh, wehn Beauty and Wit unite both their Forces to enſlave a Heart ſo tractable as mine is? Firſt, for the modiſh Swim of your Body, the victorious Motion of your Arms and Head, the toſs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes! bleſs us! if I were a dainty fine dreſt Coxcomb, with a great Eſtate, and a little or no Wit, Vanity in abundance and good for nothing, how would they melt and ſoften me? but as I am a ſcandalous honeſt Raſcal, not Fool enough to be your Sport, nor rich enough to be your Prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

SYLVIA.

Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your Honeſty ſhould ever do you hurt, or your Wit ſpoil your Preferment?

COURTINE.

Juſt as much, fair Lady, as that your Beauty ſhould make you be envied at, or your Virtue provoke Scandal.

SYLVIA.

The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

COUR-

COURTINE.

The more I look, the more I'm out of love with you.

SYLVIA.

How my Heart ſwells when I ſee you.

COURTINE.

How my Stomach riſes when I'm near you.

SYLVIA.

Nay, then let's bargain.

COURTINE.

With all my Heart, what?

SYLVIA.

Not to fall in love with each other, I aſſure you, Monſieur Captain.

COURTINE.

But to hate one another conſtantly and cordially.

SYLVIA.

Always when you are drunk, I deſire you to talk ſcandalouſly of me.

COURTINE.

Ay, and when I am ſober too; in return whereof, whene'er you ſee a Coquet of your Acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be ſure you ſpit at the filthy Remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

SYLVIA.

In the next place, where'er we meet in the *Mall*, I deſire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly Mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

COURTINE.

Which, if I chance to do, be ſure at next Turning to pick up ſome taudry fluttering Fop or another———

SYLVIA.

That I made Acquaintance withal at the Muſic-meeting.

COURTINE.

Right, juſt ſuch another Spark to ſaunter by your ſide, with his Hat under his Arm.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Hearkning to all the bitter things I can ſay to be reveng'd.

COURTINE.

Whilſt the dull Rogue dare not ſo much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it when he is out of his waiting.

SYLVIA.

Counterfeit your Letters from me.

COURTINE.

And you to be even with me for the Scandal, publiſh to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

SYLVIA.

Oh hideous Marriage!

COURTINE.

Horrid, horrid, Marriage!

SYLVIA.

Name, name no more of it.

COURTINE.

At that ſad Word let's part.

SYLVIA.

Let's wiſh all Men decrepid, dull, and ſilly.

COURTINE.

And every Woman old and ugly.

SYLVIA.

Adieu!———

COURTINE.

Farewell!———

Enter a young Fellow affectedly dreſt, ſeveral others with him.

SYLVIA,

Ah me, Mr. *Friſk!*

FRISK.

Mademoiſelle Sylvia! ſincerely as I hope to be ſav'd, the Devil take me, damn me, Madam, who's that?

SYLVIA.

Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Ex. with Friſk.*

COUR-

COURTINE.

True to thy Failings always, Woman! how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monſter was that for a Woman to delight in? Now muſt I love her ſtill, tho' I know I'm a Blockhead for't, and ſhe'll uſe me like a Blockhead too, if I don't prevent her. What's to be done? I'll have three Whores a Day, to keep Love out my Head.

Enter BEAUGARD.

Beaugard, well met again; how go matters? handſomely?

BEAUGARD.

Oh, very handſomly! had you but ſeen how handſomly I was us'd juſt now, you would ſwear ſo. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou woud'ſt exerciſe thy Talents a little at preſent.

COURTINE.

At what?

BEAUGARD.

Why, canſt thou ever want a Subject? rail at thyſelf, rail at me, I deſerve to be rail'd at: See there, what thinkeſt thou of that Engine, that moving Lump of Filthineſs, miſcall'd a Man?

A clumſy Fellow marches over the Stage dreſt like an Officer.

COURTINE.

Curſe on him for a Rogue, I know him.

BEAUGARD.

So.

COURTINE.

The Raſcal was a Retailer of Ale but yeſterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty Sight in a Morning to ſee him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him at the Head of a hundred luſty Fellows. Some honeſt Gentleman or other ſtays now, becauſe that Dog had Money to bribe ſome corrupt Colonel withal.

Enter another gravely dreſt.

BEAUGARD.

There, there's another of my Acquaintance; he was my Father's Footman not long ſince, and has pimp'd for me oftner than he has pray'd for himſelf; that good Quality recommended him to a Nobleman's Service, which, together with flattering, fawning, lying, ſpying and informing, has rais'd him to an Employment of Truſt and Reputation; tho' the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his Neck-Verſe, if he had occaſion.

COURTINE.

'Tis as unſeaſonable to expect a Man of Senſe ſhould be preferr'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be ſtout, a Prieſt religious, a fair Woman chaſte, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more ſeeming earneſt in Diſcourſe.

BEAUGARD.

That's ſeaſonably thought on: Look there, obſerve but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the buſieſt Face of the two, I'll tell thee his Hiſtory.

COURTINE.

I hope Hanging will be the End of his Hiſtory, ſo well I like him at the firſt ſight.

BEAUGARD.

He was born a Vagabond, and no Pariſh own'd him; his Father was as obſcure as his Mother public; every body knew her, and no body could gueſs at him.

COURTINE.

He comes of a very good Family, Heav'n be prais'd.

BEAUGARD.

The firſt thing he choſe to riſe by, was Rebellion; ſo a Rebel he grew, and flouriſh'd a Rebel, fought againſt his King, and help'd to bring him to the Block.

COURTINE.

And was he not religious too?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Moſt devoutly! He could pray 'till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd; which excellent Talent made him popular, and at laſt preferr'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rump Parliament.

COURTINE.

Pray, Sir, be uncover'd at that, and remember it with Reverence.

BEAUGARD.

In ſhort, he was a Committee-man, Sequeſtrator and Perſecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to ſecure himſelf in the general Pardon.

COURTINE.

Nauſeous Vermin! That ſuch a Swine with the Mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, ſhould wallow in his Luxury, whilſt honeſt Men are forgotten.

BEAUGARD.

Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave diſowns the Hand that heal'd him, cheriſhes Factions to affront his Maſter, and once more would rebel againſt the Head, which ſo lately ſav'd his from a Pole.

COURTINE.

What a dreadful Beard and ſwinging Sword he wears.

BEAUGARD.

'Tis to keep his Cowardice in Countenance; the Raſcal will endure Kicking moſt temperately for all that; I know five or ſix more of the ſame ſtamp, that never come abroad without terrible long Spits by their Sides, with which they will let you bore their own Noſes if you pleaſe. But let the Villain be forgotten.

COURTINE.

His Co-rogue I have ſome Knowledge of; he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Caſe-putter, ſome call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

BEAUGARD.

Yes, and are always repining that Men of Parts are not regarded.

COURTINE.

He has been a great Noiſe-maker in factious Clubs theſe ſeven Years, and now I ſuppoſe he is courting that worſhipful Raſcal to make him Recorder of ſome factious Town.

BEAUGARD.

To teach Tallow-chandlers and Cheeſe-mongers how far they may rebel againſt their King by virtue of *Magna Charta.*

COURTINE.

But Friend, *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very ſplenetick of a ſudden: How goes the Affair of Love forward? proſperouſly, hah!

BEAUGARD.

Oh, I aſſure you moſt triumphantly; juſt now, you muſt know I am parted with the ſweet, civil, inchanted Lady's Huſband.

COURTINE.

Well, and what ſays the Cuckold? is he very kind and good-natur'd, as Cuckolds uſe to be?

BEAUGARD.

Why he ſays, *Courtine*, in ſhort, that I am a very ſilly Fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this Affair moſt unconſcionably. A Plague on all Pimps, I ſay, a Man's Buſineſs never thrives ſo well as when he is his own Sollicitor.

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, *and a Boy.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hiſt, hiſt, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

BOY.

Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Run and get two Chairs preſently; be ſure you get two Chairs

Chairs, Sirrah, do you hear? Here's Luck, here's Luck! now or never, Captain; never if not now, Captain! here's Luck.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly*, no more Adventures, ſweet Sir *Jolly*, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The beſt in the World, dear Dog, the very beſt in the World: 'Sbud ſhe's here hard by, Man, flays on purpoſe for thee finely diſguis'd. T[illegible]ckold has loſt her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I; and I, you muſt know, I am I, hah! and I, you little Toad, hah!

BEAUGARD.

You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The beſt-natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my Years! Now does my Heart ſo thump for fear this buſineſs ſhould miſcarry: Why, I'll warrant thee the Lady is here Man, ſhe's all thy own; 'tis thy own Fault if thou art not in *Terra incognita* within this half Hour: Come along, pr'ythee come along, fy for ſhame; what, make a Lady loſe her Longing! Come along, I ſay, you—out upon't.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, your humble, I ſhan't ſtir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What, not go!

BEAUGARD.

No, Sir; no Lady for me.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Not go! I ſhould laugh at that, Faith.

BEAUGARD.

No, I will aſſure you, not go, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Away, you Wag, you jeſt; you jeſt, you Wag; not go, quotha?

BEAUGARD.

No, Sir, not go I tell you; what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Nothing, nothing, Sir, but I'm a Gentleman.

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

BEAUGARD.

Sir!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life, I ſhall be diſgrac'd for ever.

BEAUGARD.

I have not wrong'd you, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Not wrong'd me! but you ſhall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a ſweet Lady, and a fine Lady.——I ſhall never be truſted again! never have Employment more! I ſhall die of the Spleen.——Pr'ythee now be good-natur'd, pr'ythee be perſuaded; odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold, I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

BEAUGARD.

Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Now that I durſt but murder him——Well, ſhall I fetch her to thee? what ſhall I do for thee?

Enter Lady DUNCE.

Odds fiſh, here ſhe comes herſelf: Now, you ill-natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her; do but look upon her: What ſhall I ſay to her?

BEAUGARD.

E'en what you pleaſe, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

'Tis a very ſtrange Monſter this—Madam, this is the Gentleman, that's he, tho' (as one may ſay) he's ſomething baſhful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to* Beaugard.] If thou art not more cruel than Leopards, Lions, Tigers, Wolves, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me; this Unkindneſs of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady*] Madam, he ſays, he's ſo amaz'd at your triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the Excellence that ſhines from you.

Lady DUNCE.

What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Art thou then reſolv'd to be remorſeleſs? can'ſt thou be inſenſible? haſt thou Eyes, haſt thou a Heart? haſt thou any thing thou ſhouldſt have? Odd I'll tickle thee; get you to her, you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

Lady DUNCE.

Have you forgot me, *Beaugard?*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So now, to her again; I ſay, to her, to her, and be hang'd. Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! now, now, have at her; now have at her; there it goes, there it goes, Hey--Boy!--

Lady DUNCE.

Methinks this Face ſhould not ſo much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what I once thought it, the Object of your Pleaſure, and Subject of your Praiſes.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Cunning Toad! wheedling Jade! you ſhall ſee now how by degrees ſhe'll draw him into the Whirl-pool of Love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. O law! there's Eyes! there's Eyes! I muſt pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I muſt confeſs I do remember that I had once an Acquaintance with a Face, whoſe Air and Beauty much

reſembled yours; and if I may truſt my Heart you are call'd *Clarinda*.

Lady DUNCE.

Clarinda I was call'd, till my ill Fortune wedded me; Now you may have heard of me by another Title; your Friend there, I ſuppoſe, has made nothing a Secret to you.

BEAUGARD.

And are you then that kind inchanted Fair-one, who was ſo paſſionately in love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beaſt your Huſband, and wrong the Paſſion of a Ge[illegible] that languiſh'd for you, only to make your [illegible]merry? Hark you, Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Month's Mind to be exerciſing my Parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Lord! ah Lord! all's ſpoil'd again, all's ruin'd, I ſhall be undone for ever! Why, what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what Sins have I committed? [*Aſide.*

Lady DUNCE.

And are you the paſſionate Adorer of our Sex, who cannot live a Week in *London* without loving? Are you the Spark that ſends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a Pattern of your Perſon?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, Madam, when I receive ſo good Hoſtages as theſe are, [*Shews the Gold.*] that it ſhall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alack-a-day.

Lady DUNCE.

Could you pitch upon no body but that wretched Woman, that has lov'd you too well, to abuſe thus?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That ever I was born!

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Here, here, Madam, I'll return you your Dirt, I ſcorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

Lady DUNCE.

Fy for Shame, what, refund? that is not like a Soldier to refund: Keep, keep it to pay your Sempſtreſs withal.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Sempſtreſs, who the Devil is his Sempſtreſs? Odd what would I give to know that now! [*Aſide.*

Lady DUNCE.

There was a Ring too, which I ſent you this Afternoon; if that fit not your Finger, you may diſpoſe of it ſome other Way, where it may give no Occaſion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

BEAUGARD.

A Ring, Madam!

Lady DUNCE.

A ſmall Trifle; I ſuppoſe Sir *Davy* deliver'd it to you, when he return'd you your Miniature.

BEAUGARD.

I beſeech, you, Madam!

Lady DUNCE.

Farewell, you Traitor.

BEAUGARD.

As I hope to be ſav'd, and upon the Word of a Gentleman.

Lady DUNCE.

Go, you are a falſe ungrateful Brute; and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah, thou Rebel!

BEAUGARD.

Some Advice, ſome Advice, dear Friend, ere I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honour's Supper, that's all the Remedy that I know.

BEAUGARD.

But pr'ythee hear a little Reaſon.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, Sir, I have done; no more to be ſaid, I have done; I am aſham'd of you, I'll have no more to ſay to you, I'll never ſee your Face again, good b'w'y.

[*Exit Sir* Jolly.

BEAUGARD.

Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to-day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *Davy*——what can that mean?—Pox on her for a Jilt, ſhe lyes, and has a mind to amuſe and laugh at me a Day or two longer. Hiſt, here comes the Beaſt once more: I'll uſe him civilly, and try what Diſcovery I can make.

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captain's Jewel; very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it. Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable mad he'll be now, when I ſhall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!—Poor Dog, he'll hang himſelf at leaſt, ha, ha, ha!—Faith 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely ſet: Humph! if I ſhould keep it now?——I'll ſay I have loſt it: No, I'll give it him again o'purpoſe to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Davy*, I am heartily ſorry——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Sir, 'tis you I was ſeeking for, ha, ha, ha. What ſhall I ſay to him now to terrify him? [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

Me, Sir!—

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, you Sir, if your Name be Captain *Beaugard.* How like a Fool he looks already?——— [*Aſide.*

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

What you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, I would ſpeak a Word with you, if you think fit. What ſhall I do now to keep my Countenance? [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

Can I be ſo happy, Sir, as to be able to ſerve you in any thing?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir; ha, ha, ha: I have Commands of Service to you, Sir. O Lord, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Me, Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, Sir; you Sir: But put on your Hat, Friend, put on your Hat; be cover'd.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit down on this Bank?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young Wife, I can ſtand upon my Legs, Sweet-heart.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I beſeech you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

By no means; I think, Friend, we had ſome hard Words juſt now, 'twas about a paltry Baggage, but ſhe's a pretty Baggage, and a witty Baggage, and a Baggage that———

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I am heartily aſham'd of all Miſdemeanor on my Side.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

You do well; tho' are you not a damn'd Whore-maſter, deviliſh Cuckold-making Fellow? here, here, do you ſee this! here's the Ring you ſent a roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?———Why, I'll warrant you this Ring coſt

fifty

fifty Pounds; what a Prodigal Fellow are you to throw away ſo much Money; or didſt thou ſteal it, old Boy? I believe thou may'ſt be poor, I'll lend thee Money upon it, if thou think'ſt fit, at thirty in the hundred, becauſe I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, your humble Servant, I am ſorry 'twas not worth your Lady's Acceptance. Now what a Dog am I!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I ſhould have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, tho' it was not my Wife's Fault in the leaſt; for ſhe ſays, as thou likeſt this Uſage, ſhe hopes to have thy Cuſtom again Child. Ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Then, Sir, I beſeech you tell her, that you have made a Convert of me, and that I am ſo ſenſible of my inſolent Behaviour towards her———

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very well, I ſhall do it.

BEAUGARD.

That 'tis impoſſible I ſhall ever be at Peace with myſelf, till I find ſome way how to make her Reparation.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very good, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

And that if ever ſhe find me guilty of the like Offence again ———

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir, you had not beſt; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Let her baniſh all good Opinion of me for ever.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No more to be ſaid, your Servant, good b'w'y.

BEAUGARD.

One Word more, I beſeech you, Sir *Davy*,

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's that.

BEAU

BEAUGARD.

I beg you tell her that the generous Reproof ſhe has given me has ſo wrought upon me——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, I will.

BEAUGARD.

That I eſteem this Jewel not only as a Wreck redeem'd from my Folly, but that for her ſake I will preſerve it to the utmoſt Moment of my Life.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, I vow and ſwear.

BEAUGARD.

And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute ſhe might miſtake me for.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Right; well, this will make the pureſt Sport. [*Aſide.* Let me ſee; firſt you acknowledge yourſelf to be a very impudent Fellow.

BEAUGARD.

I do ſo, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that you ſhall never be at reſt, till you have ſatisfy'd my Lady.

BEAUGARD.

Right, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Satisfy'd her! very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be ſure you keep your Word, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Never, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And that you will keep that Ring for her ſake, as long as you live, ha!

BEAUGARD.

To the Day of my Death, I'll aſſure you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I proteſt that will be very kindly done—and that you long mightily, long to let her underſtand that you are another guiſe Fellow than ſhe may take you for.

BEAUGARD.

Exactly, Sir, this is the Sum and End of my Deſires.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, I'll take care of your Buſineſs, I'll do your Buſineſs, I'll warrant you; this will be the rareſt Sport when I come home! [*Aſide.*] Well, your Servant, remember, be ſure you remember: Your Servant. *Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

So, now I find a Husband is a delicate Inſtrument rightly made uſe of;——To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himſelf, I think is as worthy an Employment as ſuch a noble Conſort can be put to.

Ah were ye all ſuch Husbands and ſuch Wives,
We younger Brothers ſhould lead better Lives. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter SYLVIA *and* COURTINE.

SYLVIA.

TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Soldier, nay a disbanded Soldier too, a Fellow with the Mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw Stones at him for.

COURTINE.

Damn her, I ſhall never enjoy her without raviſhing; if ſhe were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her. Ay, 'tis ſhe, I know her miſchievous Look too well to be miſtaken in it—Madam——

SYLVIA.

Sir.

COURTINE.

'Tis a very hard Caſe, that you have reſolv'd not to let me be quiet.

SYLVIA.

'Tis very unreaſonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this ſcandalous rate; the World will think we are acquainted, ſhortly.

COURTINE.

But, Madam, I ſhall falely take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward ſhun and avoid you moſt watchfully.

SYLVIA.

Have you not haunted this Place theſe two Hours?

COURTINE.

'Twas becauſe I knew it to be your Ladyſhip's Home then, and therefore might reaſonably be the Place you leaſt of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to ſome Place of public Appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the Hour, 'twill be Twilight preſently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

SYLVIA.

What need I take the Trouble to go ſo far a Fouling, when there's Game enough at our own Doors?

COURTINE.

What, Game for your Net, fair Lady?

SYLVIA.

Yes, or any Woman's Net elſe, that will ſpread it.

COURTINE.

To ſhew you how deſpicably I think of the Buſineſs, I will here leave you preſently, tho' I loſe the Pleaſure of railing at you.

SYLVIA.

Do ſo, I would adviſe you; your Raillery betrays your Wit, as bad as your clumſy Civility does your Breeding.

COURTINE.

u! *SYL-*

SYLVIA.

Farewell!——

COURTINE.

Why do not you go about your Buſineſs?

SYLVIA.

Becauſe I would be ſure to be rid of you firſt, that you might not dog me.

COURTINE.

Were it but poſſible that you could anſwer me one Queſtion truly, then I ſhould be ſatisfy'd.

SYLVIA.

Any thing for compoſition to be rid of you handſomly.

COURTINE.

Are you really very honeſt? Look in my Face, and tell me that.

SYLVIA.

Look in your Face and tell you, for what? to ſpoil my Stomach to my Supper?

COURTINE.

No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweetheart; I would if poſſible be better acquainted with thee; becauſe thou art very ill-natur'd.

SYLVIA.

Your only way to bring that Buſineſs about effectually, is to be more troubleſom; and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd ſubſtantially, you may make your perſonal Appearance this Night.

COURTINE.

How? where? and when? and what Hour, I beſeech thee?

SYLVIA.

Under the Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly.

COURTINE.

Where ſhall thoſe lovely Eyes and Ears
Here my Plaints, and ſee my Tears.

SYL-

SYLVIA.

At that kind Hour thy Griefs ſhall end,
If thou canſt know thy Foe from——Friend. [*Exit.*

COURTINE.

Here's another Trick of the Devil now, under that Window between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly. I am adamn'd Fool, and muſt go; let me ſee; ſuppoſe I meet with a luſty Beating: piſh, that's nothing for a Man that's in love; or ſuppoſe ſhe contrive ſome way to make a public Coxcomb of me, and expoſe me to the Scorn of the World, for an Example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? Why if ſhe do, I'll ſwear I have lain with her; beat her Relations, if they pretend to vindicate her; and ſo there's one Love-intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE *and* VERMIN.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go get you into your Lady now, and tell her I am coming.

VERMIN.

Her Ladyſhip, Right-worſhipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How's that, my Lady not at home! run, run in and aſk when ſhe went forth, where ſhe is gone, and who is with her; run and aſk, *Vermin.*

VERMIN.

She went out in a Chair preſently after you this Afternoon.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then I may be a Cuckold ſtill for ought I know: What will become of me? I have ſurely loſt, and ne'er ſhall find her more; ſhe promis'd me ſtrictly to ſtay at home till I came back again; for aught I know ſhe may be up three Pair of Stairs in the *Temple* now.

VERMIN.

Is her Ladyſhip in Law then, Sir?

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-Bridge*, with ſome ſmooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'Tis a damn'd Houſe, that *Swan*, that *Swan* at *Knights-Bridge* is a confounded Houſe, *Vermin*.

VERMIN.

Do you think ſhe is there then?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, I do not think ſhe is there neither; but ſuch a thing may be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was under Water too, there's a thouſand Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms* by *Roſamond*'s Ponds: The Devil if ſhe ſhould be there this Evening, my Heart's broke.

Enter Sir JOLLY.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That muſt be Sir *Davy*; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I'll lock her up three Days and three Nights without Meat, Drink, or Light; I'll humble her in the Devil's Name.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well, could I but meet my Friend Sir *Davy*, it would be the joyfulleſt News for him———

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who's there that has any thing to ſay to me?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah my Friend of Friends, ſuch News, ſuch Tidings!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I have loſt my Wife, Man.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Loſt her! ſhe's not dead, I hope?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes. Alas, ſhe's dead, irrecoverably loſt.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why I parted with her within this half Hour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Do you ſo, are you ſure it was ſhe? where was it? I'll have my Lord Chief-Juſtice's Warrant and a Conſtable preſently.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

And ſhe made the pureſt Sport now with a young Fellow, Man, that ſhe met withal accidentally.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord; that's worſe and worſe! a young Fellow! —my Wife making Sport with a young Fellow! Oh Lord! here are Doings, here are Vagaries! I'll run mad. I'll climb *Bow-Steeple* preſently, beſtride the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The beſt of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body——I'll indite him in the Crown-Office; no, I'll iſſue Warrants to apprehend him for Treaſon upon the Statute of *Edw.* 19. won't you tell me what young Fellow it was? was it a very handſom young Fellow, hah ———

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Handſom? Yes, hang him. The Fellow's handſom enough; he is not very handſom neither, but he has a deviliſh leering black Eye.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Face too is a good riding Face; 'tis no ſoft effeminate Complexion indeed, but his Countenance is ruddy, langoine, and chearful; a deviliſh Fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bleſs us! what will become of me? why the Devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well ſhap'd too, tall, ſtraight, and proportionable, hah!——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too: he's none of your overgrown lubberly *Flanders* Jades, but more of the true *Engliſh* Breed, well knit able, and fit for Service, old Boy; the Fellow is well ſhap'd truly, very well proportion'd, ſtrong and active. I have ſeen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there! Come, come, I'm ſenſible ſhe's a young Woman; and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I ſignify little or nothing now. But do you think he has prevail'd? am I a Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden*? No, I'll aſſure you, I believe her to be the moſt virtuous Woman in the World; but if you had but ſeen——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

How like a Rogue ſhe us'd him: Firſt of all comes up the Spark to her, Madam, ſays he——and then he bows down, thus——How now, ſays ſhe, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, ſays he again, (bowing as he did before) my Heart is ſo entirely yours, that except you take pity of my Sufferings I muſt here die at your Feet.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So, and what ſaid ſhe again, Neighbour, hah!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Go, you are a Fop.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha, did ſhe indeed? Did ſhe ſay ſo indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't: well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? hah!—

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, ſays he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you pleaſe, but I ſhall make bold.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Was there ever ſuch an impudent Fellow?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

With that, Sirrah, ſays ſhe, you are a ſaucy Jackanapes, and I'll have you kick'd.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarry'd again to be an Angel.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

But the beſt Jeſt of all was, who this ſhould be at laſt.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you ſome ſilly Fellow other, poor Fool!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

E'en a ſcandalous Rakehell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*; but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hang him, Sot, is it he? I don't value him this, not a wet Finger, Man; to my Knowledge ſhe hates him, ſhe ſcorns him, Neighbour, I know it, I am very well ſatisfy'd in the Point; beſides, I have ſeen him ſince that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own Mouth, that he promiſes never to affront her more.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Indeed!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay——

Enter

Enter Lady DUNCE *paying her Chairman.*

CHAIRMAN.

God bleſs you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Huſh, huſh, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be ſeen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No Faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my Houſe now, and ſay Supper with me, we han't ſupp'd together a great while.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ha! ſay you ſo? I don't care if I do, faith with all my Heart; this may give me an Opportunity to ſet all things right again. [*Aſide.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear.

Lady DUNCE.

Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

You have been abroad, my Dear, I ſee.

Lady DUNCE.

Only for a little Air, truly I was almoſt ſtifled within Doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *Davy*, will you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Angry, Child! no Child, not I; what ſhould I be angry for?

Lady DUNCE.

I wonder, Sir *Davy*, you will ſerve me at this rate. Did you not promiſe me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my Inſtructions for his Inſolence?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweetheart, I have told him all to a Tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too; but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Did you purpoſe, Sir *Sedom*, to render me ridiculous to the Man I abominate? what ſcandalous Interpretation, think you, muſt he make of my retaining any Trifle of his, ſent me on ſo diſhonourable Terms?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes, I went back afterwards, dear Heart, and did the Buſineſs to ſome purpoſe.

Lady DUNCE,

I am glad that you did, with all my Heart.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I gave him his Leſſon, I'll warrant him.

Lady DUNCE.

Leſſon! what Leſſon had you to give him?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, I told him as he lik'd that Uſage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

Lady DUNCE.

Ay, and ſo let him.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; tho' thou wouldſt not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La, you there now, but as certainly as I ſtand here, that Man is troubled that he ſwears he ſhall not reſt Day nor Night, till he has ſatisfied thee; pr'ythee be ſatisfied with him if it is poſſible, my Dear, pr'ythee do. I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much: For the poor Wretch looks ſo ſimply, I cou'd not chuſe but pity him, I vow and ſwear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface; odd could find in my Heart to put my little Finger in your ſubbies.

Lady DUNCE.

Sir *Davy*, I muſt tell you that I cannot but reſent your ſo ſoon Reconcilement with a Man that I hate worſe than

than Death, and that if you lov'd me with half that Tenderneſs which you profeſs, you would not forget an Affront ſo palpably and ſo baſely offer'd me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? What's to be done? How wouldſt thou have me deal with him?

Lady DUNCE.

Cut his Throat.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bleſs us for ever! cut his Throat! what, do Murder?

Lady DUNCE.

Murder, yes, any thing to ſuch an incorrigible Enemy of your Honour, one that has reſolv'd to perſiſt in abuſing of you; ſee here this Letter, this I receiv'd ſince I laſt parted with you; juſt now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpoſe for ſuch Employments.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me ſee: A Letter indeed!—For the Lady *Dunce*, damn'd Rogue, treacherous Dog, what can he ſay in the Inſide now? here's a Villain.

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, you had beſt break it open, you had ſo; 'tis like the reſt of your Diſcretion.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is beſt for me to know what Miſchief he intends me; therefore, with your Leave, I will break it open.

Lady DUNCE.

Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it myſelf: If you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and daſh it, as it is, in the Face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What can be the Meaning of this now?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

A Gentleman, yes Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the

the World ſhall find that I am a Gentleman———— I have certainly the beſt Woman in the World.

Lady DUNCE.

What do you think muſt be the end of all this? I have no Refuge in the World, but your Kindneſs; Had I a jealous Husband now, how miſerable muſt my Life be!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Rogue's Noſe! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt, thou ſhalt not make me jealous: I love thee too well to ſuſpect thee.

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, but how long will you do ſo?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How long? as long as I live, I warrant thee, I——— don't talk to a Body ſo: I cannot hold if thou doſt, my Eyes will run over, poor Fool! poor Birdſnies! poor Lambkin!

Lady DUNCE.

But will you be ſo kind to me to anſwer my Deſires? will you once more endeavour to make that Traitor ſenſible that I have too juſt an Eſteem of you, not to value his Addreſſes as they deſerve?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, I will.

Lady DUNCE.

But don't ſtay away too long, Dear; make what haſte ye can, I ſhall be in pain till I ſee you again.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My dear, my Love, my Bibby, I'll be with thee in a Moment: How happy am I above the reſt of Men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her Company 'till I return again. Child, don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, was there ever ſuch a Wife? well, da, da, da: don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da. [*Ex.*

Lady DUNCE.

Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da.

Lady DUNCE.

But, Sir *Jolly*, can you gueſs whereabout my wand'ring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Found, Lady? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my Houſe preſently, Lady; he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady DUNCE.

You ſpeak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

His Friend, Lady; no, Madam, his Foe, his utter Enemy, I ſhall be his Ruin, I ſhall undo him.

Lady DUNCE.

You may, if you pleaſe: Then come both and play at Cards with me this Evening for an Hour or two; for I have contriv'd it ſo, that Sir *Davy* is to be abroad at Supper to-night, he cannot avoid it; I long to win ſome of the Captain's Money ſtrangely.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you ſo, my Gameſter? Well, I'll be ſure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you ——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one Fault.

Lady DUNCE.

And what is that I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Only too loving, too good-natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the beſt natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his Fault.

Lady DUNCE.

Hiſt, hiſt, I think I ſee Company coming; if you pleaſe, Sir *Jolly*, we'll go in.

Enter

Enter BEAUGARD *followed by Sir* DAVY *and* VERMIN.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Mum, mum, 'tis he himſelf, the very ſame; odds ſo, Sir *Davy* after him too, huſh, huſh, huſh, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a Shape, there's an Air, there's a Motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in I ſay, there's a Shape for you.

[*Exeunt Sir* Jolly Jumble, *and L.* Du[illegible].

BEAUGARD.

What the Devil ſhall I do to recover this Day's Loſs again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forſaken me; methinks I am quandary'd, like one going with a Party to diſcover the Enemy's Camp, but had left his Guide upon the Mountains: Curſe on him, old *Argos* is here again, There can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my Heels.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, Sir, Sir, one Word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one Word I beſeech you.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Friend?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes with you, my no Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Davy*, my Intimate, my Boſom Phyſician——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

BEAUGARD.

My Confeſſor, my deareſt Friend I ever had——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dainty Wheedle, here's a Fellow for ye.

BEAUGARD.

One that has taught me to be in love with Virtue, and ſhewn me the ugly Inſide of my Follies.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Your humble Servant.

BEAUGARD.

Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendſhip, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worſt Time on't of any one in *Chriſtendom*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So ſhe has, Sir, when ſhe cannot be free from the inſolent Solicitations of ſuch Fellows as you are, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

As me, Sir? why, who am I, good Sir Domine Doddlepate?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the Peace inſtantly; will you never have Remorſe of Conſcience, Friend? have you baniſh'd all Shame from your Soul? Do you conſider my Name is Sir *Davy Dunce?* that I have the moſt virtuous Wife living? Do you conſider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again? what a Hang-dog Leer was that?

BEAUGARD.

Your virtuous Wife, Sir! you are always harping upon that String, Sir *Davy*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that String, Sir; ſee you this? caſt your Eyes upon this, this Letter, Sir; did not you promiſe, this very Day, to abandon all manner of Proceedings of this Nature, tending to the Diſhonour of me and my Family?

BEAUGARD.

Letter, Sir, what the Devil does he mean now? Let me ſee, for the Lady *Dunce*; this is no Scrawl of mine, I'll be ſworn; by *Jove*, her own Hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and ſpoil'd all again. Was there ever ſo charming a Creature breathing? —Did your Lady deliver this to your Hands, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ev'n her own ſelf in Perſon, Sir, and bade me tell you, Sir, that ſhe has too juſt an Eſteem of me, Sir; not to value ſuch a Fellow as you are, as you deſerve.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Very good [*Reads the Letter*] I doubt not but this Letter will ſurprize you——(in troth, and ſo it does extremely) but reflect upon the Manner of conveying it to your Hand as kindly as you can.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

BEAUGARD.

[*Reads.*] Would Sir *Davy* were but half ſo kind to you as I am.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Say you ſo, inſinuating Knave?

BEAUGARD.

But he, I am ſatisfy'd, is ſo ſeverely jealous, that except you contrive ſome Way to let me ſee you this Evening, I fear all will be hopeleſs.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Impudent Traitor, I might have been a Monſter yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

BEAUGARD.

In order to which, either appear yourſelf, or ſomebody for you, half an Hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be conſidered of. Adieu.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my Heart; you are come I ſee accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conſcience to tell you the Buſineſs won't do, the Trick won't paſs, Friend; you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lie with my Wife, Pugh, he make Sir *Davy Dunce* a Cuckold, poor Wretch, ha, ha, ha,

[*Exit* Beau.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hiſt, hiſt, hiſt.

Enter Lady DUNCE *and* FOURBIN *diſguis'd.*

Lady DUNCE.

That's he, there he is: Succeed, and be rewarded.

FOURBIN.

Other People may think what they pleaſe; but in my own Opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my Deſign but ſucceed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Friend! with me? Wou'd you ſpeak with me, Friend?

FOURBIN.

Sir, my Commands were to attend your Worſhip.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Beaugard, Beaugard, hiſt, hiſt, here, h[illegible]ckly, hiſt.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Where do you live, Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

FOURBIN.

Sir, I am a ſmall Inſtrument of the City, I ſerve the Lord-Mayor in his Office there.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

How! the Lord-Mayor!

FOURBIN.

Yes, Sir, who deſires you by all means to do him the Honour of your Company at Supper this Evening.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It will be the greateſt Honour I ever receiv'd in my Life; what, my Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper? I am a Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant.

FOURBIN.

Yes, Sir, if your Name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the Honour to be inform'd it is: He deſires you moreover to make what haſte you can, for that he has ſome Matters of Importance to communicate to your Honour, which may take ſome time.

Lady DUNCE.

I hope it will ſucceed.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Communicate with me! he does me too noble a Fa-

vour

vour; I'll fly upon the Wings of Ambition to lay myſelf at his Footſtool: My Lord-Mayor ſends himſelf to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I ſhall certainly be a great Man.

FOURBIN.

What Anſwer will your Worſhip charge me back withal?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let his Lordſhip know, that I am amaz'd and confounded at his Generoſity; and that I am ſo tranſported with the Honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roaſting of an Egg.

FOURBIN.

I am your Worſhip's lowly Slave.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Vermin, go get the Coach ready; get me the Gold Medal too and chain, which I took from the Roman Catholic Officer for a Popiſh Relic: I'll be fine; I'll ſhine, and drink Wine that's divine. My Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper!

Lady DUNCE.

My deareſt, I'm glad to ſee thee return'd in Safety, from the Bottom of my Heart: haſt thou ſeen the Traitor?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Seen him! hang him, I have ſeen him; Pox on him ſeen him!

Lady DUNCE.

Well, and what is become of him; Where is he?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why doſt thou aſk me where he is? What a Pox care I what becomes of him? pr'ythee don't trouble me with thy Impertinence, I am buſy.

Lady DUNCE.

You are not angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one; very much pleas'd, let me tell you but that: I am only to ſup with my Lord-Mayor, that's all; nothing elſe in the World,

only the Buſineſs of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I ſay, don't be troubleſome; but ſtand off.

Lady DUNCE.

You always think my Company troubleſome; you never ſtay at home to comfort me; what think you I ſhall do alone by myſelf all this Evening, moping in my Chamber? Pray, my Joy, ſtay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. [*Aſide.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I ſay again and again, Tempter ſtand off, I will not loſe my Preferment for my Pleaſure; Honour is towards me, and Fleſh and Blood are my Averſion.

Lady DUNCE.

But how long will you ſtay then?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I don't know, may be not an Hour, may be all Night, as his Lordſhip and I think fit; what's that to any Body?

Lady DUNCE.

You are very cruel to me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I can't help it, go, get you in, and paſs away the Time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean Time be humble and comformable, go. Is the Coach ready?

VERMIN.

Yes, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, your Servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs! You have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal! nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs?

Lady DUNCE.

My Service to her, if you pleaſe.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, Da, Da, the poor Fool cries o' my Conſcience! adieu, do you hear, farewell. [*Exit.*

Lady DUNCE.

As well as what I love can make me. *Enter*

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Madam, is he gone?

Lady DUNCE.

In Poſt-haſte, I aſſure you.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and Joy go with him.

Lady DUNCE.

Do you then, Sir *Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilſt I [illegible] diſpoſe of the Family, that we may be private. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relic; I was forc'd to come up theſe back Stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troubleſom'ſt loving Fool; I muſt into my Cloſet, and write a ſhort Letter too; 'tis Poſt-Night, I had forgot that; Well, I would not have my Wife catch me for a Guinea. [*Exit.*

Enter BEAUGARD *and Lady* DUNCE.

BEAUGARD.

Are you certain, Madam, no Body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I ſaw the Glimpſe of ſomething more than ordinary.

Lady DUNCE.

Is it your Care of me, or your perſonal Fears, that make you ſo ſuſpicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

BEAUGARD.

There, there, juſt at the very Door.

Lady DUNCE.

Fie for ſhame, that's Sir *Davy*'s Cloſet; and he, I'm ſatisfy'd, is far enough off by this Time. I'm ſure I

BEAUGARD.

By this Light, the Cuckold: *Preſto*, nay then Halloo.

[*Gets up, and runs away.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder! Thieves, Thieves, ſhut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where. Neigh[illegible]ere, where?

La[illegible] DUNCE.

Pierce, pierce this [illegible]etched Heart hard to the Hilts, dye this in the deepeſt cr[illegible]nſon of my Blood; ſpare not a miſerable Woman's Life, whom Heaven deſign'd to be the unhappy Object of the moſt horrid Uſage Man e'er acted.

[*Catches up* Beaugard's *Sword which he had left behind him in the Hurry, and preſents it to Sir* Davy.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Wha[illegible] in the Name of Satan, does ſhe mean now?

Lady DUNCE.

Curſe on my fatal Beauty! blaſted ever be theſe two baneful Eyes, that could inſpire a barbarous Villain to attempt ſuch Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you ſhall hear me——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hear you, Madam! No, I have ſeen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha!

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, and before I die too, I'll be juſtify'd.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Juſtify'd, oh Lord, juſtify'd

Lady DUNCE.

Notice being given me of your Return, I came with ſpeed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been bleſt with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras ou ſtarts *Beaugard*; how he came there Heav'n knows.

Sir

heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you you ſhall ſee now: Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, [*knocking at the Cloſet Door.*] Look you there, you a Captain, and afraid of a Shadow! Come, Sir, ſhall we call for the Cards?

BEAUGARD.

And what ſhall we play for, pretty One?

Lady DUNCE.

E'en what you think beſt, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Silver Kiſſes, or Golden Joys? Come, let's make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah Rogue. ah Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now?

Lady DUNCE.

And who ſhall keep them.

BEAUGARD.

You, till Sir *Davy* returns from Supper.

Lady DUNCE.

That may be long enough; for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over ſuddenly, I aſſure you.

BEAUGARD.

And is't to yourſelf then, I'm oblig'd for this bleſs'd Opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's beſt Advantage.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!

BEAUGARD.

Let's vow eternal, and raiſe our Thoughts to Expectation of immortal Pleaſures: In one another's Eyes let's read our Joys, till we've no longer Power o'er our Deſires drunk with this diſſolving. Oh!

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE *from his Cloſet.*

Lady DUNCE.

Ah! [*Squeaks.*

BEAU-

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my Houſe, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: Very good.

Lady DUNCE.

Streight in his Arms he graſp'd me faſt; with much ado I plung'd and got my Freedom, ran to your Cloſet-Door, knock'd and implor'd your Aid, call'd on your Name; but all in vain——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hah!

Lady DUNCE.

Soon again he ſeiz'd me, ſtop'd my [illegible], with a Conqueror's Fury——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beſeech thee, I ſhall grow mad, and very mad! I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron Bars; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, ſally out like *Tamerlane* upon the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies all like Geeſe before me. Oh Lord, ſtop her Mouth! Well, and how! and what then! ſtopp'd thy Mouth! Well! Hah!

Lady DUNCE.

No, tho' unfortunate, I ſtill am innocent; his curſed Purpoſe could not be accompliſh'd; but who will live ſo injur'd? No, I'll die to be reveng'd on myſelf: I ne'er can hope that I may ſee his ſtreaming Gore; and thus I let out my own—— [*Offers to run upon the Sword.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ha! what would'ſt thou do, my Love? pr'ythee don't break my Heart: If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I ſee thou art; tho' I had rather be a Cuckold a thouſand times, than loſe thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Babv.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alack-a-day.—[*Weeps.*

Lady DUNCE.

Ah me!

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, pr'ythee be comforted now, pr'ythee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, mun: Why ſhouldſt be troubled for another's ill Doings? I know it was no Fault of thine.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, no more it was not, I dare ſwear.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So, ſee, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to ſee thee thus.

Lady DUNCE.

Oh, [illegible]!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, thou ſhalt have Revenge; I'll have him murder'd, I'll have his Throat cut before to-morrow Morning, Child; Riſe, now, pr'ythee riſe.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, do, Madam, and ſmile upon Sir *Davy*.

Lady DUNCE.

But will you love me then as well as e're you did?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, and the longeſt Day I live too.

Lady DUNCE.

And ſhall I have Juſtice done me on that prodigious Monſter?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why he ſhall be Crows-Meat by to morrow Night; I tell thee he ſhall be Crows-Meat by Midnight, Chicken,

Lady DUNCE.

Then I will live; ſince ſo, 'tis ſomething pleaſant:
Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life
With ſuch a Huſband———

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I with ſuch a Wife. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Tavern.*

Enter Captain BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* DRAWER.

DRAWER.

WElcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir[illegible] pleaſe to walk up one Pair [illegible]

BEAUGARD.

Get the Room ready preſently, carry up too a good Stock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refreſh our Glaſſes.

DRAWER.

It ſhall be done, Sir. Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the *Dolphin* ſomebody.

BEAUGARD.

Ah, *Courtine*, muſt we be always idle! Muſt we never ſee our glorious Days again! When ſhall we be rolling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encamp'd in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines cluſter about our Tents; drink the rich Juice, juſt preſt from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earlieſt Vigour of the Sun?

COURTINE.

Ah, *Beaugard*, thoſe Days have been, but now we muſt reſolve to content ourſelves at an humble Rate: Methinks it is not unpleaſant to conſider how I have ſeen thee in a large Pavilion, drowning the Heat of the Day in *Champaine* Wines, ſparkling ſweet as thoſe charming Beauties, whoſe dear Remembrance every Glaſs recorded, with half a dozen honeſt Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with

as Preferment here: Fellows that would ſpeak Truth boldly, and were proud on't; that ſcorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honeſty, for 'twas their Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Eaſe and Lying: but now——

BEAUGARD.

Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and ſleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other ſide the Water, that may make Work for us all one Day.

COURTINE.

But in the mean while——

BEAUGARD.

In ſhort, with while Patience, *Courtine*; that is the *Engliſh* Ma[illegible] irtue: Go to the Man that owes you Money, and tell him you are neceſſitated; his Anſwer ſhall be, A little Patience, I beſeech you, Sir: Aſk a cowardly Raſcal Satisfaction for a ſordid Injury done you; he ſhall cry, Alas-a-day, Sir, you are the ſtrangeſt Man living, you won't have Patience to hear one ſpeak. Complain to a great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forſaken conſiderable Advantages abroad, in obedience to public Edicts; all you ſhall get of him is this, You muſt have Patience, Sir.

COURTINE.

But will Patience feed me, or clothe me, or keep me clean?

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee no more Hints of Poverty: 'Tis ſcandalous; 'sdeath, I would as ſoon chuſe to hear a Soldier brag, as complain: Doſt thou want any Money?

COURTINE.

True indeed, I want no Neceſſaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy myſelf with that Freedom I would do; there is no more Pleaſure in living at ſtint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my Power, (when he needed me) to ſerve and aſſiſt my Friend; I would to my Ability deal handſomly too by the Woman that pleas'd me.

BEAUGARD.

Oh, fy for ſhame! you would be a Whore-Maſter, Friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

COURTINE.

I would not be forc'd neither at any Time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Money to pay him a Debt contracted in our old Acquaintance; it turns my Stomach to wheedle with the Rogue I ſcorn, when he uſes me ſo ſcurvily, becauſe he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

BEAUGARD.

As for Example, to endure the Familiarities of a Rogue that ſhall cock his greaſy Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the ſame time veil it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, tho' a Frouzy Fellmonger.

COURTINE.

To be forc'd to concur with his Nonſenſe too, and laugh at his Pariſh-Jeſts.

BEAUGARD.

To uſe Reſpects and Ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praiſe her pretty Children, tho' they ſtink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Iſſue of a Baboon; yet all this muſt be endur'd.

COURTINE.

Muſt it, *Beaugard*?

BEAUGARD.

And ſince 'tis ſo, let's think of a Bottle.

COURTINE.

With all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themſelves; a private Room, a truſty Friend or two: Good Wine and bold Truths, are my Happineſs. But where's our dear Friend and Intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

BEAUGARD.

To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but juſt now; he's gone to contrive me a Meeting, if poſſible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is moſt fond

fond of: I was this Evening juſt entering upon the Palace of all Joy, when I met with ſo damnable a Diſappointment——in ſhort, that Plague to all well-meaning Women, the Husband, came unſeaſonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his Progreſs another Way. *Courtine*, the Story thou ſhalt hear more at large hereafter.

COURTINE.

A Plague on him, why didſt thou not murder the impetuous Cuckold? ſaucy intruding Clown! to dare to diſturb a Gentleman's Privacies. I would have beaten him into Senſe of his Tranſgreſſion, enjoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

BEAUGARD.

Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alſatia* now. Friend, Friend, there is a Difference between a Free-born *Engliſh* Cuckold, and a ſneaking Wittal of a conquer'd Province.

COURTINE.

Oh, by all means, there ought to be a Difference obſerv'd between your arbitrary Whoring, and your limited Fornication.

BEAUGARD.

And but reaſon: For tho' we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a friendly Way; yet nothing upon Compulſion, dear Heart.

COURTINE.

And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the Inſtrument of ſome immortal Plot; ſome Contrivance for the Good of the Body, and the old Fellow's Soul, *Beaugard:* For all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's moſt certain.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly!* Why, on my Conſcience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Maſter-General to *London* and *Middleſex*, as the Eſtate he poſſeſſes is: By my Conſent his Worſhip ſhould e'en have a Patent for it.

COUR

COURTINE.

He is certainly the fitteſt for the Employment in Chriſtendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choiceſt Beauties about Town, illuſtrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, Colour of Hair and Eyes, Degrees of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

COURTINE.

I wiſh the old Pander were bound to ſatisfy my Experience; what Marks of Good-nature [illegible] *Sylvia* has about her.

Enter Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! well encounter'd; what, ſhall we have a ſparkling Bottle or two, and uſe Fortune like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you, get you gone, go.

BEAUGARD.

But, Sir *Jolly*, what News from *Paradiſe*, Sir *Jolly*? Is there any Hopes I ſhall come there to-night?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

May be there is, may be there is not; I ſay let us have a Bottle, and I will ſay nothing elſe without a Bottle: After a Glaſs or two my Heart may open.

COURTINE.

Why then we will have a Bottle, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Will? we'll have Dozens, and drink till we are wiſe, and ſpeak well of no body, till we are leuder than Midnight Whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

BEAUGARD.

Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy Diſpoſal.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well, and what's that? What's the Buſineſs?

BEAUGARD.

This Friend of mine here ſtands in Need of thy Aſſiſtance; he's damnably in love, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In Love! is he ſo! In Love! Ods, my Life! Is ſhe! What her Name? Where does ſhe live? I warrant you I know her; ſhe's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Wife, or Widow! [*Pulls out a Table-Book.*

COURTINE.

In troth, Sir *Jolly*, that's ſomething of a difficult Queſtion; but as Virgins go now, ſhe may paſs for one of them.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Virgin, very good; let me ſee; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the feweſt of this ſort of any: Well, and the firſt Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I gueſs her.

COURTINE.

Then you muſt know, Sir *Jolly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

S, S, S, O here are the Eſſes; let me conſider now—*Sapho.*

COURTINE.

No, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Selinda.

COURTINE.

Neither.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sophronia.

COURTINE.

You muſt gueſs again, I aſſure you.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Sylvia.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Ay, ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name; *Sylvia* the Fair, the Witty, the ill-natur'd; do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Know her, why ſhe is my Daughter, and I have adopted her theſe ſeven Yerrs: *Sylvia*, let me look; light brown Hair, her Face oval, and Noſe Roman, quick ſparkling Eyes, plump pregnant ruby-Lips, with a Mole in her Breaſt, and the perfect Likeneſs of a Heart-Cherry on her Left Knee. Ah Villain! Ah ſly Cap; have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what ſays ſhe? Is ſhe coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies riſe, when you talk to her, hah!

BEAUGARD.

Look you, Sir *Jolly*, all things conſider'd, it may make a ſhift to come to a Marriage in time.—

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be ſeen in the Buſineſs of Matrimony. Make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage-Broker! Sir I ſcorn it, I know better things: Look you, Friend, to carry her a Letter from you: or ſo, upon good Terms, tho' it be in a Church, I'll deliver it; or when the Buſineſs is come to an Iſſue, if I may bring you handſomely together, and ſo forth, I'll ſerve thee with all my Soul, and thank thee into the Bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue, I will, you little Cock-Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd Invention, worſe than a Monopoly, and a Deſtroyer of civil Correſpondence.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAWER.

Gentlemen, your Room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours pleaſe to walk in?

Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine, a Pox on Matrimony; Matrimony in the Devil's Name!

COURTINE.

But if an honeſt Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Right, Sirrah, if Whores come never ſo many, give 'em Reverence and Reception, but nothing elſe; let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is diſcover'd Table and Bottles.*

BEAUGARD.

Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little; hark you Drawer, Dog, ſhut, ſhut the Door, Sirrah, do you hear? Shut it ſo cloſe, that neither Cares nor Neceſſities may peep in upon us.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE, FOURBIN, BLOODY-BONES, *and* DRAWER.

FOURBIN.

Bloody-Bones, be ſure to behave yourſelf handſomely, and like your Profeſſion; ſhew yourſelf a Cut-throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

BLOODY-BONES.

My Lady ſays, we muſt be expeditious; Sir *Jolly* has given Notice to the Captain by this time, ſo that nothing is wanting but the Management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

DRAWER.

Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't pleaſe you to walk into a Room? Or ſhall I wait upon your Honours Pleaſure here?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sweet-heart, let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither: So— [*Sits down.*

From this Moment, War, War; and mortal Dudgeon againſt

againſt that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, call'd *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon Occaſion, you ſaid, Friend?

FOURBIN.

Sir, cutting of Throats is my hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purſes.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No more to be ſaid; my Courage is mounted! the little *French* Man upon a great Horſe, and I'll have him murder'd.

FOURBIN.

Murder'd you ſay, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, murder'd I ſay, Sir; his Face flay'd off, and nail'd to a Poſt in my great Hall in the Country; amongſt all the Trophies of Wild Beaſts ſlain by our Family ſince the Conqueſt, there's never a Whore-maſter's Head there yet.

FOURBIN.

Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an induſtrious Gentleman, and one that will deſerve your Favour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

He looks but ſomething ruggedly tho' methinks.

FOURBIN.

But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Perſon; Forms and Faſhions are the leaſt of his Study: He affects a ſort of philoſophical Negligence indeed. But, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Perſon fit for the work of this World.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What Trade are you, Friend?

BLOODY-BONES.

No Trade at all, Friend; I profeſs Murder: Raſcally Butchers make a Trade on't; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertiſement.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Do you profeſs Murder?

BLOODY-BONES.

Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood: I keep a Wife and ſix Children by it.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then, Sir, here's to you with all my Heart, Wou'd I had done with theſe Fellows. [*Aſide.*

FOURBIN.

Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I deſire we may receive your Gold and your Inſtructions ſo ſoon as is poſſible.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to ſee a little how I lay out my Money: Have you very good Trading now-a-days in your way, Friend?

BLOODY-BONES.

In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handſomely, is worth Money; but now that the Nation's unſettled there are ſo many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almoſt a Monopoly; you may have a Man murder'd almoſt for little or nothing, and nobody e're know who did it neither.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pray what Countryman are you? where were you born, moſt noble Sir?

BLOODY-BONES.

Indeed my Country is foreign, I was born in *Algiers*; my Mother was an apoſtate *Greek*, my Father a Renegade *Engliſhman*, who by oppreſſing of Chriſtian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay ſick I murder'd him one Day in his Bed, made my Eſcape to *Malta*; where, embracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a thouſand Horſe aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

FOURBIN.

He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I doubt it not in the leaſt, moſt worthy Sir. They are deviliſh Fellows I'll warrant 'em. [*Aſide.*

FOURBIN.

War, Friend, and ſhining Honour has been our Province, till ruſty Peace reduc'd us to this baſe Obſcurity. Ah *Bloody-Bones!* ah, when thou and I commanded the Party at the Siege of *Philipsburgh!* where, in the face of the Army, we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

BLOODY-BONES.

Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a whole Moon.

FOURBIN.

Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a full Moon, and ſuch a Moon, Sir!——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I doubt it not in the leaſt, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our Buſineſs.

FOURBIN.

With all my Heart ſo ſoon as you pleaſe.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Do you know this *Beaugard?* He's a deviliſh Fellow, I can tell you that; he's a Captain.

FOURBIN.

Has he a Heart, think you, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

BLOODY-BONES.

I'll bring it you for your Breakfaſt to-morrow: Did you never eat a Man's Heart, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Eat a Man's Heart, Friend?

FOURBIN.

Ay, ay, a Man's Heart, Sir, it makes abſolutely the beſt Ragouſt in the World: I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, a Man's Heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

BLOODY-BONES.

Why, your *Algerine* Pirates eat nothing elſe at Sea, they have them always potted up like Veniſon; your well grown *Dutchman*'s Heart makes an excellent Diſh with Oil and Pepper.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, O Lord! Friend, Friend, a Word with you: How much muſt you and your Companion have to do his Buſineſs?

FOURBIN.

What, and bring you the Heart home to your Houſe?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as ſoon as poſſible I can. [*Aſide.*

FOURBIN.

You ſay, Sir, he's a Gentleman?——

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ſuch a ſort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handſome Outſide; but I believe little or no Money in his Pockets.

FOURBIN.

Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worſhip's Bounty.

BLOODY-BONES.

For my part I care for no Man's Bounty: I expect to have my Bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have occaſion: You ſay you'd have——let's ſee how much you will have now ——I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir *Davy*, if as you ſay, the Man muſt be well

murder'd, without any Remorſe for Mercy; betwixt *Turk* and *Jew*, 'tis honeſtly worth two hundred Pounds.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Two hundred Pounds! why I'll have a Phyſic[illegible] kill a whole Family for half the Money.

BLOODY-BONES.

Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my Money.

BLOODY-BONES.

Not part, Brother!

FOURBIN.

Brother, the Wight is improvable, and this muſt be borne withal.

BLOODY-BONES.

Have I for this diſſolv'd *Circean* Charms? broke Iron Durance, whilſt from theſe firm Legs the well-fil'd uſeleſs Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Maſter of my native Freedom?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What does he mean now?

FOURBIN.

Truly, Sir, I am ſorry to ſee it with all my Heart; 'tis a Diſtraction that frequently ſeizes him, tho' I am ſorry it ſhould happen ſo unluckily at this time.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Diſtracted, ſay you! is he ſo apt to be diſtracted?

FOURBIN.

Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all ſo; Guilt will never let us ſleep. I beſeech you, Sir, ſtand clear of him, he's apt to be very miſchievous at theſe unfortunate Hours.

BLOODY-BONES.

Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs? Have theſe bold Hands ranſack'd the Temples of the Gods, and ſtabb'd the Prieſts before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not ſay any ſuch thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I [illegible] you, Sir, you ſeem to be a civil Perſon, I beſeech you, Sir, to mitigate his Paſſion, I'll do any thing in the World; you ſhall command my whole Eſtate.

FOURBIN.

Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a ſwinging Drubbing to bedrid him, or ſo, will ſerve your Turn, you may have it at a cheaper Rate a great deal.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly, Sir, with all my Heart; for methinks, now I conſider Matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

FOURBIN.

Why, then let me conſider—to have him beaten ſubſtantially, a Beating that will ſtick by him, will coſt you ——half the Money.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What, one hundred Pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be ſo unconſcionable.

BLOODY-BONES.

The Devil! where? where is the Devil? Shew me; I'll tell thee, *Belzebub*, thou haſt broke thy Covenant; didſt thou not promiſe me eternal Plenty, when I reſign'd my Soul to thy Allurements?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, Lord!

BLOODY-BONES.

Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thouſand Murders to act before I'm thine: With all thoſe Sins I'll come with full Damnation to thy Caverns of endleſs Pain, and howl with thee for ever.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bleſs us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? is this a Houſe? do I live? am I Fleſh and Blood?

BLOODY-BONES.

There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter ſo, and grin at me; if thou muſt needs have Prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with ſhining Gold, to ſtain my Hands with new Iniquity.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Stand off, I charge thee, Satan: whoſoe'er thou art, thou haſt no Right nor Claim to me; I'll have thee bound in Necromantic Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

FOURBIN.

Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me beſeech you, Sir, to diſpatch, and get rid of him as ſoon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally: As for the hundred Pounds, here, it is ready; no more Words, I'll ſubmit to your good Nature and Diſcretion.

FOURBIN.

Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King; he loves Riches, ſacrifice and be at reſt.

BLOODY-BONES.

'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou ſmile, I more defy thee; Fee, Fau, Fum. [*Exit.*

FOURBIN.

'Tis very odd, this.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone tho'.

FOURBIN.

Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, we'll refreſh ourſelves with a chearful Glaſs, and ſo *Chaque un chez lui* —— I wou'd fain make the Gull drink a little, to put a little Mettle into him. [*Aſide.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Sir; but no more Words of the Devil if you love me.

FOR-

FOURBIN.

The Devil's an Aſs, Sir, and here's a Health to all thoſe that defy the Devil.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, and all his Works too.

FOURBIN.

Nay, Sir, you muſt do me right, I aſſure you.

Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Not ſo full, not ſo full, that's too much of all Conſcience: In troth, Friend, theſe are ſad Times, very ſad Times; but here's to you.

FOURBIN.

Pox o'the Times, the Times are well enough, ſo long as a Man has Money in his Pocket.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never conſider that Idolatry is coming in full ſpeed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend?

FOURBIN.

What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Truly a good Conſcience is a great Happineſs; and ſo I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph. But ſhan't the Dog be murder'd this Night?

FOURBIN.

My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to ſett him, and the Buſineſs ſhall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's Reſt to his Soul.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter COURTINE *and Drawer.*

COURTINE.

Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: Shall Rogues ſtay in Taverns to ſip Pints,

and be ſober, when honeſt Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? and I'll have none on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O Lord, who's there? [*Sits up in his Chair.*

DRAWER.

I beſeech your Honour, our Houſe will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

COURTINE.

Damn your Houſe, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog.——Sir, who are you?

To Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who am I, Sir? what's that to you, Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

COURTINE.

I'll tickle your Guts, you Poltroon, preſently.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

COURTINE.

What, with that circumcis'd Band? that grave hypocritical Beard of the Reformation-cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sirrah, you're a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore; I'll uſe you like a Whore; I'll kiſs you, you Jade; I'll raviſh you, you Buttock; I am a Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worſe.

COURTINE.

Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Conſtable and all his Watch: What, ſuch a Rogue as you ſend honeſt Fellows to Priſon, and countenance Whores in your Juriſdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel! I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you; I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[*Throws the Chair after him.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, Sir, Sir, Conſtable, Watch, *Stokes, Stokes, Stokes,* Murder——— [*Exit.*

COUR-

COURTINE.

Huzza, *Beaugard!*

Enter BEAUGARD *and Sir* JOLLY JUMBLE.

FOURBIN.

Well, Sir, the Buſineſs is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

BEAUGARD.

Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin?*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

You are to be murder'd, Friend; you ſhall be murder'd, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

But how am I to be murder'd? who's to murder me, I beſeech you.

FOURBIN.

Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worſhip's leave: Sir *Davy* has giv'n me this Gold to do it handſomely.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Davy!* uncharitable Cur; what! murder an honeſt Fellow for being civil to his Family! What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

No, 'tis for not being civil to his Family, that it means, Gentlemen; therefore are you to be murder'd to night, and bury'd a-bed with my Lady, you *Jack Straw* you.

BEAUGARD.

I underſtand you, Friends; the old Gentleman has deſign'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd to turn it out to my Advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

FOURBIN.

Your Honour has a piercing Judgment. Sir, Captain *Courtine*'s gone.

BEAUGARD.

No matter, let him go: he has a Deſign to put in

practice this Night too, and would perhaps but ſpoil ours. But when, Sir *Jolly*, is this Buſineſs to be brought about?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Preſently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already. go, get you gone, I ſay, hold, hold, let's ſee your left Ear firſt, hum——ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Covent-Garden *Piazza.*

Enter SYLVIA *and her Maid in the Balcony.*

MAID.

But why, Madam, will you uſe him ſo inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

SYLVIA.

Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint, by the Trial of his Patience. Have you the Cords ready?

MAID.

Here they are, Madam.

SYLVIA.

Let 'em down, and be ſure when it comes to Trial, to pull luſtily. Is *Will* the Footman ready?

WILL.

At your Ladyſhip's Command, Madam.

SYLVIA.

I wonder he ſhould ſtay ſo long, the Clock has ſtruck Twelve.

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE, ſings.

And was ſhe not frank and free,
And was ſhe not kind to me?
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me.

SYL-

SYLVIA.

This muſt be he: Ay, 'tis he, and as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him ſober———

COURTINE.

Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my Damnation's in the Inſide, *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia*; dear Imp of Satan, appear to thy Servant.

SYLVIA.

Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of Night,
When Reſt is wanting to her longing Eyes?

COURTINE.

'Tis a poor Wretch can hardly ſtand upright,
Drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

SYLVIA.

Courtine, is it you?

COURTINE.

Yes, Sweet-heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

SYLVIA.

Faſten yourſelf to that Cord there; there it is.

COURTINE.

Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here; ſo now to Heav'n in a String.

SYLVIA.

Have you done?

COURTINE.

Yes, I have done, Child, and would fain be doing too, Huſſy.

SYLVIA.

Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up: So, avaſt there, Sir.

COURTINE.

Madam.

SYLVIA.

Are you very much in love, Sir?

COURTINE.

Oh, damnably, Child, damnably.

SYLVIA.

I am ſorry for't with all my Heart: Good night, Captain.

COURTINE.

Ha, gone! what, left in *Eraſmus*'s Paradiſe, between Heav'n and Hell? if the Conſtable ſhould take me now for a ſtraggling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his Cry of Watchmen! Ah Woman, Woman, Woman! Well, a merry Life and a ſhort, that's all.

Sings. *God proſper long our Noble King,*
Our Lives and Safeties all.

I am mighty loyal to night.

Enter FOURBIN *and* BLOODY-BONES, *as from Sir Davy* DUNCE's *Houſe.*

FOURBIN.

Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

COURTINE.

Nay, if there be Murder ſtirring, 'tis high time to ſhift for myſelf. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*

SYLVIA [*Squeaking.*]

Ah, h, h, h, h!

BLOODY-BONES.

Yonder, yonder he comes; Murder, Murder, Murder. [*Exeunt* Blood: *and* Fourbin.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

'Tis very late; but Murder is a melancholy Buſineſs, and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

VERMIN.

Who's there?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Who's there? open the Door, you Whelp of *Babylon.*

VERMIN.

Oh Sir! y'are welcome home; but here is the ſaddeſt News! here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I Hold your Tongue, you Fool, and go to ſleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of Murder, you Rogue? you meddle with State Affairs? Get you in.

The Scene opens in the middle of the Houſe, and diſcovers Sir JOLLY JUMBLE *and the Lady putting Captain* BEAUGARD *in order as if he were dead.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Lie ſtill, lie ſtill, you Knave, cloſe, cloſe when I bid you: You had beſt queſt and ſpoil the Sport, you had!

BEAUGARD.

But pray how long muſt I lie thus?

Lady DUNCE.

I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

BEAUGARD.

Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

You ſhall, Sirrah, if a body deſires you a little, ſo you ſhall; we ſhall ſpoil all elſe, all will be ſpoil'd elſe, Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can. So, ſo, hold your Breath, hold your Breath; very well.

Enter MAID.

MAID.

Madam, here comes Sir *Davy*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I Odds ſo, now cloſe again as I told you, cloſe you Devil, now ſtir if you dare; ſtir but any Part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you ſuch a Rap if you do; lie ſtill, lie you ſtill.

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear, how doſt thou do, my Dear? I am come.

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, Sir! what is 't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune all is ruin'd; where ſhall we go, or whither ſhall we fly?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Where ſhall we go! why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jackadandy: Why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't: Sirrah, hey!———

Lady DUNCE.

Ah, Sir, ſee there.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Bleſs us! a Man! and bloody! what, upon my Hall Table!

Lady DUNCE.

Two Ruffians brought him in juſt now, pronouncing this inhuman Deed was done by your Command: Sir *Jolly* came in the ſame Minute, or ſure I had dy'd with my diſtracting Fears. How could you think on a Revenge ſo horrid.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

As I hope to be ſav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to baſtinado him in a way, or ſo, as one Friend might do to another; but do you ſay that he is dead?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, dead as Clay; ſtark ſtiff and uſeleſs all, nothing about him ſtirring, but all's cold and ſtill; I knew him a luſty Fellow once, a very mettled Fellow; 'tis a thouſand Pities.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What ſhall I do? I'll throw myſelf upon him, kiſs his wide Wounds, and weep till blind as Buzzard.

Lady DUNCE.

Oh, come not near him, there's ſuch horrid Antipathy follows all Murders, his Wounds would ſtream afreſh ſhould you but touch him.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dear Neighbour, dearest Neighbour, Friend, Sir *Jolly*, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Case, and give me Counsel; I'll give my Wife and all my Estate to have him live again; or shall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas-a-day, Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the Dogs will find him there, as they scrape Holes to bury Bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What is it, dear Neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my Knees to you, take all I have and ease me of my Fears.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm Bed is the best thing in the World; my Lady may do much too, she's a good Woman, and I've been told understands a green Wound well.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear, my Dear, my Dear!

Lady DUNCE.

Bear me away, oh send me hence afar off, where my unhappy Name may be a Stranger; and this sad Accident no more remember'd to my Dishonour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, but my Love! my Joy! are there no Bowels in thee?

Lady DUNCE.

What would you have me do?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pr'ythee do so much as try thy Skill, there may be one Dram of Life left in him yet; take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou can'st do with him; pr'ythee do; if thou canst but find

Motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my Cloſet in the Garret, and ſay my Prayers in the mean while.

Lady DUNCE.

Will ye then leave this Ruin on my Hands?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Pray, pray, my Dear; I beſeech you Neighbour, help to perſuade her if it be poſſible.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do. I have a great fancy you may do him good; who can tell but you may have the Gift of Stroking? pray Madam, be perſuaded.

Lady DUNCE.

I'll do whate'er's your Pleaſure.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

That's my beſt Dear: I'll go to my Cloſet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this ſhould happen— [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What no Thanks, no Reward for old *Jolly* now: Come hither Huſſy, you little Canary-Bird, you little Hopo'my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'ſy, and give me a Kiſs now, hah! give me a Kiſs I ſay, odd I will have a Kiſs, ſo I will, I will have a Kiſs if I ſet on't; ſhoogh, ſhoogh, get you into a Corner when I bid you ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, what there already? [*She goes to* Beaugard.] Well, I ha' done; this 'tis to be an old [illegible] now.

BEAUGARD.

And will you ſave the Life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady DUNCE.

Dare you truſt yourſelf to my Skill for a Cure?

[*Sir* Davy *appears at a Window above.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hiſt! Hiſt! Cloſe, cloſe, I ſay again, yonder's Sir *Davy*; odds-ſo!

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

My Dear! my Dear! my Dear!——

Lady DUNCE.

Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ſome Comfort, or my Heart's broke! is there any Hopes yet? I've try'd to ſay my Pray'rs, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I ſhall never pray again; Neighbour, no Hopes?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Truly, little or none, ſome ſmall Pulſe I think there is left, very little: there's nothing to be done if you don't pray; get you to Prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't ſtay now, ſhut the Window I tell you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, this is a great Trouble to me; but good night.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Good night to you, dear Neighbour: Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the next Room preſently, make haſte: [*To* Beaugard *and Lady Dunce*] but don't ſteal away till I come to you, be ſure you remember, don't ye ſtir till I come; piſh, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loſes time; I'll only bolt the Door that belongs to Sir *Davy*'s Lodgings, that he may be ſafe, and be with you in a Twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are faſt. [*Bolts the Door.*

Sings.

Bonny Laſs gan thoo wert mine,
And twonty thooſand Poonds about thee, *&c.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

COURTINE *bound on a Couch in* SYLVIA'S *Chamber.*

COURTINE.

HEigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk or no, laſt night? Something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-houſe: Fogh! what a ſmell of Sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practice of Piety* in the Room, I am ſure I have gueſs'd right. What's the matter now? Ty'd faſt! bound too! What Tricks have I play'd to come into this Condition! I have lighted into the Territories of ſome merrily-diſpos'd Chamber-maid or other; and ſhe in a witty Fit, forſooth, hath truſs'd me up thus: Has ſhe pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalk'd me upon the Back now? Would I had her Miſtreſs here at a Venture.

SYLVIA.

What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight if you had her? You are too ſober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to ſcale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

COURTINE.

Haſt thou done this, my dear Deſtruction? And am I in thy *Limbo?* I muſt confeſs, when I am in my D[illegible] my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me looſe, and thou ſhalt ſee what a gentle humble Animal thou haſt made me. Fye upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog looſe, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

SYLVIA.

What with thoſe Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-Fields* withal, and are very dirty ſtill; after you have

have been daggling yourſelf abroad for Prey, and can meet with none, you come ſneaking hither for a Cruſt, do you?

MAID.

Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and flaſh him for his Roguery ſoundly?

COURTINE.

Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ſerking of Man's Fleſh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family uſe you to the Exerciſe, that you are ſo ready for it?

SYLVIA.

If you ſhould be let looſe, and taken into Favour now, you would be for rambling again ſo ſoon as you had got your Liberty.

COURTINE.

Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earneſt.

SYLVIA.

Promiſe to grant me but one Requeſt, and it ſhall be done.

COURTINE.

Hear me but ſwear.

SYLVIA.

That any body may do ten thouſand times a-day.

COURTINE.

Upon the Word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Money in my Pocket.

SYLVIA.

There I believe him, *Lelye*; you'll keep your Word you ſay?

COURTINE.

If I don't, hang me up in that Wench's old Garter.

SYLVIA.

See, Sir, you have your Freedom.

COURTINE.

Well, now name the Price; what muſt I pay for't?

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

You, know, Sir, conſidering our ſmall Acquaintance, you have been pleaſed to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

COURTINE.

I muſt confeſs I have been ſomething to blame that way; but if ever thou heareſt more of it from my Mouth after this Night's Adventure—would I were well out of this Houſe.

SYLVIA.

Have a care of ſwearing, I beſeech you; for you muſt underſtand, that ſpite of my Teeth, I am at laſt fallen in love moſt unmercifully.

COURTINE.

And doſt thou imagine I am ſo hard-hearted a Villain as to have no Compaſſion of thee?

SYLVIA.

No, no, for I hope he's a Man you can have no Exceptions againſt.

COURTINE.

Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll aſſure you, that's one Comfort.

SYLVIA.

Who do you think it may be now? try if you can gueſs him.

COURTINE.

Whoever he is, he's an honeſt Fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himſelf very unhappy neither.

SYLVIA.

If a Fortune of five thouſand Pounds, pleaſant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I aſſure you he may be ſo; but try once to gueſs at him.

COURTINE.

But if I ſhould be miſtaken.

SYLVIA.

Why, who is it you would wiſh me to?

COUR-

COURTINE.

You have five thouſand Pounds you ſay.

SYLVIA.

Yes.

COURTINE.

Faith, Child, to deal honeſtly, I know well enough who 'tis I wiſh for; but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my Inclinations, it were but reaſonable that I knew yours.

SYLVIA.

Well, Sir, becauſe I am confident you will ſtand my Friend in the Buſineſs, I'll make a Diſcovery; and to hold you in ſuſpence no longer, you muſt know I have a Months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly belov'd Friend and Brother Captain; what ſay you to't?

COURTINE.

Madam your humble Servant, good b'w'y, that's all.

SYLVIA.

What thus cruelly leave a Lady that ſo kindly took you in, in your laſt Night's pickle, into her Lodging? whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

COURTINE.

Faith, Madam, you have dealt ſo gallantly in truſting me with your Paſſion, that I cannot ſtay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an Acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

SYLVIA.

Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

COURTINE.

No, But it is with a certain Kinſwoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her Houſe too; they ſay ſhe will be civil upon a good occaſion, therefore pr'ythee be charitable, and ſhew the way to her Chamber a little.

SYLVIA.

What, commit Adultery, Captain? fy upon't! What hazard your Soul?

COUR-

COURTINE.

No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all; look you, you know the Secret, and may imagine my Deſires, therefore as you would have me aſſiſt your Inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine; look you no demurring upon the Matter, no Qualm, but ſhew me the way, or you, Huſſy, you ſhall do't; any Baud will ſerve at preſent, for I will go.

SYLVIA.

But you ſhan't go, Sir.

COURTINE.

Shan't go, Lady?

SYLVIA.

No, ſhan't go, Sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again?

COURTINE.

Why, Child, wouldſt thou be ſo uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elſe-where, and get Provender enough?

SYLVIA.

Any muſty Provender I find will ſerve your Turn, ſo you have it but cheap, or at another Man's Charges.

COURTINE.

No, Child, I had rather my Ox ſhould graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the Hazard of being pounded every Day for Treſpaſſes.

SYLVIA.

Truly, all things conſider'd, 'tis a great Pity ſo good a Huſband-man as you ſhould want a Farm to cultivate.

COURTINE.

Wouldſt thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

SYLVIA.

And would you be contented to take a Leaſe for your Life?

COUR-

COURTINE.

A pretty Lady of the Manor, and a moderate Rent.

SYLVIA.

Which you'll be ſure to pay very punctually?

COURTINE.

If thou doubteſt my Honeſty, faith e'en take a little Earneſt before-hand.

SYLVIA.

Not ſo haſty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You ſhall oblige yourſelf to a conſtant Reſidence, and not by leaving the Houſe uninhabited, let it run to Repairs.

COURTINE.

Agreed.

SYLVIA.

Item, For your own ſake you ſhall promiſe to keep the Eſtate well fenc'd and inclos'd, leſt ſome time or other your Neighbour's Cattle break in and ſpoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

COURTINE.

Very juſt and reaſonable, provided I don't find it lie too much too common already.

SYLVIA.

Item, You ſhall enter into ſtrict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your Hands, without my Conſent and Approbation; or if you do, that then it ſhall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

COURTINE.

Faith, that's ſomething hard tho', let me tell you but that, Landlady.

SYLVIA.

Upon theſe Terms, we'll draw Articles.

COURTINE.

And when ſhall we ſign 'em?

SYLVIA.

Why, this Morning, as ſoon as the ten o'Clock Office in *Covent-Garden* is open.

COUR-

COURTINE.

A Bargain; but how will you anſwer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at theſe unſeaſonable Hours?

SYLVIA.

That's a Secret you will be hereafter oblig'd to keep for your own ſake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* ſhall anſwer for us there.

COURTINE.

Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had Miſchief in his Head, he behav'd himſelf ſo ſoberly laſt Night, has he taken a Farm lately too?

SYLVIA.

A Treſpaſſer, I believe, if the Truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at juſt now.

Enter MAID.

MAID.

Madam, Madam, have a care of yourſelf: I ſee Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

COURTINE.

I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this Condition, what will you do with me, hah!

SYLVIA.

You won't be contented for awhile to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

COURTINE.

Faith e'en take me, and put thy Mark upon me quickly, that if I light in ſtrange Hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

SYLVIA.

What by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it muſt be ſo, come follow your Shepherd, B a a a.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE *and* VERMIN.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I cannot ſleep, I ſhall not ſleep again: I have pray'd too ſo long, that were I to be hang'd preſently, I have never a Prayer left to help myſelf: I was no ſooner laid upon the Bed juſt now and fall'n into a Slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-Hill* a Gallop, ſix puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link boys, to throw me head-long into *Fleet-Ditch*, which ſeem'd to be turn'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimſtone: would it were Morning.

VERMIN.

Truly, Sir, it has been a very diſmal Night.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But didſt thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs.

VERMIN.

No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I ſaw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, ſtand at the Cellar Door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

VERMIN.

No, Sir, no Chain, but it had *Touzer*'s Eyes for all the World.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

VERMIN.

Ay, ay, huge ſaucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer*'s.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hark! Hark!

VERMIN.

What! what! beſeech you, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's that upon the Stairs? Didſt thou hear nothing? Hark, hark, pat, pat, pat, hark, heu!

VER-

VERMIN.

Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Look! Look! what's that? what's that in the Corner there?

VERMIN.

Where?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

There.

VERMIN.

What, upon the Iron Cheſt?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-Caſe. See! ſee! Now it ſtirs, and is coming this way.

VERMIN.

Alas, Sir, ſpeak to it, you are a Juſtice o'Peace; I beſeech you; I dare not ſtay in the Houſe: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke looſe; what ſhall I do? Oh! [*Exit.*

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Maſter, and do not forſake me in this diſtreſſed Condition. *Satan* be gone, I defy thee, I'll repent and be ſav'd, I'll ſay my Prayers, I'll go to Church; Help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what Hole ſhall I hide myſelf?

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, FOURBIN, *and* BLOODY-BONES.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That ſhould be Sir *Davy*'s Voice; the Waiting-woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not ſleep; pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, you've done your Buſineſs handſomly; what, I'll warrant you have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: What's o'Clock?

FOURBIN.

Near four, Sir; 'twill not be Day yet theſe two Hours.

Sir

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Very well, but how got you into the Houſe?

FOURBIN.

A ragged Retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Phyſicians ſent for by your Order.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready, as I gave Directions?

FOURBIN.

To a tittle, Sir; there ſhall not be a more critical Obſerver of your Worſhip's Pleaſure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Get you gone, you Rogue, you have a ſharp Noſe, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to ſay to you, ſtand aſide, and be ready when I call: here he comes; hiſt, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Hah! what art thou?
Approach thou like the rugged *Bankſide* Bear,
The *Eaſt Cheap* Bull, or Monſter, ſhewn in Fair,
Take any Shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Alas, unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Thou can'ſt not be my Friend, for I deſy thee. Sir Jolly Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you ſure it is you? Are you yourſelf? If you be, give me your Hand, Alas-a-day, I ha' ſeen the Devil.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, there's no help for't; at firſt I fancy'd it was a young white Bear's Cub dancing in the Shadow of my Candle; then it was turn'd to a Pair of blue

Breeches with wooden Legs on, ſtampt about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvous there; when all of a ſudden it appear'd like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful Clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

That may be too; what, were you aſleep?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Aſleep, quotha, no, no; no ſleeping this Night for me I aſſure you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Well, what is the beſt News then? How does the Man?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ev'n as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Dead! What, quite dead!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid Murder! and then the Terror of Conſcience, Neighbour.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, tho' I never found I had any Conſcience at all till now. Pray where-about was his Death's Wound?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Juſt here, juſt under his left Pap, a dreadful Gaſh.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

So very wide?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have ſeen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Is there no way to have him privately bury'd, and conceal this Murder? Muſt I needs be hang'd by the Neck like a Dog,

a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Truly, Sir *Davy*, I muſt deal faithfully with you, you do look a little ſuſpiciouſly at preſent; but have you ſeen the Devil, ſay you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ſurely it was the Devil, nothing elſe could have frightened me ſo.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Bleſs us, and guard us all the Angels! what's that?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Poteſtati ſempiterne cujus benevolentia ſervantur gentes, & cujus miſericordia.

[Kneels, holding up his Hands, and mutt'ring as if he pray'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy*?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, whatever you do, be ſure to ſtand cloſe to me; where, where is it?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Juſt, juſt there, in the Shape of a Coach and ſix Horſes againſt the Wall.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and ſix, will he?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you ſee it?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

See it! Plain, plain: dear Friend adviſe me what I ſhall do: Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, do you hear nothing? Sir *Jolly*, ha! has he left me alone? *Vermin.*

VERMIN.

Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Am I alive? Doſt thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondam* Maſter, Sir *Davy Dunce?*

VERMIN.

I hope I ſhall never forget you, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Didſt thou ſee nothing?

VERMIN.

Yes, Sir, methought the Houſe was all o'fire, Fire as it were.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Didſt thou not ſee how the Devils grin'd and gnaſh'd their Teeth at me, *Vermin?*

VERMIN.

Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Noſe, as he vaniſh'd out of the Door.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the *Temple*, and call Counſellor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Eſtate preſently, I ſhan't live till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife. Hah, *Vermin!*

VERMIN.

Truly, Sir, ſhe's a very good Lady.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*; thou canſt not imagine what ſhe has done for me, Man; ſhe would break her Heart if I ſhould give any thing away from her, ſhe loves me ſo dearly. Yet if I do die, thou ſhalt have all my old Shoes.

VERMIN.

I hope to ſee you live many a fair Day yet tho'.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers Sir* JOLLY JUMBLE, *Captain* BEAUGARD, *and Lady, in her Chamber.*

Lady DUNCE.

What think you now of a cold wet March over

the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at Night a dirty watry Plain to encamp upon, and nothing to ſhelter you, but an old Leaguer Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the *Sciatica?*

BEAUGARD.

The Hopes of this made all this eaſy to me; the Thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thouſand times refreſh'd me in my Solitude; when-e'er I march'd, I fancy'd ſtill it was to my *Clarinda*; but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* loſt! —— How could you think of waſting but a Night in the rank ſurfeiting Arms of this foul-feeding Monſter, this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays claim to you?

Lady DUNCE.

The Perſuaſion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

BEAUGARD.

And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady DUNCE.

When you were gone, that ſhould have given me better Counſel, how could I help myſelf?

BEAUGARD.

Methinks, then, you might have found out ſome cleanlier Shift to have thrown away yourſelf upon, than nauſeous old Age, and unwholeſom Deformity.

Lady DUNCE.

What, upon ſome over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horſe-Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Eſtate? one that ſhould have been drain'd and ſqueez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hackneys with Cheats and Hectors, and ſo ſent home at three o'Clock every Morning, like a lolling Booby, ſtinking, with a Belly full of ſtumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

BEAUGARD.

You might have made a tractable Beaſt of ſuch a one, he would have been young enough for training.

Lady DUNCE.

Is Youth then ſo gentle, if Age be ſtubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a ſubtle Work-man, eaſily ply to what their Wiſhes preſs 'em; but the Deſire once gone that kept 'em down, they ſoon ſtart ſtraight again, and no Signs left which way they bent before.

[*Sir* Jolly *at the Door peeping.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So, ſo, who ſays I ſee any thing now? I ſee nothing, not I; I don't ſee, I don't ſee, I don't look, not ſo much as look, not I. [*Enters.*

Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worſt; ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!—

Lady DUNCE.

Alas! alas! we are ruin'd! ſhift for yourſelf; counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Hah! whoſoe'er thou art thou canſt not eat me; ſpeak to me, who has done this? Thou canſt not ſay I did it.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Did it? did what? Here's nobody ſays you did any thing that I know, Neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell thee here's nobody ſays a Word to you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Did you not ſee the Ghoſt juſt now?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ghoſt! pr'ythee now, here's no Ghoſt; whither would you go? I tell you, you ſhall not ſtir one Foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do. Ghoſt! pr'ythee here's no Ghoſt at all, a little Fleſh and Blood indeed there is, ſome old, ſome young, ſome alive, ſome dead, and ſo forth; but Ghoſt! piſh, here's no Ghoſt.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But, Sir, if I ſay I did ſee a Ghoſt, I did ſee a Ghoſt, an you go to that; why ſure I know a Ghoſt when I ſee one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadſt but ſeen the Devil half ſo often as I have ſeen him.

Lady DUNCE.

Alas, Sir *Davy*! if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me; I have reſolv'd to waſte the ſhort Remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taſte of Joys no more,

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Alas, my poor Child, but do you think there was no Ghoſt indeed?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Ghoſt! Alas-a day, what ſhould a Ghoſt do here?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And is the Man dead?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Dead, ay, ay, ſtark dead, he's ſtiff by this time.

Lady DUNCE.

Here you may ſee the horrid ghaſtly Spectacle, the ſad Effects of my too rigid Virtue, and your too fierce Reſentment——

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do you ſee there?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, I do ſee, would I had never ſeen him; would he had lain with my Wife in every Houſe between *Charing-Croſs* and *Aldgate*, ſo this had never happened.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, Neighbour, mortal; to-day we are here, to-morrow gone like the Shadow that vaniſheth, like the Graſs that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all mortal.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Heigh!

Lady DUNCE.

Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-room; for the reſt leave it to my Conduct.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

'Tis very unfortunate, that you ſhould run yourſelf into this Premunire, *Sir Davy*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Indeed and ſo it is.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Perſon in Years, one that uſed to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Every *Sunday*, truly, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Pay Scot and Lot to the Pariſh.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Six Pounds a Year to the very Poor, without Abatement or Deduction: 'Tis very hard if ſo good a Commonwealth's Man ſhould be brought to ride in a Cart, at laſt, and be hang'd in a Sun-ſhiny Morning to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holiday; I'll e'en run away.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Run away! why then your Eſtate will be forfeited; you'll loſe your Eſtate, Man.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly you ſay right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd than loſe his Eſtate, you know.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither: What, the Fellow was but a ſort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you ſay.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ay, ay, a pox on him, he was a ſoldierly ſort of a Vagabond; he had little or nothing but his Sins to live upon; If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within theſe two Months, and all this Miſchief ſav'd.

[Beaugard

[Beaugard *riſes up like a Ghoſt at a Trap-door, juſt before Sir* Davy.

Oh Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

[*Falls on his Face.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy* what ails you? what's the matter with you?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Let me alone, let me lie ſtill; I will not look up to ſee an Angel; Oh-h-h?

Lady DUNCE.

My Dear, why do you do theſe cruel things to affright me? Pray riſe and ſpeak to me.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

I dare not ſtir, I ſaw the Ghoſt again juſt now.

Lady DUNCE.

Ghoſt again! what Ghoſt? where?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, there! there!

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Here has been no Ghoſt.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Why, did you ſee nothing then?

Lady DUNCE.

See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Then I am enchanted, or my End is near at hand, Neighbour; for Heaven's ſake, Neighbour, adviſe me, what I ſhall do to be at reſt.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Do! why, what think you if the Body were remov'd?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Remov'd, I'd give a hundred Pound the Body were out of my Houſe; may be then the Devil wou'd not be ſo impudent.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

I have diſcover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt

my Lady's Chamber and one that belongs to me; if you think fit we'll beat it down, and remove this troubleſome Lump of Earth to my Houſe.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

But will you be ſo kind.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

If you think it may by any means be ſerviceable to you.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Truly, if the Body was remov'd, and diſpos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his Word. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

What's That?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Why, it will be abſolutely neceſſary that your Lady ſtaid with me at my Houſe for one Day, till things were better ſettled.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, Sir *Jolly*! whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you ſhall be very welcome. Hear you, my deareſt, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward Buſineſs, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do; e'en do it: So Heav'n proſper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

This is certainly the civileſt Cuckhold in City, Town, or Country.

BEAUGARD.

Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Yes, and has left poor me here.

BEAUGARD.

In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid Murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to ſtem the Danger of it.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, ſo I would. Go get you together, ſteal out of the Houſe as ſoftly as you can, I'll meet you in the *Piazza* preſently; go, be ſure you ſteal out of the Houſe, and don't let Sir *Davy* ſee you. [*The Scene ſhuts.*

Sir JOLLY *comes forward. Enter* BLOODY-BONES. *Bloody-Bones.*

BLOODY-BONES.

I am here, Sir.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Go you and *Fourbin* to my Houſe preſently; bid Monſieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my Directions. Tell my Maids too, I am coming home in a trice; bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I ſpoke for, ready preſently: And d'ye hear, carry the Minſtrels with you too, for I'm reſolv'd to rejoice this Morning. Let me ſee——Sir *Davy!*

Enter Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Ah, Neighbour, 'tis I; Is the Buſineſs done? I cannot be ſatisfi'd till I am ſure: Have you remov'd the Body? is it gone?

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the Houſe juſt now. Well, Sir *Davy*, a good Morning to you: I wiſh you your Health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the firſt thing you do tho', I'd have you ſay your Prayers by all means, If you can.

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

If I can poſſibly, I will.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well, good b'w'y. [*Exit Sir* Jolly.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Good b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour.——*Vermin Vermin.*

Enter VERMIN.

VERMIN.

Did your Honour call?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Go run, run preſently over the Square, and call the Conſtable preſently; tell him here's Murder committed and that I muſt ſpeak with him inſtantly——I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbour's, that he may find the dead Body there, and ſo let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my ſtead; hah! a very good Jeſt, as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! what's that?

WATCHMEN at the Door.

Almoſt Four-o'clock, and a dark cloudy Morning; good-morrow my Maſters all, good morrow.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

CONSTABLE.

How's This, a Door open! Come in, Gentlemen—Ah, Sir *Davy*, your Honour's humble Servant, I and my Watch going my Morning-Rounds, and finding your Door open, made bold to enter, to ſee there were no Danger. Your Worſhip will excuſe our Care; a good Morning to you, Sir.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, Mr. Conſtable, I'm glad you're here, I ſent my Man juſt now to call you. I have ſad News to tell you, Mr. Conſtable.

CONSTABLE.

I am ſorry for that, Sir; ſad News!

Sir

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, ay, ſad News, very ſad News truly: Here has been Murder committed.

CONSTABLE.

Murder! if that's all, we are your humble Servants, Sir, we'll, bid you good Morrow: Murder's nothing at this time o'Night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my Noſe; I cannot but take notice of it; tho' I am ſorry to tell you the Authors of it, very ſorry truly.

CONSTABLE.

Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Oh, at the very next door; a ſad Murder indeed. After they had done, they carry'd the Body privately into my Neighbour Sir *Jolly*'s Houſe here; I am ſorry to tell it you, Mr. Conſtable, for I am afraid it will look but ſcurvily on his ſide; tho' I am a Juſtice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

1 WATCHMAN.

I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

CONSTABLE.

He threatned me t'other Day for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and ſaid ſhe was his Couſin, Sir. If your Worſhip thinks fit, we'll go ſearch his Houſe.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

O, by all means, Gentlemen, it muſt be ſo; Juſtice muſt have its Courſe; the King's liege Subjects muſt not be deſtroyed. *Vermin*, carry Mr. Conſtable and his Dramms into the Cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but ſtep into my Study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye inſtantly.

All WATCHMEN.

We thank your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Sir* JOLLY JUMBLE'S. *A Banquet.*

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, *Captain* BEAUGARD, *and Lady* DUNCE.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a ſmall Banquet, but I hope 'twill pleaſe you; ſit ye down, ſit ye down both together, nay, both together: A pox o' him, that parts ye, I ſay.

BEAUGARD.

Sir *Jolly*, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Piſh! a Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but ſhort, time's but ſhort, and muſt be made the beſt uſe of; for

Youth's a Flower that ſoon does fade,
And Life is but a Span;
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and friſk and be briſk, rejoice, and make a Noiſe, and—odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

Lady DUNCE.

Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philoſopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Philoſopher, Madam! yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Ariſtotle*, in ſome things, had very pretty Notions, he was an underſtanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd, an ye don't eat—here Child, here's ſome Ring-goes; help, help your Neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Sir Jolly, your Health.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

With all my Heart, old Boy.

Lady DUNCE.

Dear Sir *Jolly*, what are theſe, I never taſted of theſe before.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* myſelf; odd, they'll make an old Fellow of ſixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing-Maſter; give me ſome Wine: Madam, here's a Health, here's a Health, Madam, here's a Health to honeſt Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

Enter BLOODY-BONES.

BLOODY-BONES.

Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Conſtable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens Demoliſhment, if not admitted preſently.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Odds ſo! Odds ſo! the Conſtable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get you both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no Noiſe, no Noiſe; d'ye hear, the Conſtable and his Watch! A pox on the Conſtable and his Watch; What the Devil have the Conſtable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Conſtable, Watch, and Sir Davy DUNCE. *Scene ſhuts. Sir* JOLLY JUMBLE *comes forward.*

CONSTABLE.

This way, this way, Gentlemen; ſtay one of ye at the Door, and let no body paſs, do you hear? Sir *Jolly* your Servant.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

What, this Outrage, this Diſturbance committed upon my

my Houſe and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by theſe Doings, ſweet Sir? Hoh!———

CONSTABLE.

Sir, having received Information, that the Body of a murdered man is conceal'd in your Houſe, I am come, according to my Duty, to make Search and diſcover the truth.——— Stand to my Aſſiſtance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir: Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, I am ſorry to ſee a Perſon of your Character and Figure in the Pariſh, concern'd in a Murder, I ſay.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! here's a Cuckoldy Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckhold in my Life, that was not a falſe Rogue in his Heart; there are no honeſt Fellows living but Whoremaſters. Hark you, Sir, what a pox do you mean? you had beſt play the Fool, and ſpoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

When your Worſhip comes to be hang'd, you'll find the Meaning on't, Sir. I ſay once more, ſearch the Houſe.

CONSTABLE.

It ſhall be done, Sir; come along, Friends.

[*Exeunt Conſtable and Watch.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Search my Houſe! O Lord! Search my Houſe! What will become of me? I ſhall loſe my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever truſt me again: O Lord! Search my Houſe! all will be diſcovered, do what I can? I'll ſing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give them Warning.

Go from the Window, my, Love, my Love my Love,
Go from the Window my Dear;
The Wind and the Rain
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou canſt have no Lodging here. O Lord!

O Lord! Search my Houſe!

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open, break down that Door, I ſay. [*Knocking within.*

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Very well done, break down my Doors! break down my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my Houſe! raviſh my Maids! Ah, curſt be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Conſtables, and Cuckolds.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* BEAUGARD *and Lady* DUNCE.

BEAUGARD.

Stand off, by Heav'n the firſt that comes here comes upon his Death,

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Sir, your humble Servant, I'm glad to ſee you are alive again with all my Heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen; but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen; and Mr. Conſtable, I hope you'll bear me witneſs, Mr. Conſtable.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Conſtable. [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from ſnapping at my Heels, or I ſhall ſo ſeage ye.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads of the Pariſh Dungeon; diſturb my Houſe at theſe unſeaſonable Hours, get ye out of my Doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[*Exeunt Conſtable and Watch.*

BEAUGARD.

And next for you, Sir, Coxcomb, you ſee I am not murder'd, tho' you paid well for the Performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to murder me?

Enter

Enter FOURBIN *and* BLOODY-BONES.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throut upon occaſion, and here's another dreſſes a Man's Heart with Oil and Pepper, better than any Cook in Chriſtendom.

FOURBIN.

Will your Worſhip pleaſe to have one for your Break-faſt this Morning.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all my Heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the pureſt Sport, ha, ha, ha!

Enter VERMIN.

VERMIN.

Oh, Sir. the moſt unhappy and moſt unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia*'s Chamber all this Night, who juſt as you went out of Doors carry'd her away, and whither they are gone no body knows.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

With all Heart, I am glad on't, Child, I wou'd not care if he'd carry'd away my Houſe and all, Man. Unhappy News, quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am ſo pleas'd, ha, ha, ha! I think I never was ſo pleas'd in all my Life before, ha, ha, ha.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Sir, I have a Hank upon you; there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir; and as you tender your future Credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and uſe her handſomly, uſe her like my Miſtreſs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I have no Complaint of you; this muſt be done, Friend.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and it is but reaſonable, very reaſonable in troth.

Lady

Lady DUNCE.

Can you my Dear, forgive me one Misfortune?

Sir Davy DUNCE.

Madam, in one Word, I am thy Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *Davy Dunce*, Knt. living in *Covent-Garden*; ha, ha, ha! well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

Enter SYLVIA *followed by* COURTINE.

SYLVIA.

Sir *Jolly*, ah Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I am ruin'd.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

My little Minikin, is it thy Squeak?

BEAUGARD.

My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

SYLVIA.

Oh, Sir, he has moſt inhumanly ſeduc'd me out of my Uncle's Houſe, and threatens to marry me.

COURTINE.

Nay, Sir, and ſhe having no more Grace before her Eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my Word.

Sir Jolly JUMBLE.

In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like theſe Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my Houſe, and there's an end on't.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

COURTINE.

Yes, Sir, and never aſk your Conſent neither.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

In troth, and that's very well ſaid; I am glad on't with all my Heart, Man, becauſe ſhe has five thouſand Pounds to her Portion, and my Eſtate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happieſt Day, ha, ha, ha!

Here

Here take thy Bride like Man and Wife agree.
And may ſhe prove as kind—as mine to me. *Ha, ha, ha.*

BEAUGARD.

Courtine I wiſh thee Joy: thou art come opportunely to be a Witneſs of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight Sir *Davy Dunce*; which to preſerve inviolate, you muſt, Sir, before we part, enter into ſuch Covenants for Performance as I ſhall think fit.

Sir Davy DUNCE.

No more to be ſaid, it ſhall be done, Sweet-heart: But don't be too hard upon me, uſe me gently as thou didſt my Wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good Jeſt, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! if he ſhould be cruel to me, Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Priſon, or throw me in a Dungeon at leaſt.
I hope amongſt all you, Sirs, I ſhan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

WITH the Diſcharge of Paſſions much oppreſt,
Diſturb'd in Brain and Penſive in his Breaſt,
Full of thoſe Thoughts which make th'Unhappy ſad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muſe,
And let her range, to ſee what Sport ſhe'd chuſe.
Straight like a Bird got looſe, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her Freedom ſhe began to ſing;
Each Note was eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what ſhe utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain Fame,
Nor call thy Muſe, when thou art dull, to blame:
Conſider with thyſelf how thou'rt unfit
To make that Monſter of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who ſwell'd with ſilly Pride,
Full of himſelf, ſcorns all the World beſide;
Civil would ſeem, tho' he good Manners lacks,
Smiles on all Faces, rails behind all Backs.
If e'er, good-natur'd, nought to ridicule,
Good-Nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high like ſome Jack-pudding in a Hall,
At Chriſtmas *Revels he makes Sport for all.*
So much in little Praiſes he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen, and writes;
A Wit no Man will his Dues allow;
Wit will not part with a good Word that's due:
So who'er ventures on the ragged Coaſt
Of ſtarving Poets, certainly is loſt,
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Poſt.
At a new Author's Play ſee one but ſit,
Making his ſnarling froward Face of Wit,

The

EPILOGUE.

The Merit he allows, and Praiſe he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongſt you true to t'other:
Like Trincalo's *and* Stephano's, *ye play*
The leudeſt Tricks each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like ſmile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praiſe, the Monſter of your barren Iſle.
Enjoy the Proſtitute ye ſo admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your Deſire,
Whilſt this poor Scribbler wiſhes to retire,
Where he may ne'er repeat his Follies mores
But curſe the Fate that wreck'd him on your Shore.

Now you, who this Day as his Judges ſit,
After you've heard what he has ſaid of Wit;
Ought for your own ſakes not to be ſevere,
But ſhew ſo much to think he meant none here.

THE

THE

ATHEIST;

OR, THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

——Hic noſter Autores habet;
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quieſcant porro moneo, & deſinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua. Terence.

TO THE

LORD ELANDE,

Eldeſt Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquiſs of HALLIFAX.

My LORD,

IT was not without a great deal of Debate with myſelf, that I could reſolve to make this Preſent to your Lordſhip: For tho' Epiſtles dedicatory be lately grown ſo epidemical, that either ſooner or later, no Man of Quality (whom the leaſt Author has the leaſt Pretence to be troubleſome to) can eſcape them; yet methought your Lordſhip ſhould be as much above the common Perplexities that attend your Quality, as you are above the common Level of it, as well in the moſt exalted Degrees of a noble generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehenſion, good Underſtanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all ſweetned by an obliging Affability and Condeſcenſion; of which I have often, in the Honour of your Converſation, had particular cauſe to be proud; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary Reaſon, now, to be grateful.

And it is upon that Pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under your Protection; for indeed it hath great need of such Protection: having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and very industrious ones too; but this way I was sure it must live: *Would he but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity will overthrow the ignoblest Envy; whose good Nature cannot but confound the most inveterate Malice, and whose Wit must baffle the saucicst Ignorance.*

My Lord, it would but argue me of the meanest Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an Harangue of those Praises you deserve: For he who tells the World whose Son you are, has said enough to those who do not know you; and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and chosen for your Conversation, cannot but every Hour you are pleas'd to bestow upon them, be sensible of more, than I could tell them in a Volume: Your Lordship being the best Panegyric upon yourself; the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confusion, Ruin, and Destruction was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, stood up; and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtleties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderness. Certainly his Name must be for ever honourable, precious his Memory, and happy his Generation, who durst exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almost a Reproach to have any, and stem a Torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and Fermenting Rebellion, to the preserving of the best of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has made in our Defence; still by the strength of his Judgment, to foresee those Evils, that may yet threaten

threaten us, and by the Power of his Wiſdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the King's open (nay, and boſom) Enemies: As a watchful, bold, and ſincere Counſellor to his Maſter; to be a driver of treacherous grinning, ſelf-ended Knaves, inſinuating Spies, and uſeleſs unprofitable Fools from his Service: A Patron and Promoter of Honeſty, Merit, and Ability, which elſe too often, by Neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine to continue (as he is) a kind indulgent Father to your Lordſhip, ſo much every way his Son, and fit to inherit his Honours, as, in the ſtrong and ſhining Virtues of your Mind, the fixt and ſteady Diſpoſition of your Loyalty, the Goodneſs and obliging Temper of your Nature, is apparent; by which only I muſt ever humbly confeſs, and no preſumptive Merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I deſire to be thought

Your Lordſhip's

humble Servant to be commanded,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

THOUGH Plays *and* Prologues *ne'er did more abound,*
Ne'er were good Prologues *harder to be found.*
To me the Cauſe ſeems eaſ'ly underſtood:
For there are Poets *prove not very* good,
Who, like baſe Sign-Poſt Dawbers, wanting Skill,
Steal from great Maſter's Hands, and Copy ill.
Thus, if by Chance, before a noble Feaſt
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taſte,
Some poignant Satire *in a* Prologue *riſe,*
And growing Vices handſomely chaſtiſe;
Each Poetaſter *thence preſumes on* Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.
Theſe Marks deſcribe him.——
Writing by rote; ſmall Wit, or none to ſpare;
Jingle and Chime's his Study, Toil and Care:
He always in one Line upbraids the Age;
And a good reaſon why; it rhymes to Stage.
With Wit *and* Pit *he keeps a hideous Pother;*
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other.
But if, by Chance, he gets the French *Word* Rallery,
Lord, how he fegues the Vizor-Maſques with Gallery!
'Tis ſaid, Aſtrologers ſtrange Wonders find
To come in two great Planets *lately join'd.*
From our two Houſes *joining, moſt will hold*
Vaſt Deluges of Dulneſs were foretold.
Poor Holborn Ballads *now being borne away*
By Tides of duller Madrigals *than they;*
Jockeys *and* Jennys *ſet to* Northern Airs,
While lowſy Theſpis *chaunts at Country Fair*

PROLOGUE.

Politick Ditties, *full of Sage Debate,*
And merry Catches how to rule the State.
Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Tranſlators,
And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's *write* Satires;
Tho' none can gueſs to which moſt Praiſe belongs,
To the learn'd Verſions, Scandals, *or the* Songs.
For all Things now by Contraries ſucceed;
Of Wit *or* Virtue *there's no longer need:*
Beauty *ſubmits to him who loudeſt rails;*
She fears the ſaucy Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his beſt Preferment would deviſe,
Let him renounce all Honeſty, *and riſe.*
Villains *and* Paraſites *Succeſs will gain;*
But in the Court of Wit, *ſhall* Dulneſs *reign?*
No: Let th'Angry 'Squire give his Iambick's *o'er,*
Twirl Crevat-ſtrings, but write Lampoons *no more;*
Rhymeſters *get* Wit, *e'er they pretend to ſhow it,*
Nor think a Game at Cramboe *makes a* Poet:
Elſe is our Author hopeleſs of Succeſs,
But then his Study ſhall be next time leſs:
He'll find out Ways to your Applauſe more eaſy;
Thus is, write worſe and worſe, 'till he can pleaſe ye.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Father to *Beaugard*,	Mr. *Leigh*.
Beaugard,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Courtine,	Mr. *Smith*.
Daredevil,	Mr. *Underhill*.
Theodoret,	Mr. *Wiltſhire*.
Gratian,	Mr. *Perin*.
Roſard, *Gratian*'s Man,	Mr. *Saunders*.
Plunder, *Beaugard*'s Man,	Mr. *Richards*.

WOMEN.

Porcia,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Lucretia,	Mrs. *Butler*.
Sylvia, *Courtine*'s Wife,	Mrs. *Currer*.
Mrs. *Furniſh*, an Exchange-Woman,	Mrs. *Oſborn*.
Phillis, *Porcia*'s Woman,	Mrs. *Percival*.
Chloris, *Lucretia*'s Woman,	Mrs. *Norris*.

Six Ruffians, Footmen, a Dwarf, and Page.

THE ATHEIST;

Or, The SECOND PART of the SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BEAUGARD *and his* FATHER.

BEAUGARD.

SIR, I ſay, and ſay again, no Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beſeech you, Sir, tell me plainly and fairly, what have I done, that I deſerve to be marry'd

FATHER.

Why, Sauce-box, I your old Father, was marry'd before you were born.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, Sir, and I thank you, the next thing you did was, you begot me; the Conſequence of which was as follows. As ſoon as I was born you ſent me to Nurſe, where I ſuck'd two Years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch'd Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as ſoon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you ſent me to a Place call'd a School, to

be ſlaſh'd and box'd by a thick-fiſted Blockhead, that cou'd not read himſelf; where I learned no Letters, nor got no Meat, but ſuch as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a ſtinking Price, ſo over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

FATHER.

Sirrah, it was the more nouriſhing, and made ſuch young, idle Whoreſons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve Year old had a broad ſhining, pufft, Bacon Face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

BEAUGARD.

My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, till after a Twelvemonth's Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Poſterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

FATHER.

The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms againſt my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

BEAUGARD.

Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

FATHER.

Had I not reaſon, Maſter Hector?

BEAUGARD.

As I had then, ſo I have now too, Sir, more Manners than to diſpute the Pleaſure of a Father.

FATHER.

Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, If I could but perſuade him to marry.

BEAUGARD.

Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Induſtry and my Virtue was all I had to truſt to.

FA-

FATHER.

Bless us all! Industry and Virtue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very virtuous Son and Heir of him, that's the Truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

'Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of two hundred Pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping and set sail for the Coast of Fortune.

FATHER.

That is to say, you went to the Wars, to learn the liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where (Heaven be prais'd) none of those Virtues need grow rusty.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour home with me.

FATHER.

Nay, the *Scanderbeg*-Monkey has not behav'd himself handsomely, that's the Truth of the Business; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got two thousand Pound a Year left him by an old curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle, and I can't persuade him to marry.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, that curmurgeonly mouldy Uncle you speak of, was your elder Brother, and never marry'd in all his Life: He dying, bequeath'd me two thousand Pound a Year: You Sir, the younger Brother, and my honour'd Father, have been marry'd, and are not able, for aught I can perceive, to leave me a bent Nine-pence. So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, long Life, and merry as it has been hitherto: but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolved to have nothing to do with it.

FATHER.

Here's a Rogue! here's a Villain! why, Sirrah, you

have loſt all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel; I ſhall ſee you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of?——hah?——

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to ſee me Chriſten'd.

FATHER.

Oh Lord! Chriſten'd! here's an Atheiſtical Rogue thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himſelf a Chriſtian!

BEAUGARD.

Why, Sir, would you have me diſown my Baptiſm?

FATHER.

No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what ſort of Chriſtian you are though.

BEAUGARD.

What ſort, Sir?

FATHER.

Ay, Sir, what ſort, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Why, of the honeſter ſort.

FATHER.

As if there were not Knaves of all ſorts!

BEAUGARD.

Why then, Sir, if that will ſatisfy you, I am of your ſort.

FATHER.

And that for aught you know may be of no ſort at all.

BEAUGARD.

But, Sir, to make ſhort of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Perſecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; reſolve to make this tranſitory Life as pleaſant and delightful as I can; and for ſome ſober Reaſons, beſt known to myſelf, reſolve never to marry.

M.

FATHER.

Look me in the Face; ſtand ſtill, and look me in the Face. So, you won't marry?——

BEAUGARD.

No, Sir.

FATHER.

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

But I'll do ſomething that ſhall be more for your good, and perhaps may pleaſe you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether ſo good natur'd as ſhe might have been, and that your Revenues are ſomething anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well ſatisfy'd as you can, and my Servant ſhall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a hundred ſmiling ſmock-fac'd Guineas within this half hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

FATHER.

No Body that has half an Ounce of Brains in his Noddle. The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

BEAUGARD.

So, here's a Father for you now!

FATHER.

But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, two thouſand Pounds a Year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou doſt not marry; tho' I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciouſly, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honeſt, jolly, true-ſpirited, ſprightly Friends about thee, and ſo forth, hah! then for Marriage, to ſpeak the truth on't, it is at the beſt but a chargeable, vexatious, uneaſy ſort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be ſure to remember the hundred Pound, *Jackie*-boy, hah?

BEAUGARD.

Moſt punctually, Sir.

FA-

FATHER.

Thou ſhalt always, every now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a hundred Pound, or ſo, upon a good Occaſion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a friendly way: You muſt make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou has't no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

BEAUGARD.

Not marry, Sir?

FATHER.

No.

BEAUGARD.

No?

FATHER.

No. A hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

BEAUGARD.

I'll not fail of ſending it.

FATHER.

Then *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back-Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of ſmart Racy Canary, *Jack*, that will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-Rogue, it glorifies through the Glaſs, and the Nits dance about in't like Atoms in the Sun-ſhine you young Dog,

BEAUGARD.

Do you intend to dine there, Sir?

FATHER.

Ay, Man, I have two or three honny Old *Tilbury* Roy-ſterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have oblig'd me to meet 'em there; they help'd me to ſpend my Eſtate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and don't forſake me now I am grown pooriſh and old.—Almoſt twelve o'Clock, *Jack*.

BEAUGARD.

I'll be ſure to remember, Sir.

FA-

FATHER.

And thou wilt never marry.

BEAUGARD.

Never, I hope, Sir.

FATHER.

Ay, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worſe; tho' I think, not much worſe neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred Guineas! e e e e! Db'uy *Jack*, You'll remember? See thee again To-morrow, *Jack*,—Poor *Jack!* dainty Canary—and a delicate black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*.

BEAUGARD.

Adieu, Father.—*Fourbine.*

Enter FOURBINE.

FOURBINE.

Did your Honour call?

BEAUGARD.

Take a hundred Guineas out of the Cabinet, and carry them after the old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heaven be thank'd) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his youth juſt ſuch another wicked fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Eſtate, there I have the better of him: For out of meer Opinion of my good Huſbandry, my Uncle thought fit to diſinherit the extravagant old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was marry'd, there I have the better of him again; yet he marry'd a Fortune of ten thouſand Pounds, and before I was ſeven Years old, had broke my Mother's Heart, and ſpent three Parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domeſtick, call'd a Houſe-keeper, which I one Day to ſhew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a ſtarving for it. Now he has no way to ſqueeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in Execution

ecution. I muſt e'en get him a Governor, and ſend him with a Penſion into the Country: Ay, it muſt be ſo For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll ſupply thee: and Pleaſure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Oh, Sir, the moſt fortunate Tidings!

BEAUGARD.

What's the Matter?

SERVANT.

Captain *Courtine!* your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is juſt arriv'd out of the Country, and deſires to ſee you, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Courtine! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence, and Honour.

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Dear *Beaugard!*

BEAUGARD.

Ah, Friend!——from the very tendereſt part of my Heart I was juſt now wiſhing for thee. Why thou look'ſt as like a marry'd Man already, with as grave a fatherly family Countenance, as ever I ſaw.

COURTINE.

Ay, *Beaugard*, I am marry'd, that's my Comfort: But you, I hear, have had worſe Luck of late; an old Uncle dropp'd into the Grave, and two thouſand Pound a Year into your Pocket, *Beaugard.*

BEAUGARD.

A ſmall Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happineſs hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of ſuch hearty, ſincere, honeſt Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

COUR.

COURTINE.

Sincere, honeſt Friends! have a Care there, *Beaugard*— I am ſince I ſaw thee, in a few Words, grown an errant Raſcal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have ſolemnly forſworn: No, I am marry'd, *Jack*, in the Devil's Name, I am marry'd.

BEAUGARD.

Marry'd! That is, thou call'ſt a Woman thou likeſt by the Name of Wife; Wife and t'other thing begins with a Letter. Thou lieſt with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepeſt the Children thou begetteſt of her Body; alloweſt her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune; and when ſhe grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a Pox, 'tis but a ſeparate Maintenance, kiſs and part, and there is an End of the Buſineſs.

COURTINE.

Alas, *Beaugard*, thou art utterly miſtaken: Heaven knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forc'd to call a Woman I do not like, by the Name of Wife; and lie with her, for the moſt part, with no Appetite at all; muſt keep the Children that for aught I know, any Body elſe may beget of her Body; and for Food and Rayment, by her good Will ſhe would have them both Freſh three times a Day: Then for kiſs and part, I may kiſs and kiſs my Heart out, but the Devil a bit ſhall I ever get rid of her.

BEAUGARD.

Alas, poor Huſband! but art thou really in this miſerable Condition?

COURTINE.

Ten times worſe than poſſible; by the Virtue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown ſo really one Fleſh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladyſhip is ſo jealous, that ſhe does me the Honour to make me Stallion-general to the whole Pariſh, from the Parſon's Impotance, in Paragon, to the Cobler's ſcolding Wife that drinks Brandy and ſmoaks loathſome Tobacco. In ſhort, *Jack*,

ſhe has ſo order'd the Buſ'neſs, that I am half weary of the World, wiſh all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd theſe ſix Months.

BEAUGARD.

Ha, ha, ha!

COURTINE.

Why, thou canſt laugh, I ſee, though.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, *Ned*, I have two thouſand Pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well tenanted; have no Wife, nor never will have any, *Ned*; reſolve to make my Days of Mortality all joyful, and Nights pleaſurable, with ſome dear, loveſome young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night ſhall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, inſipid, troubleſome, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*.

COURTINE.

But where lies this Treaſure? Where is there ſuch a Jewel to be found?

BEAUGARD.

Ah, Rogue! Do you deſpiſe your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconſcionable Hob-nail, thou Country Coulſtaff, thou abſolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldſt thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and griſly Countenance, to make thy Appearance before the Footſtool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For Shame get off that *Smithfield* Horſe-courſer's Equipage; appear once more like *Courtine*, the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back, and then I'll [illegible] give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away thoſe foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to reliſh the Sins of thy Youth again. Bleſs us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the blazing Star.

COURTINE.

Beard, *Beaugard!* Why, I wear it on purpoſe, Man; I have

I have wiſh'd it a Furze-buſh a thouſand times, when I have been kiſſing my———

BEAUGARD.

Whom?

COURTINE.

Wife.——Let me never live to bury her, if the Word Wife does not ſtick in my Throat.

BEAUGARD.

Then this Peruke! Why, it makes thee ſhew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barber's Window.

COURTINE.

No, more, no more; all ſhall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honeſtly, as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, e're I reſolv'd abſolutely to hang myſelf, I thought there might be ſome Remedy left; and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendſhip: So that in ſhort, I am very fairly run away; pretended a ſhort Journey to viſit a Friend, but came to *London*; and if it be poſſible, will not ſee Country, Wife, nor Children again theſe ſeven Years. Therefore, pr'ythee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are ſtirring in this noble Metropolis, that I may know my Buſineſs the better, and fall to it as faſt as I can.

BEAUGARD.

Why, faith, *Ned*, conſidering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and ſome other Obſtructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in general has not loſt much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocriſy ſtill in the City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and Falſe-promiſing at Court; Aſſignations at *Covent-Garden* Church; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diſeaſes, all over the Town.

COURTINE.

But what Choice Spirits, what extraordinary Raſcals may a Man oblige his Curioſity withal?

BEAUGARD.

I'll tell thee. In the firſt Place, we are over-run with a

Race

Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning, Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Perukes, and Cravat-strings, *French* Conquests, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fourbet*'s Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the World think they did.

COURTINE.

And are all these Wits?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits.

COURTINE.

I never knew one of these Wits in my Life, that did not deserve to be pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*. One of them told me one Day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and what is worst of all, make Jests; the dull Rogues will jest, though they do it as awkwardly as a Tarpawling would ride the great Horse. I hate a pert, dull, jesting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharged from the Discretion of a Governor and come to keep his own Money, get into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a fine Person, that he may think all them so.

COURTINE.

Oh, your Asses know one another's Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbled again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

By this good Light, thou haſt prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the moſt inimitable Varlet, and the moſt inſufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enough to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In ſhort a Cheat, that would have you of Opinion that he believes neither Heaven nor Hell, and yet never feels ſo much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

COURTINE.

That muſt be a very noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

BEAUGARD.

The Villain has leſs Sincerity than a Bawd, leſs Courage than a Hector, leſs good-nature than a Hangman, and leſs Charity than a Fanatick; talks of Religion and Church-Worſhip as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and ſwears the King deſerves to be Chain'd out of the City, for ſuffering zealous fools to build *Paul's* again, when it would make ſo proper a Place for a Citadel.

COURTINE.

A very worthy Member of a Chriſtian Common-Wealth, that is the truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

I am intimately acquainted with him.

COURTINE.

I honour you for it with all my Heart, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

After all, the Rogue has ſome other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

COURTINE.

Very probable.

BEAUGARD.

He makes a very good — odd Man at *Ballum rancum*, or ſo; that is, when the reſt of the Company is coupled will take Care to ſee there's good Attendance paid; and when

when we have a Mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdneſs ſo ſcandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

COURTINE.

A very neceſſary Inſtrument of Damnation, truly.

BEAUGARD.

Beſides, to give the Devil his Due, he is ſeldom Impertinent; but, barring his darling Topic, Blaſphemy, a Companion pleaſant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of five hundred Pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wiſh for.

COURTINE.

And that is no ſmall Temptation, I aſſure you.

Enter BOY *with a Letter.*

BOY.

Sir!

BEAUGARD.

My Child!

COURTINE.

A Pimp, for a Guinea, he ſpeaks ſo gently to him.

BEAUGARD.

Tell her ſhe has undone me, ſhe has choſen the only Way to enſlave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happineſs, my preſent Fortune, are only what ſhe'll make 'em.

BOY.

At Seven, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Moſt infallibly.

COURTINE.

Ay, ay, 'tis ſo: Now what a damn'd Country-itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard! Beaugard*, are all things in a readineſs? the Huſband out of the Way, the Family diſpos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free hearted and friendly.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to ſay: you are married.

COURTINE.

Let a Man do a fooliſh thing once in his Life-time, and he ſhall always hear of it———Married, quoth 'a; Pry'thee be patient: I was married about a Twelve month ago, but that's paſt and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

BEAUGARD.

Not a Tittle. I have Conſcience, *Ned*, Conſcience; tho' I muſt confeſs 'tis not altogether ſo Gentleman-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my ſober Demeanor and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouſe roaring againſt me, for Debauching her Natural Huſband!

COURTINE.

It has been otherwiſe, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in poſſeſſion of thy Natural Freedom, and mighteſt be truſted with a Secret of this dear Nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and ſhew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But woe and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honeſt Fellow's Scutcheon!

COURTINE.

No more to be ſaid; I'll into the Country again, like, any diſcontented Statesman; get drunk every Night with an adjacent Schoolmaſter; beat my Wife to a down-right Houſekeeper; get all my Maid Servants every Year with Baſtards, till I command a Seraglio five Miles round my own Palace, and be beholding to no Man of two thouſand Pounds a Year for a Whore, when I want one.

BEAUGARD.

Good Words, *Ned*, good Words, let me adviſe you; none

none of your Marriage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but firſt let us capitulate: Will you promiſe me upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

COURTINE.

As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

BEAUGARD.

Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was ſtrolling very penſively laſt *Sunday* to Church, watched her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

COURTINE.

Is ſhe very handſome, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

Theſe Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got looſe from Kennel, is after Cruſts. Very handſome, ſaid you? Let me ſee: No, not very handſome neither; but ſhe'll paſs, *Ned*, ſhe'll paſs.

COURTINE.

Young?

BEAUGARD.

About Eighteen.

COURTINE.

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Bluſh always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to ſeize and run away with her.

COURTINE.

Oh the Devil, the Devil! this is intolerable.

BEAUGARD.

Her Eyes black, ſparkling, ſprightful, hot and piercing.

COURTINE.

The very Deſcription of her ſhoots me through my Liver.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

COURTINE.

So.

BEAUGARD.

Her Forehead large, majeſtic, and generous.

COURTINE.

Very well.

BEAUGARD.

Her Noſe neat, and well-faſhion'd.

COURTINE.

Good.

BEAUGARD.

With a delicious, little, pretty, ſmiling Mouth.

COURTINE.

Oh!

BEAUGARD.

Plump, red, blub Lips.

COURTINE.

Ah h———

BEAUGARD.

Teeth whiter than ſo many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck, and tempting, riſing, ſwelling Breaſts.

COURTINE.

Ah h h h h———

BEAUGARD.

Then ſuch a Proportion, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Waſte——

COURTINE.

Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'ſt me.

BEAUGARD.

But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go ſomething lower, if ſhe loves me.

COURTINE.

But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, ſhe is all this thou haſt told me? So fair, ſo tempting, ſo lovely, ſo bewitching?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

No; for, you muſt know, I never ſaw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleaſure ſo well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be poſſible.

COURTINE.

Where lives ſhe?

BEAUGARD.

That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and ſquarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain civil Perſon's Shop in the upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where ſhe promiſes to be very good-natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

COURTINE.

I'll e'en go home, like a miſerable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and ſleep.

BEAUGARD.

No, *Ned:* Thou knoweſt my good Chances have always been lucky to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has ſeiz'd upon my Perſon, may have a ſtraggling Companion, or ſo, not unworthy my Friend.

COURTINE.

'Tis impoſſible.

BEAUGARD.

Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Buſineſs, tho' I never ſaw her Face, or know who ſhe is, yet thus far I am ſatisfi'd, ſhe is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleaſant Converſation, with a generous Diſpoſition, and what is better than all, if I am not extremely miſinform'd, of noble Quality, and damnable Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under Sinners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

COURTINE.

Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you ſay this Evening?

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Preciſely.

COURTINE.

And ſhall I go along with thee, for a ſmall Venture in this Love-Voyage?

BEAUGARD.

With all my Heart.

COURTINE.

But how ſhall we diſpoſe of the burdenſome Time, 'till the happy Minute ſmiles upon us?

BEAUGARD.

With Love's beſt Friend, and our honeſt old Acquaintance, edifying *Champaign*, *Ned*; and for good Company, tho' it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the beſt I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts, with generous Glaſſes, and free-hearted Converſe, 'till we forget the World, and think of nothing but immortal Beauties, and eternal Loving.

COURTINE.

Then here I ſtrike the League with thee: And now Methinks we're both upon the Wing together,
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleaſure:
Where Men were never yet enſlav'd by Wiving,
But all their Cares are handſomly contriving
T'improve the noble Arts of perfect Living. [*Ex.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter COURTINE *and* BEAUGARD.

COURTINE.

BUT was that thy Father?

BEAUGARD.

Yes, that civil, ſober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father: And, to tell thee the Truth, as wicked and as poor as ever his Son was. I ſent him a Cordial of

a hundred Guineas this Morning, which he will be ſure to loſe before to-morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himſelf.

COURTINE.

Methought, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and ſwore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully.

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent Theme, and next to Atheiſm, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

COURTINE.

But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard.*

BEAUGARD.

'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Miſtreſs of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks; and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o'er my Adventure.

COURTINE.

Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look ſtately; and then the ruſſling of ſilk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one ſide to th'other, puts every Senſe upon its proper Office, and ſets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

BEAUGARD.

Would the Lady of my Motion would make haſte, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move ſo faſt elſe, that the Weight will be down before ſhe comes.

Mrs. FURNISH.

Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Eſſences. Captain *Beaugard*, ſhall I ſell you nothing to-day?

BEAUGARD.

Truly, Miſtreſs *Furniſh*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Mrs.

Mrs. FURNISH.

What, ſhe that ſpoil'd your Devotion o'*Sunday* laſt, Captain?

BEAUGARD.

Doſt thou know her, my little *Furniſh*.

Mrs. FURNISH.

There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me ſee her at my poor Shop ſometimes.

Enter PORCIA *maſk'd, and ſtands behind* BEAUGARD.

BEAUGARD.

And is ſhe very lovely?

Mrs. FURNISH.

What think you, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

Faith, charitably enough.

Mrs. FURNISH.

I'll ſwear ſhe is oblig'd to you.

BEAUGARD.

And I would very fain be obliged to her too, if 'twere poſſible. Will ſhe be here to-night?

PORCIA.

Yes, marry will ſhe, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Are you there indeed, my little Picaroon? What, attack a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

PORCIA.

Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to expreſs yourſelf now? I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to ſay to me upon this Occaſion; as plying your Chaſe-guns, laying yourſelf athwart my Hawſer, boarding me upon the Forecaſtle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying off the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

COURTINE.

Poor, Madam! he has two Thouſand a Year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

PORCIA.

Sir, Is this fine, ſober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he underſtands your Affairs ſo well already?

BEAUGARD.

The Truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behaves himſelf handſome, come to Preferment.

COURTINE.

This I have got by my Beard already. If ſhe ſhould but know me now.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Taſk I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happineſs of ſeeing that handſome, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting, or frightful Face which you conceal ſo maliciouſly? For hang me, as I have deſerved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary Proceeding of yours.

PORCIA.

In the firſt Place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave yourſelf as you ſhould do ſhall never put you out of Countenance.

BEAUGARD.

In troth, and that's ſaid kindly.

PORCIA.

For I am young, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

PORCIA.

And if the World ſpeaks truth not very ugly.

BEAUGARD.

So much the better ſtill.

PORCIA.

Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Ha!

PORCIA.

But love my Pleaſures, and will hold my Liberty.

BEAUGARD.

Noble.

PORCIA.

I am rich too.

BEAUGARD.

Better and better.

PORCIA.

But what's worſt of all———

BEAUGARD.

Out with it.

PORCIA.

I doubt I am fillily in Love.

COURTINE.

With whom, dear Miracle?

PORCIA.

Not with a marry'd Man, ſweet Monſieur *Courtine*.

COURTINE.

Confound her, but ſhe knows me———Why, good Madam———

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles and keep your Diſtance.

PORCIA.

Have you then made your Eſcape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your enchanted Caſtle in the Country, to run a wand'ring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about *London*, beware!

COURTINE.

Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam.—In the Devil's Name, what will become of me.

PORCIA.

For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his ſide, Enterpriſes in his Head, and Horror in his Face.

COURTINE.

Oh Lord!

BEAUGARD.

Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

PORCIA.

I have heard of ſuch a Hero, that was very famous about two Years ſince for ſelling himſelf to a Plantation in the Country, for five thouſand Pounds: Was not that the Price, Sir?

COURTINE.

Your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

PORCIA.

So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on ſuch reaſonable Terms ſurely. Bleſs us! Had you but look'd about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promiſing Perſon of your's! that—

COURTINE.

Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

PORCIA.

That Face, which now, o'er-grown with rueful Beard, looks as you had ſtole it from the Retinue of a *Ruſſian* Embaſſy! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are marry'd ſmell of Train-Oil and Garlick.

BEAUGARD.

And yet twenty to one, that is a ſtinking Condition you'll have a Deſign to ſeduce ſome poor doating Monſter or another into, one Day.

PORCIA.

Never by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

BEAUGARD.

How that dear Proteſtation has charm'd me!

COURTINE.

O' my Conſcience I myſelf could be half reconcil'd to her again too.

PORCIA.

In ſhort, to give you one infallible Argument that I never

never will marry, I have been marry'd already, that is ſold: For, being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the only Heireſs of an immenſe Fortune, it was my ill Luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to ſpeak properly, were Raſcals; for in a ſhort time they conſpir'd amongſt themſelves, and for baſe Bribes, betray'd, ſold, and marry'd me to a——Huſband, that's all.

BEAUGARD.

In troth, and that's enough in Conſcience; But where is this Huſband?

PORCIA.

Heav'n be thank'd, dead and bury'd, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Amen, with all my Heart.

COURTINE.

A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright bawdy Widow.

PORCIA.

What would your Cream pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

COURTINE.

Not more than I would, that thy Huſband were alive again to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

BEAUGARD.

And what's to be done, thou dear one?

PORCIA.

Look upon me as a Lady in Diſtreſs, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier conſider on ſome way for my Deliverance.

BEAUGARD.

From what? Where is the Danger?

PORCIA.

Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

BEAUGARD.

Hah!

PORCIA.

The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical and covetous.

BEAUGARD.

Hell confound him for it.

PORCIA.

My Fortune lying moſt in his Hands, oblig'd me upon my Widowhood to give up myſelf again there too, where he has ſecur'd and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-look'd Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and ſtand Centinel up and down the Houſe with Muſketoons and Blunderbuſſes.

COURTINE.

So, here's like to be ſome Miſchief going forward, that one's Comfort.

PORCIA.

Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I ſeem to be threatned with: Now gueſs what Pity it is that ever either of thoſe Miſchiefs ſhould fall upon me.

BEAUGARD.

By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be gibbetted firſt.

PORCIA.

No need of that, Captain, neither; for, to ſhew you I deſerve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Goal, run away, and make my Eſcape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

BEAUGARD.

And in token I believe thee, I'll kiſs it moſt religiouſly.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one Word with you: Have you never a marry'd Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too?

PORCIA.

Why do you aſk?

COURTINE.

Becauſe I would cut her Huſband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper Uſe.

PORCIA.

I'll aſk your own Lady, Sir, that Queſtion, next time I ſee her, if you pleaſe.

COURTINE.

Why, doſt thou know her then?

PORCIA.

Yes.

COURTINE.

Then I may chance ſhortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evening's Work of this, Heavens be prais'd.

Enter two Men diſguis'd.

1 *Man.*

Run away leudly! Damnation!

2 *Man.*

Look!

1 *Man.*

By Heav'n it muſt be ſhe.

2 *Man.*

The Men are well arm'd.

1 *Man.*

No matter; we muſt carry her, or all's loſt elſe.

2 *Man.*

I'll not ſhrink from you.

1 *Man.*

That's well ſaid—Sir, if you pleaſe a Word with you.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Sir?

1 *Man.*

Yes,

BEAUGARD.

Courtine, be civil a little.

1 *Man.*

Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it herself as she ought to have been.

BEAUGARD.

I am sorry for't, Sir.

1 *Man.*

You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantageous Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage yourself in any thing that may give me Occasion to be your Enemy.

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the Loss of yours.

1 *Man.*

That Lady, Sir, you talk'd withal's—

BEAUGARD.

My Mistress, Sir.

1 *Man.*

Mistress!

BEAUGARD.

Yes, Mistress, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; she is under my Protection too, and whenever there's Occasion, as far as this sinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 *Man.*

Do you know her?

BEAUGARD.

Not so well as I would do, Sir.

MAN,

1 *Man.*

What's her Name?

BEAUGARD.

A Secret.

1 *MAN.*

She muſt along with me, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

No, that muſt not be, Sir.

2 *MAN.*

This Lady, Sir———

COURTINE.

You lie, Sirrah—Hah!—*Beaugard!*

Draw and fight. Porcia *runs away ſqueaking.* Courtine *diſarms his Adverſary, and comes up to* Beaugard.

BEAUGARD.

Stand faſt, *Ned.*

COURTINE.

Hold thy dead-doing Hand, thou Son of Slaughter.

1 *MAN.*

Sir, there may come a time———

BEAUGARD.

When you'll learn Manners.

1 *MAN.*

And teach 'em you too.

COURTINE.

We are well known.

1 *MAN.*

And ſhall not be forgotten. Come, Friend.

[*Exeunt two Men.*

BEAUGARD.

Confound 'em! this muſt be a Brother, a Kinſman, or a Rival, he ply'd me ſo warmly.

COURTINE.

'Tis a hard Caſe, that a Man cannot hold civil Correſpondence with a good-natur'd Female, but preſently ſome hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn mad with Jealouſy, and fancies his Blood ſmarts as often as the Woman's ſmiles.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

This heroic Perſon's Siſter, Kinſwoman, his Miſtreſs, or whate'er ſhe be, is like to get much Reputation by his hectoring and quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour by being beaten for her.

COURTINE.

Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-ſliding Wife or Siſter, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtleſs. As for Example; I am a Cuckold now.

BEAUGARD.

All in good Time, *Ned*; do not be too haſty.

COURTINE.

And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of Reſpect I make my Addreſs——as thus——*Moſt Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.*

BEAUGARD.

Very well.

COURTINE.

All I beg of you is, that you would do your beſt Endeavour to run me through the Guts to-morrow Morning, and it will be the greateſt Satisfaction in the World.

BEAUGARD.

Which the good-natur'd Whore-maſter does very recently: ſo down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-Elms*, and riſes again the next Day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned?*

COURTINE.

Faith ſhe has e'en done very wiſely, I think; as ſoon as ſhe had ſet us together by the Ears, ſhe very fairly ran for't.

BEAUGARD.

A very noble Account of our firſt Evening's Enterprize. But Pox on't, take Courage; and ſince we have loſt this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and ſee what other Game we can meet with. *Enter*

Enter LUCRECE *maſk'd.*

LUCRECE.

Sir, Sir! Captain!

COURTINE.

With you again, *Beaugard.* Agare ho!

BEAUGARD.

With me, my Miſtreſs?

LUCRECE.

Yes, with you, my Maſter,

COURTINE.

I wonder when, o' the Devil's Name, it will come to my turn.

LUCRECE.

Being a particular Friend of your's, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very ſcandalouſly of you, Captain.

BEAUGARD.

Look thee, Sweet-heart, the World's an Aſs, and common Fame a common Strumpet: ſo long as ſuch pretty good natur'd Creatures as thou ſeemeſt to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

LUCRECE.

I muſt let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not ſo cloſely managed, but that they will ſhortly grow the Subject of all the Satire and Contempt in Town: Your holding Converſation with a draggle-tail'd Maſk, in the Church-Cloyſters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; ſuffering yourſelf to be impoſed upon, and jilted by her; and at laſt running the hazard of a damnable Beating by a couple of plauſible Hectors, that made you believe your Miſtreſs had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

BEAUGARD.

Really, my little Wolf in a Sheep's Fleece, this ſounds like very good Doctrine; but what Uſe muſt I make of it, Child?

LU-

LUCRECE.

Methinks, Captain, that ſhould not be ſo hard to find out; my ſetting upon you in a Mask myſelf, and railing at the laſt Woman that did ſo before me, might eaſily inform you, I have a certain Deſign of trying whoſe Heart's hardeſt, yours or mine.

COURTINE.

Then, my little Miſchief, you ſhould not enter the Liſts upon unequal Terms, with that black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black-Knight in a Romance.

LUCRECE.

Good Captain, what's that ſober Gentleman's Name? For certainly I have ſeen him before now.

BEAUGARD.

His Name in the Fleſh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*; a very honeſt Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpoſe of all Conſcience.

LUCRECE.

Courtine! Bleſs us for ever! What, the Man that's marry'd!

COURTINE.

The Man that's marry'd! yes, the Man that's marry'd. 'Sdeath, though, I be weary on't, I am not aſham'd of my Condition. Why the Devil didſt thou tell her my Name? I ſhall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's married! Zounds, I am as ſcandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

LUCRECE.

But you'll ne'er be thought ſo handſome. To make few Words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer Play than ſuch an inconſtant, fickle, falſe-hearted Wanderer as you deſerves.

BEAUGARD.

Then why doſt thou conceal thyſelf? Thoſe whoſe Deſigns are fair and noble, ſcorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'ſt to make uſe of me only to create to [illegible] Jealouſy

in

in another Woman, I am no Inſtrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am conſtant, I—but if thou lov'ſt me—

LUCRECE.

Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

BEAUGARD.

None, by this ſweet Body of thine.

LUCRECE.

Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you theſe ſix Months; being, to my eternal Torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: Nay, ſince I have confeſt my Weakneſs, know from this Hour I'll defeat all her Ambuſhes, all the falſe Baits ſhe lays to enſnare your Heart, 'till I obtain the Victory of it myſelf, much more my Due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her Years, Captain, therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the beſt uſe of this preſent Advice; and ſo farewel, 'till you hear from me further. [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

Now may I do by my Miſtreſſes as the Boys do by their Farthings, huſtle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em—Hah! Let me never ſee Day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Raſcal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheiſt; now will I ſhew thee as notable a Spirit as ever paſt upon the ignorant World for a fine Perſon, and a Philoſopher.

Enter DAREDEVIL.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where haſt thou been, old Blaſphemy, theſe forty Hours? I ſhall never be converted from Chriſtianity, if thou doſt not mind thy bus'neſs better.

DAREDEVIL.

Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half loſt my honeſt Senſes, Man: Would any Body that knows me, believe it? Let me be bury'd alive, if the Rogues of the Pariſh I live in have not addicted me for a Papiſt.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

The Devil? a Papiſt!

DAREDEVIL.

Pox on 'em, a Papiſt; when the impudent Villains know as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

COURTINE.

No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

DAREDEVIL.

Is he an honeſt Fellow, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

Oh, a very honeſt Fellow; thou may'ſt truſt him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Anſwer him, anſwer him.

DAREDEVIL.

I never go to Church, Sir.

COURTINE.

But what Religion are you of?

DAREDEVIL.

Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, truſt in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if ſuch a Religious Gentleman as you are get fifty Pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray till my Heart akes; but the Law muſt make you pay me at laſt.

COURTINE.

'Tis certainly the Fear of Hell, and Hopes of Happineſs that makes People live in Honeſty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

DAREDEVIL.

Fear of Hell! Hark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine, as I apprehend is but a ſort of a ſhallow Monſter. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not ſteal or do murder, every time his Fingers itch'd at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, ſwear almoſt as often as you ſpeak; break and profane the Sabbath? Lie with your Neighbours Wives? And covet their Eſtates, if they

be

be better than your own? Yet thoſe things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I ſhould not have had four King's Evidences to-day, ſwear impudently I was a Papiſt, when I was never at Maſs yet ſince I was born, nor indeed at any other Worſhip theſe twenty Years.

COURTINE.

Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

DAREDEVIL.

May be I am, Sir: may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better ſatisfy'd.

COURTINE.

Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

DAREDEVIL.

I never ſaw him, Sir.

COURTINE.

Have you a mind to ſee him?

DAREDEVIL.

I'd go fifty Miles barefoot, to ſee but a Field that belong'd to his Family.

BEAUGARD.

That's a damn'd Lye, to my Knowledge: For I ſaw the Rogue ſo ſcar'd, that his Hair ſtood upright, but at the ſight of a poor black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the Dark once.

COURTINE.

What think you of your Conſcience?

DAREDEVIL.

I do not think of it at all Sir; it never troubles me.

COURTINE.

Did you ever do a Murder?

DAREDEVIL.

I won't tell you.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Thou art the honeſter Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep ſuch a Secret, at my Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

Do you?

COURTINE.

Ay.

BEAUGARD.

So that's well ſaid? now we'll to work with him preſently. Doſt thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honeſt Friend of mine is ſomething troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy ghoſtly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

DAREDEVIL.

Well, and what is't? I ſhall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

BEAUGARD.

In few Words, he's marry'd, plagued, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

DAREDEVIL.

A Wife! that ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, ſhould give himſelf the trouble to compliment a Wife, ſo long as there is Arſenick in the World!

BEAUGARD.

Nay, it is a mere Shame, a ſcandalous Shame, when it is ſo cheap too.

COURTINE.

Would you have me poiſon her?

DAREDEVIL.

Poiſon her! ay, what would you do with her elſe, if you are weary of her?

COURTINE.

But if I ſhould be called to a terrible Account for ſuch a thing hereafter?

DAREDEVIL.

Hereafter!——Croſs my Hand with a Piece of Silver,

ver, that is to ſay,——give me three Pence——three Pence, my deareſt———

COURTINE.

Well, and what then?

DAREDEVIL.

Why, for that inconſiderable Sum I'll be Security for thee, and bear thee harmleſs for hereafter; that's all.

BEAUGARD.

Faith, and cheap enough of all Conſcience.

COURTINE.

This is the honeſteſt Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard.*

BEAUGARD.

Oh, a very honeſt Fellow, very honeſt.

COURTINE.

Pr'ythee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, ſince we have ſo happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

DAREDEVIL.

Faith and troth, with all my Heart; Pox on me, Boy, but I love drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never ſo well ſatisfied in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenneſs is a great Quieter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

BEAUGARD.

And ſhall we be very free, my little Atheiſtical diſbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and ſpeak very frankly of Matters that ſhall be nameleſs?

DAREDEVIL.

Much may be done; I ſeldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way,

BEAUGARD.

To tell thee a Secret then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for ſome weighty Conſiderations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke*'s Theatre, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Muſick

too

too; and the Ladies 'tis hop'd, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now, my dear Iniquity, ſhall we not think'ſt thou, if we give our Minds to it, paſs an Evening pleaſantly enough?

DAREDEVIL.

Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are moſt of 'em my Diſciples in their Hearts, and now and then ſtand up for the Truth manfully.

BEAUGARD.

Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have reſolved to ſtorm a certain enchanted Caſtle, where I apprehend a fair Lady, newly enter'd into League with an honeſt Friend of thine, call'd myſelf, is kept a Priſ'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, ſnarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil?*

DAREDEVIL.

Dam'me, we'll burn the Houſe.

COURTINE.

Dare-devil Sir? Do you know what you ſay? You believe no ſuch thing.

DAREDEVIL.

Words of courſe, Child, mere Words of courſe: We uſe an hundred of 'em in Converſation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and ſignify nothing; as *Dam'me, Sir; Rot me, Sir; Confound me, Sir;* which purport no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir;* or *Then, Sir,* at the worſt: For my part, I always ſpeak what I think; no man can help thinking what he does think: So if I ſpeak not well, the Fault's not mine.

BEAUGARD.

Diſtinguiſh'd like a Learned School-Divine.

COURTINE.

When meet we at the Play-Houſe then?

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

Before the Clock ſtrike Nine.

BEAUGARD.

Where we'll have Muſick, Women, Mirth.

DAREDEVIL.

And very much good Wine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Enter BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* DAREDEVIL.

BEAUGARD.

IS not this living now? Who that knew the Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroul'd Delights the Freeman taſtes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own Pleaſures, juſt as Nature meant him firſt;
Courted each Minute by all his Appetites,
Which he indulges like a bounteous Maſter,
That's ſtill ſupply'd with various full Enjoyments,
And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

DAREDEVIL.

Very well this; this is all but very well.

COURTINE.

Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Courſe
Of a long rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of its like a Lawn
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Meaſure long,
Beauteous its Proſpect, and at the End
A ſhady peaceful Glade, where, when the pleaſant Race is over,
We glide away, and are at reſt for ever.

BEAUGARD.

Who, that knew this, would let himſelf be a Slave
To the vile Cuſtoms the World's debauch'd in?
Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Reſt; to riſe and yawn

yawn in a Shop in *Cornhill?* Or, what's as bad, make a ſneaking Figure in a great Man's Chamber, at his riſing in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raiſe an Eſtate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that ſhall waſte it as ſcandalouſly as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget ſuch a Blockhead?

COURTINE.

No body, but ſuch a Blockhead as myſelf, *Beaugard*, that's certain; but I will, if poſſible, atone for that Sin of mine in the future Courſe of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou would wiſh thy Friend to be.

DAREDEVIL.

Theſe are Rogues that pretend to be of a Religion now! well, all that I ſay, is, Honeſt Atheiſm for my Money.

BEAUGARD.

No, grant me while I live the eaſy Being I am at preſent poſſeſt of; a kind, fair She, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honeſt Friend or two like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare truſt my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Diſhonour, and when I have more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What ſay'ſt thou to this *Daredevil?* Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a younger Sinner can conveniently.

DAREDEVIL.

Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

COURTINE.

But why did we part with the Women ſo ſoon?

BEAUGARD.

Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and muſt ſtand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o'*Sunday*, will advance no neceſſary Sums upon my Revenues elſe, when there may be an Occaſion: Beſides I have a Father in Town, a grave ſober, ſerious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

DAREDEVIL.

One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his worſhipful Son here.

BEAUGARD.

Enter FATHER.

FATHER.

Very well, very noble, truly Son! This is the Care you are pleaſed to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, drink, Whore, ſpend your Eſtate, and give your Soul to the Devil! a very fine——*Hickup*——This *Aquamirabilis* and the old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

BEAUGARD.

Daredevil, ſtick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am loſt for ever.——Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

FATHER.

Injury! No Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your ſwill in Plenty and Voluptuouſneſs——*Hickup*——while your poor Father, Sirrah, muſt be contented to drink Poultry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues and thankful, You muſt have your fine, jolly, young Fellows and bonny, buxom, brawny-bumm'd Whores, you to revel with, and be hang'd to you, muſt you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I have loſt all my Money.

BEAUGARD.

I am ſorry for it, Sir.

FATHER.

Sorry for it, Sir!—*Hickup*—Is that all?

DAREDEVIL.

If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a ſwinging Doſe of *Opium* and ſleep upon't; 'tis the beſt thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? Wilt thou ſit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

FA-

FATHER.

Heh! crack a Bottle!

DAREDEVIL.

Ay, crack a Bottle: What say'ſt thou to that comfortable Propoſition.

COURTINE.

Come Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

FATHER.

A very honeſt Fellow, *Jack:* Theſe are very honeſt Fellows. What is your Name, Friend?

DAREDEVIL.

My Name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Pariſh, Chaplain in their Houſe, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, ſince the Conqueſt.

FATHER.

Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made Choice of ſuch a Noble Acquaintance.—Sir, my Service to you.—I proteſt, a Cup of pretty Claret, very pretty Claret.

COURTINE.

And he has top'd it off as prettily, I'll ſay that for him.

FATHER.

Jack, I have loſt all my Money, *Jack*.

BEAUGARD.

Have you been robb'd, Sir?

FATHER.

Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I have not been robb'd, Sir, but I have been nick'd, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Perſon, and I'll make you my Judge.

DAREDEVIL.

Come along then.

FATHER.

The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had juſt thirty Pounds upon it, and my laſt Stake: The Caſe

Caſter threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; threw again, to as little Purpoſe as before.

DAREDEVIL.

Very ſtrange, truly,

FATHER.

I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at leaſt half an Hour; till at laſt—Do you mark me?—the Dice pow'd out of the Box—

DAREDEVIL.

That's plain.

FATHER.

One on 'em trips againſt the Foot of a Candleſtick, and up comes two Duces, two Duces, Sir, do you hear? And ſo I loſt my Money. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I loſt upon two Duces: And that was ſo hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, fifty Pounds to ten, that he does not throw two Duces before Seven again.

DAREDEVIL.

Two Duces before Seven! Two Duces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

BEAUGARD.

I am glad to hear you are ſo rich, Sir.

FATHER.

Rich, quoth 'a! Pr'ythee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, ſit up all Night in the Fulneſs of Iniquity, with worthy Eſquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilſt I muſt be kept, without a Shilling in my Pocket———But, Sir,———

BEAUGARD.

Sir, I ſent you an hundred Pounds Yeſterday Morning.

FATHER.

Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and loſt it all: What then?

BEAUGARD.

Sir, to avoid Diſpute, ſhall I make one Propoſition to you?

FATHER.

Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jacky*-boy, I not againſt thy taking thy moderate Diverſions, ſo lo as I ſee thou keepeſt good Company, neither. But—— ſneak what Ready-money thou haſt into my Hand, and ſend me the reſt of t'other Hundred to my Lodging.

BEAUGARD.

Do you think it reaſonable, that as often as two Duce are thrown before Seven, I muſt advance an hundred Pounds to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

FATHER.

Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

DAREDEVIL.

No, Sir.

FATHER.

No, Sir?

DAREDEVIL.

No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Diſcretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

FATHER.

Oh Lord! hark you, Sir, what's that Fellow's Profeſſion?

COURTINE.

Oh, an Atheiſt, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

FATHER.

'Sbud, I'll bruſtle up to him. Are you an Atheiſt, Fellow? hoh?

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, Sir, I am an Atheiſt.

FATHER.

And what think you will become of you when you die, hoh?

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

I shall be buried six Feet under Ground to prevent Stinking, and there grow rotten.

FATHER.

Oh Lord!

DAREDEVIL.

If I chance to be hang'd being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of Barber-Chirurgeons, may be, beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't take much Care of myself while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

FATHER.

No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue, You keep Company with the Devil's Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Money! Fogh, Poltroon!

BEAUGARD.

This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten Guineas will do you any Service———

FATHER.

Ten Guineas? Let me see; ten Guineas are a pretty little piddling Sum, that's the truth on't; but what will it do, *Jacky* boy? Serve, may be to play at Ticktack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so; but when will that recover my Hundred again? Ten Guineas! Pox o'thy Ten Guineas.———Well, let me see the Ten Guineas though,—let me see them a little—*Jacky*-boy, *Jacky*, *Jack*—You have drunk damnable hard to Night, you Rogue! you are a drunken Dog, I believe———Han't you had a Whore too, *Jacky*?——— e e e——— You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then—But if thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine—Ten Guineas; *Jacky!*

BEAUGARD.

There they are, Sir, and long may they last you.

FATHER.

Make 'em twenty, *Jacky*-rogue;——you Plu cheek'd, merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em twenty—m em fifteen then—*Jacky*-boy, *Jacky*, *Jack*, Do faith

BEAUGARD.

Upon my Duty, you have ſtripp'd me, Sir.

FATHER.

Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheiſt, that are ſo free of your Soul; let us ſee if you dare venture a little of your Money now—Come [*Draws out a Box and Dice*] Seven's the Main: I'll hold you ten Pounds to two, two Duces does not come before Seven.

BEAUGARD.

At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we ſhall be rid of him.

DAREDEVIL.

Done, Sir, done; down with your Money.

FATHER.

Here, you blaſphemous Dog.—Doſt thou love Hazard?

DAREDEVIL.

Dearly, from the Bottom of my Heart, Sir.

FATHER.

I love thee the better for't: Come along——Seven——

DAREDEVIL.

Right.

FATHER.

Seven. [*Throws two Duces.*

DAREDEVIL.

Two Duces!——You have loſt, Sir.

FATHER.

Damn me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

DAREDEVIL.

Damn me, Sir, 'tis my Money; I won it fairly.

BEAUGARD.

Now, *Courtine*, now—

COURTINE.

Now, look to't, Atheiſt!

FATHER.

Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat, I ſweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witneſs th'are my own.

DAREDEVIL.

Nay then I'll———

COURTINE.

Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no quarrelling.

DAREDEVIL.

I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

BEAUGARD.

Good Sir———

FATHER.

Stand off,——Dogs, Atheiſts win my Money!——Raſcal———Good-morrow. [*Exit.*

BEAUGARD.

Till next time two Duces come before Seven; and then I am ſure to ſee or hear from you again infallibly.

COURTINE.

How doſt thou intend to diſpoſe of this wild, extravagant old Father of thine, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

I hope to find him run ſo far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he ſhall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my Hopes of him.

COURTINE.

Which he'll ſell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old *London* again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

BEAUGARD.

No, like a wiſe Guardian, I'll take care of the con-

trary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too faſt for him. Why how now, *Daredevil?* What in the Dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has ſome Religion in him, *Daredevil.*

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

COURTINE.

Why?

DAREDEVIL.

Had he been my own, by theſe Hilts I would have ſaw'd his old Windpipe aſunder upon the Spot. Rob me of my Right!

COURTINE.

Does he love Fighting ſo well then? I thought moſt of your Atheiſts had not much car'd for that impertinent Exerciſe.

DAREDEVIL.

'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honeſt Fellows to fall out, ſquabble, and cut one another's Throats, to ſpoil good Company: But when my Honour's injured——

BEAUGARD.

Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a fooliſh trifling Sum of Money—

DAREDEVIL.

Traſh, Traſh, Dunghil, and Filthineſs! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occaſions. He that values Money deſerves never to have the Benefit of it.

BEAUGARD.

A very noble Fragment of Philoſophy. But *Courtine*, the Morning is new riſen again, and I have received Intelligence this Night by a certain Miniſter, I keep for ſuch Offices, where my poor diſtreſſed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkeſt there may be any Hopes for thee

thee upon the Coaſt I am bound for, let us embark together, and good Luck attend us.

COURTINE.

No, I have other Projects o'foot: Marriage has crack'd my Credit ſo, that no body that knows my Condition cares to dwell with me. Therefore I am reſolv'd to ſet out for new Diſcoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name is a Stranger.

BEAUGARD.

What, this Morning!

COURTINE.

This very Morning: Fortified with *Bourdeaux* as I am, will I iſſue forth; and let all ſtraggling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargoes.

BEAUGARD.

Nobly reſolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me: thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Diſciple, when there is good ſubſtantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; ſomething that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

DAREDEVIL.

With all my Heart, let us fire a Houſe or two, poiſon a Conſtable, and all his Watch, raviſh ſix Cinder-women and kill a Beadle.

BEAUGARD.

Shall we do all this?

DAREDEVIL.

Do't! I'll do't myſelf.

BEAUGARD.

Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

BEAUGARD.

With me, Friend?

FOOTMAN.

Sir, there is a mask'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly.

BEAUGARD.

Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtine*, Good-morrow.

COURTINE.

Gone already?

BEAUGARD.

Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all. *Alons, Daredevil.*

DAREDEVIL.

Friend, farewel to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how Matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

COURTINE.

You will find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.

DAREDEVIL.

Farewel.

COURTINE.

The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-man's Buff by myself, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

SCENE *changes to the Street. Enter* BEAUGARD *and* DAREDEVIL.

BEAUGARD.

This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

DAREDEVIL.

Then let us all fall to Mischief.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Pr'ythee, a little Patience, though it be a Virtue, dear Temptation.

Enter another FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, is your Name Captain *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

FOOTMAN.

Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

BEAUGARD.

Stay till I read it, Friend.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, it requires no Anſwer.

BEAUGARD.

What Jilt's Trick, now!—*Sir, —to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning behind the Corner Houſe of*—By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us laſt Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil*, thou canſt fight?

DAREDEVIL.

Why, is there any occaſion?

BEAUGARD.

Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all. See, there's a Breakfaſt for thee, if thou haſt any Stomach to't:

DAREDEVIL.

Idle Rogues, Raſcals, Hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, theſe are ſome hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter ſix Ruffians.

1. *RUFFIAN.*

Theſe are our Quarry; be ſure we ſeize them both. Is the Coach ready.

2 *RUFFIAN.*

At the next Corner.

1 *RUFFIAN.*

Fall on them. Sir, you are our Priſoner.

BEAUGARD.

Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves; Raſcals, you'll not murder me?

1 *RUFFIAN.*

Nay, Sir, no Noiſe, no ſtruggling, as you tender your Safety.

BEAUGARD.

Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and reſcue me.

DAREDEVIL.

I am terrify'd, amaz'd; ſome Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't ſlay me, Gentlemen.

BEAUGARD.

Damnation! Blinded! Raſcals! Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

DAREDEVIL.

Oh *Daredevil, Daredevil,* what will become of thee!

[*Exeunt,*

Enter THEODORET *and* GRACIAN.

THEODORET.

This Generoſity makes good thy Character,
That thou'rt the braveſt Man, and trueſt Friend:
How ſhall I deſerve this from thee?

GRATIAN.

I ſhould be unjuſt, both to myſelf, and the dear Memory of thy Noble Brother, whoſe Friendſhip was ſo dear to me, ſhould my true Sword be idle in thy Cauſe. Beſides, the Love which I profeſs to *Porcia,*
Tells me a Rival muſt not tamely carry her.

THEO-

THEODORET.

She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her ſoon-forgotten Husband,
But thy remember'd Friend, with his laſt Breath thus told me;
I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart
Has cheriſh'd moſt; we from our Youth were Rivals.
For my dear *Porcia*: Tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the deareſt Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her,
For ſhe'll deſerve it from him.—Would ſhe did. [*Aſide.*

GRATIAN.

Heav'n knows, it is my Curſe, ſpite of her Scorn, love her to Madneſs; nor ſhall this Man of War, this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he is not come yet.

THEODORET.

I have heard the Man is gallant; but in Honeſty, as thou art my Friend, I wiſh thou wouldſt hear good Counſel.

GRATIAN.

Thine muſt be Noble.

THEODORET.

I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

GRATIAN.

I wiſh 'twere poſſible.

THEODORET.

Their Sex is one groſs Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each Day, and grow more exquiſite.
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber Arts,
And public Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

GRATIAN.

Would this could cure mine.

THEODORET.

When we're caught faſt, 'tis then they ſhew their Natures,

Grow

Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch they've conquer'd;
Tho' the ſame Hours they glance abroad for new ones.
But let a Woman know you're once her Slave,
Give her once Teſtimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment, jilt, deſign,
And practiſe Ends upon thy honeſt Nature;
So ſtrong is their Antipathy to Truth.

GRATIAN.

But let a Fool———

THEODORET.

Oh give them but a Fool,
A ſenſeleſs, noiſy, gay, bold, briſtling Blockhead,
A Raſcal with a Feather, and Cravat-ſtring,
No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prim, dance, liſp, or lye very much,
They're loſt for ever: They'll give all they have:
To Fools, or for 'em.———

GRATIAN.

But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as ſhe's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valued Friend,
The Injury ſhe brings upon thy Honour
Muſt not be ſlighted; and that's my Cauſe now.

THEODORET.

There thou o'ercom'ſt me: Still our Men of Mettle
Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miſs'd the Place:
Beſides I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may be prevented.

Methinks I would not loſe ſo fine a Morning, and do nothing.

GRATIAN.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter SYLVIA *and* LUCRETIA.

SYLVIA.

Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealouſy, curſt Jealouſy, that brought me hither.

LUCRETIA.

Where lodg'd you then laſt Night?

SYLVIA.

Here, in this Houſe, my Couſin *Portia*'s Houſe: I met her late laſt Night, juſt as I alighted, haraſs'd with my Journey, and the Cauſe of it: Had ſhe not took pity of me, Heaven knows how my Perplexities would have diſpoſed me!

LUCRETIA.

What, in this Houſe?

SYLVIA.

Here, in this very Houſe.

LUCRETIA.

I'm glad I know it; I'll take ſuch care it ſhall not belong a Secret.

SYLVIA.

The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Gueſt that ſtays but little with me. Why ſigheſt thou, *Lucrece?*

LUCRETIA.

I'm thinking why my Couſin *Portia* ſhould chuſe this Reſidence.

SYLVIA.

'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my falſe Husband's.

LUCRETIA.

I know him but too well.

SYLVIA.

Why, doſt thou love him?

LUCRETIA.

So much that I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

SYLVIA.

By Heavens I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruin thee for ever. Marriage ſpoils Faces; How I look with Marriage.

LUCRETIA.

I ſee no Change.

SYLVIA.

No Change! I have not ſlept ſix Nights in peace ſince the curſt Day I wedded.

LUCRETIA.

Will then a Husband ſpoil ones ſleep ſo ſadly?

SYLVIA.

A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like the Wedding-Clothes;
Worn gay a Week, and then he throws 'em off,
And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days
Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home:
He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side
Heavy and uſeleſs, comes faint and loth to Bed,
Turns him about, grunts, ſnores: and that's a Husband.

LUCRETIA.

Is *Courtine* ſuch a one?

SYLVIA.

'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him looſe among my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was ſeen ſo termagant a Towſer: He loves a naſty, foul-fed, fulſome Drab, and ſcorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be deſpis'd at that rate, ſo diſhonour'd, makes me even curſe the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature elſe.—See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Mask, thy Mask, dear *Lucrece*.

LUCRETIA.

Farewell; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together.

[*Exit.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

What, fly thy Ground, faint Soldier! How, another! a then 'twas nobly done! two to one had been odds e'en: Had it not, pretty one?

SYLVIA.

Why, who are you, Sir?

COURTINE.

E'en a wandering Knight, that have forſaken my Caſtle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly,

SYLVIA.

And one would think ſo proper, a luſty, well-made Fellow as you are ſhould not be long out of Employment.

COURTINE.

Doſt thou know me, my Deareſt?

SYLVIA.

No.

COURTINE.

Then I am ſure thou canſt have no Exception againſt me.

SYLVIA.

But ſuppoſe I had a mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

COURTINE.

Why, then thou may'ſt reaſonably ſuppoſe that I'll make no evil Uſe of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens, hereabouts, let us commit a Treſpaſs for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

SYLVIA.

O Lord, Sir!

COUR-

COURTINE.

She's coming already.

SYLVIA.

If I ſhould let you make advantage of my Weakneſs now, you would be falſe afterwards, forſake me, and break my Heart.

COURTINE.

Pretty Fool! what innocent Scruples ſhe makes!

SYLVIA.

Have you no other Miſtreſs already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your Heart to my Prejudice?

COURTINE.

Shall I ſwear!

SYLVIA.

But han't you truly?

COURTINE.

If I have, may that blue Mountain over our Heads there, fall down and cruſh me like a pelted Toad.

SYLVIA.

To ſhew you then that I deſerve your Faith—

COURTINE.

What wilt thou ſhew me?

SYLVIA.

A Face which I am not aſham'd of, tho' you'll perhaps be ſcandaliz'd when you ſee it.

COURTINE.

The Devil take me if I am tho', ſo it prove not very horrible indeed.

SYLVIA.

What think you then, Sir, is it ſuch a one as you look'd for?

COURTINE.

My own Wife?

SILVIA.

Yes, thy unhappy Wife.

Thou,

Thou, falſe, deceitful, perjur'd, ſhameleſs Wretch:
Have I deſerv'd this from thee?

COURTINE.

Pox confound her—

[*Takes out a Book and falls a reading.*

SYLVIA.

Is this the Recompence of all my Love?
Did I beſtow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble myſelf to be thy Dove-like Wife?
And is this all I'm worth?

COURTINE.

Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat [*Reads.*
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring?
Hudibras, Part the Second, *Canto* the Firſt,

SYLVIA.

Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmoſt Suffeſance, and moſt low Contentment?
Set my poor Heart to Cares? have I been bleſt
With Children by thee, to be left with Scorn,
Caſt off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard Uſage?———

COURTINE.

Umph!

SYLVIA.

Umph! What's Umph?

COURTINE.

Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

SYLVIA.

Death; Death, and Torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heav'n I'll bear't no longer.

COURTINE.

No more.

SYLVIA

SYLVIA.

I have done Sir.

COURTINE.

What do you at *London?*

SYLVIA.

Is it a Fault to follow what I am fond of?

COURTINE.

Can't I enjoy my Pleaſure, take my Freedom, but you muſt come, and ſpoil the high-ſeaſon'd Diſh, with your inſipid, whining, ſenſeleſs Jealouſy?

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee forgive me.———

COURTINE.

Where did you lodge laſt Night?

SYLVIA.

Here with a Kinſwoman;
May be you know her not; her Name is *Porcia.*

COURTINE.

Death! *Beaugard*'s Widow! now I am finely fitted.
What at this Houſe?

SYLVIA.

This very Houſe! that Door
Opens into the Garden, let us walk there;
Won't you go with me, *Courtine?*

COURTINE.

No.

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee do, Love.
Don't be thus cruel to me.

COURTINE.

Then promiſe one thing.
And may be my good-nature ſhall be wrought upon.

SYLVIA.

I'll grant thee any thing; ſpeak, try, m'Obedience.

COURTINE.

Then promiſe me, that during your Abode

In

In this ſweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, ſteer what Courſe I will,
Keep what late Hours, and as I pleaſe employ 'em,
That you'll be ſtill an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no Secret to diſturb me.

SYLVIA.

Well, 'tis granted.

COURTINE.

Oh then, I'll be dutiful.

SYLVIA.

Enter you firſt.

COURTINE.

No———

SYLVIA.

Oh, then you'll forſake me;
You ſeek but Opportunity again to leave me.

COURTINE.

Well, ſince I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beaſt that wanted better Paſture,
There is no Replevin, and I muſt to Pound. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN, *and* LUCRETIA.

THEODORET.

What, in this Houſe?

LUCRETIA.

Here, in this very Houſe;
My Couſin *Sylvia*, *Courtine*'s jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, lodg'd with her here laſt Night.

THEODORET.

No more, I gueſs the Cauſe we're diſappointed.
Do thou go, *Gratian*, muſter what Friends 'tis poſſible;
I'll try my Intereſt too; we'll ſtorm your Fortreſs,
Enchanted Lady, though your Giant guard it.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of a very fair Houſe, Adorned with rich Furniture and Lights.*

Enter Ruffians, with BEAUGARD, *and* DAREDEVIL.

BEAUGARD.

Dogs! Raſcals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?

1 *RUFFIAN.*

Much better than your Language has deſerv'd, Sir.

[*They unbind him.*

BEAUGARD.

Sirs, for this noble Uſage, had I a Sword or Piſtol about me, I would reward you moſt amply.

[*They all bow and withdraw.*

A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?

DAREDEVIL.

Where are we, quotha! why, we are in a Palace, Man. Pr'ythee look about thee a little.

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'n here's a Paradiſe; hark *Daredevil!* Muſic too!

DAREDEVIL.

I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School; ſome better Whores than ordinary deſigning a private *Ballum Rancum*, have pitch'd upon our two proper Perſons for the Bus'neſs; we are like to have a ſwinging time on't, *Beaugard.*

BEAUGARD.

A Plague o'your Cowardiſe! you were whining and praying juſt now, and be hang'd to you.

DAREDEVIL.

I praying! Pr'ythee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my Life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a merry Jeſt with all my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

Impudent *Poltroon!* He ſaid two Dozen of *Pater-Noſters* within this half Hour, and every Jolt the Coach gave

gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

DAREDEVIL.

Odd, I like this Contrivance very well: Look, *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts ſhrink together!

Enter two black Women.

BEAUGARD.

Heyday! Lady *Blackamores!* nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you too, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey?* and is this one of her Palaces? not a Word!———

DAREDEVIL.

How I long now to be familiar with one of thoſe Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkneſs.

Enter a Dwarf.

BEAUGARD.

What, another too of the ſame Complexion? this muſt be her Majeſty's Page.

DAREDEVIL.

A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's ſo very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could inſinuate himſelf through a Key-hole.

DWARF.

Welcome, thou beſt-belov'd Man of the fair World.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to command me?

DWARF.

My Orders are to lead you to repoſe on a rich Bed prepared for Reſt and Love.

DAREDEVIL.

I ſaid it was a Pimp; what a ſmooth-tongu'd little Raſcal 'tis!

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

A very pretty ſort of an Amuſement this: But pr'ythee, young *Domine,* why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun new riſen; for I have not been a-bed all Night, my little Monſter; I know how the Time goes, Child.

DWARF.

Such are the Orders of the Power I ſerve.
For you are come a long unmeaſurable Journey.

DAREDEVIL.

Hah!

DWARF.

Drawn by wing'd Horſes through the untract Air.

BEAUGARD.

A Pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-inſtructed Raſcal; but ſince it is the Cuſtom of the Place, and my laſt Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the Offer, and diſpenſe with an Hour or two of Sleep, to fit me for better Exerciſe when I awake again.

[*Sits down in a Chair to be undreſt.*

DAREDEVIL.

Drawn by wing'd Horſes through the Air, ſaid he; if this ſhould be true now, what would become of us! Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faſter than ordinary.

[*While* Beaugard *is undreſſing the two Black Women dance.*

BEAUGARD.

A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Ladyſhips have tript it moſt featly.——

[*The Women advance towards him.*

What, and muſt you take Charge of me now!—With all my Heart. *Daredevil,* farewel to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'd invite thee for a Bedfellow.

[*Women lead in* Beaugard.

DAREDEVIL.

Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a-bed with any

Bed-

Bedfellow that I was ſure had but Fleſh and Bones about him.

DWARF.

Come, Sir, you are my Charge.

DAREDEVIL.

I hope your little Impſhip will be civil to me: Pray, Sir, what Place is this?

DWARF.

A Cryſtal Caſtle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the Fair One that commands it; The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

DWARF.

That's a Secret, you'll know more of hereafter.

DAREDEVIL.

Lead on then: Now in the lower World, whence I come lately, were this known,
How would the Fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of *Daredevil* the Atheiſt that's enchanted. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter GRATIAN *and* THEODORET.

GRATIAN.

THESE are your Men of Honour now; I never knew a bluſtering, roaring, ſwaſhing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

THEODORET.

Your faux Braves always put on a Shew of more Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen always

always wear tawdry and finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford them.

GRATIAN.

But to lie conceal'd in private in the Houſe with her!

THEODORET.

Dam' her, ſhe's a Proſtitute; has given herſelf already to his Arms.

GRATIAN.

Yet, I'll warrant you, ſhe has an Excuſe for that too, if it be ſo; as, alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Veſſel.

THEODORET.

A Pox o' the Weakneſs of her Veſſel! Dam' her! would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

GRATIAN.

Moſt punctually. It was an odd old Fellow that which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard*'s Father?

THEODORET.

No body can ſwear that, for his Mother was a Woman; but that merry-conceited old Gentleman has the Honour of it; He has the Title, but whoſe was the Property, that I dare not determine.

GRATIAN.

I hope he'll be as good as his Word with us.

THEODORET.

It will not be amiſs if it prove ſo. See, here he comes too.

Enter FATHER *and* FOURBINE.

FATHER.

You lye, you Dog, you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lye. Do not I know that he ſat up all Night with a Conſort of Whoremaſters and Harlots; and have you

the Impudence to tell me he is not at Home? Do not I know, Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-ſnore a *Fleet-ſtreet* Conſtable and all his Watch, for ſix Hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar.

FOURBINE.

Upon the Word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal ſincerely and honeſtly with you.

FATHER.

No more to be ſaid: But, Sirrah, do you take Notice in his Behalf, and tell him, he ſhall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear, you Mongril? Fob me off with ten ſtinking Guineas, when I had loſt a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good-morrow, my little Thunder-bolts! What ſay you, my tiny brace of Blunderbuſſes? can I be ſerviceable? ſhall we about the Buſineſs while it is practicable? hah?——

THEODORET.

Have you conſider'd of it thoroughly, Sir?

FATHER.

Trouble thy Head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

THEODORET.

Have you conſider'd, Sir, that ſhe is your Son's Miſtreſs?

FATHER.

So much the better ſtill; I'll ſwinge her the ſtoutlier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

GRATIAN.

But ſuppoſe you ſhould meet him too there in her Defence, Sir?

FATHER.

Still better and better, and better for that very reaſon, for I would ſwinge him too with much fatherly Diſcipline, and teach him the Duty which a Son, with

a great deal of Money, owes an honeſt old Daddy that has none.

THEODORET.

Very piouſly reſolv'd, this; that's the truth on't. But Sir, I would have you ſatisfy'd into the Bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

FATHER.

Boys Play, Sir? I can fight, Sir; Though I am an old Fellow, I have a Fox by my ſide here, that will ſnarl upon Occaſion. Boys Play! I don't underſtand your Boys Play, Sir——

THEODORET.

I would not have you take my Plainneſs ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old Faſhion of Sincerity, which I profeſs; Sir, I hope you are not offended at it.

FATHER.

Then, to rectify all Miſtakes, let us fairly have a Breakfaſt, *hoc Momento*. I have a ſort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provoked, always gives me a Stomach to a ſavoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

GRATIAN

Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wiſh our Enterpriſe well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

FATHER.

Very well ſaid, that: This is a pretty Fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this Buſineſs, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thouſand Pounds a Year is my own, *declaro*. Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous

Nous allons,
Braves frippons.
Sans ſcavoir où nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a Hand to him that drills the firſt Whore-maſter through the ſmall Guts.

GRATIAN.

We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

FATHER.

You are both my honeſt Boys, my beſt Children, march along then bravely and boldly.—I muſt borrow Money of theſe Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous allons, braves frippons.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Oh the unconſcionable Importunity of an unſavoury, phlegmatick, cold, inſipid Wife! By this good Day, ſhe has kiſs'd me till I am downright ſick; I have had ſo much of her, that I ſhall have no Stomach to the Sex this Fortnight.

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

My Deareſt, pray my Deareſt, don't thus leave me: By this kind Kiſs I beg it.

COURTINE.

Oh, the Devil!

SYLVIA.

Look kindly on me; ſpeak to me.——

COURTINE.

Plague intolerable!——

SYLVIA.

Indeed, my Dear, I love you with ſuch Fondneſs! Pray ſpeak.

COURTINE.

I cannot.

SYLVIA.

Why, an't you well?

COURTINE.

Oh, there's a ſudden Faintneſs comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very ſick! Leave me, if thou lov'ſt me, ſtand off, and give me Air; I die elſe. Oh h!

SYLVIA.

I'll kiſs thee then to Life again.

COURTINE.

Stand off, I ſay; I'll not be ſtifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

SYLVIA,

Ill natur'd Tyrant!

COURTINE.

Good-natur'd Devil! Kiſs, i'th'Devil's Name!—

SYLVIA.

Come near me, Huſband.

COURTINE.

Come not near me, Wife. How I am tortur'd!——

SYLVIA.

You muſt be kind; indeed, my Dear, you muſt.

COURTINE.

Indeed, my Dear, by your good Leave, I ſha'not—Damnation!

SYLVIA.

You long to be rid of me again.

COURTINE.

That I do moſt mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am Raſcal.—Oh! Oh!

SYLVIA.

What's the Matter, Dearee?

COURTINE.

Oh, I am ſick again of the ſudden! Give me the Chair there; Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head ſwims! Oh! oh!

SYLVIA.

Alas, I fear y'are very ſick indeed! if my poor Lovee ſhould die, what will become of me!

COURTINE.

A Plague o'your whining! Would I were well out of the Houſe once!

SYLVIA.

Shall I fetch thee ſome Cordial, my deareſt Love, my Joy? Speak to me; ſhall I?

COURTINE.

Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. [*Exit* Sylv.] Jewel quotha! —what a Plague's this: Huſh, is ſhe gone?—Now for a convenient Balcony to venture the breaking of a Neck at.——

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE.

Sir, Sir, a Word with you.

COURTINE.

With me, Sweetheart? thy Buſineſs?

PAGE.

A Lady, Sir, that dogg'd you hither this Morning——

COURTINE.

A Lady!—

PAGE.

Yes, a Lady, Sir.

COURTINE.

Hiſt: Get you in, my little Monkey; skip, ſculk, or you'll ſpoil all elſe.—Here's the bleſſed Comfort of a Wife again now:——Oh, oh!—— [*Ex. Page.*

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

How is't, my Bleſſing? Hear, take this: Heav'n guard thee.

COURTINE.

From thy confounded troubleſome Company, if it be poſſible. [*Aſide.*] [*Drinks.*

SYLVIA.

How is't, my Dearee?.

COURTINE.

If I had but a little more on't Dearee.

SYLVIA.

I'll ſee what's left, my Joy.

COURTINE.

Do, Pr'ythee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's Name. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Sylvia.

Hiſt, Sirrah Page, come hither.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

Is your Lady gone, Sir?

COURTINE.

Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my truſty *Mercury.*

PAGE.

She's now below, Sir; and deſires to ſee you.

COURTINE.

Is ſhe young? handſome?

PAGE.

I can't tell that, Sir; but ſhe is rare and fine.

COURTINE.

Are her Clothes rich?

PAGE.

Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders; and then ſhe ſmells as ſweet as my Lady's Dreſſing-Box.

COURTINE.

Fly, little Sprite, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a Moment: Tell her——

PAGE.

But Sir——

COUR-

COURTINE.

Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught here. Oh! [*Exit Page.*

Re-enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Here's all that's left, my Heart.

COURTINE.

I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable. [*Drinks.*] Oh, oh, oh!

SYLVIA.

What ails my Life?

COURTINE.

Oh, I have a horrid Tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubled with, returned again. Oh, if I were but—

SYLVIA.

Where, Love?

COURTINE.

Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this Extremity.

SYLVIA.

Where does he live? I'll take a Coach myself, and go to him.

COURTINE.

The Devil take me if I know.—Oh! 'tis a vast way off—Oh! now it kills me again.

SYLVIA.

I shall not think it so, when it is my Duty.

COURTINE.

That's but too kind, my Sweetest; though, if I had but one Bottle of his *Elixir.*—

SYLVIA.

How is it call'd.

COURTINE.

Specimen Vitæ.

SYLVIA.

Specimen Vitæ?

COURTINE.

Ay, *Specimen Vitæ:* 'tis a damn'd hard Name, but it is very good.

SYLVIA.

Where is't he lives then? Pr'ythee let me go thither.

COURTINE.

Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Beſides; it would trouble me now, in this Condition, to be ſo long without thee.

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee let me go.

COURTINE.

Why, 'tis as far as *Grub-ſtreet* Child, as *Grub-ſtreet?*

SYLVIA.

I'll be back again inſtantly.

COURTINE.

I had rather, indeed, thou ſhouldſt go thyſelf, than ſend a Meſſenger, becauſe the Buſineſs will be done more carefully.

SYLVIA.

How's the Direction then?

COURTINE.

In *Grub-ſtreet*, Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and *Phœnix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymiſt; ask for him, and in my Name deſire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vitæ*, Oh!

SYLVIA.

Specimen Vitæ!

COURTINE.

Ay, *Specimen Vitæ.*——I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the Terror of my Fits.

SYLVIA.

Heav'ns bleſs my deareſt Dearee.

COURTINE.

Thank you, my only Joy.—Would in the Devil's Name

Name ſhe were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*. [*Aſide.*

SYLVIA.

You'll be careful of yourſelf, Child?

COURTINE.

As careful as I can, Child.

SYLVIA.

Gud b'w'y *Courtee.*

COURTINE.

B'w'y my *Silvee*—Oh, oh! [*Exit.* Sylvia.

Enter PAGE.

Is ſhe gone?

PAGE.

Yes, Sir.

COURTINE.

Where's the Lady?

PAGE.

Here; juſt entring up the Back Stairs.

LADY *appears at the Door.*

COURTINE.

Madam, this Honour done your worthleſs Servant——

Re-enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray, *Courtee*, kiſs me before I go.

COURTINE.

Confound her, come again! [*Aſide.*] Oh, my Love, I have made hard ſhift to crawl to the Door here.

SYLVIA.

Who's that behind you?

COURTINE.

Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawk's Eyes! [*Aſide.*

SYLVIA.

Gud b'w'y, my deareſt Love.

COURTINE.

Gud b'w'y, my Joy.

SYLVIA.

Nay, give me another. B'w'y, *Courtee.*

COURTINE.

B'w'y, *Sylvee*———So, is ſhe gone again?—The Devil take me, if thou interrupteſt me any more.

[*Locks the Door after her.*

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Is that your Lady, Sir?

COURTINE.

Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worſe of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

LADY.

Can you be ſo kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me ſtill, Captain?

COURTINE.

Remember thee, Child! Is it poſſible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!—Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I ſaw it before, to the beſt of my Knowledge. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Where is your Lady gone, Sir?

COURTINE.

To *Grub-ſtreet*, Jewel, for ſome *Specimen Vitæ.*

LADY.

Specimen Vitæ, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

COURTINE.

Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will ſhew thee what *Specimen Vitæ* is preſently.

LADY,

LADY.

You may, perhaps, think ſtrange of this Freedom I take with you, Sir.

COURTINE.

Not in the leaſt Child; it ſhews thy Generoſity.—— I love her now, for underſtanding her Buſineſs, and coming cloſe to the Matter quickly. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

But, Sir, preſuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a Matter of Law, which I am at preſent involv'd in: and if you pleaſe ——

COURTINE.

To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou couldſt not have pick'd out ſuch another Man for thy purpoſe: I am, may be, the beſt Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cauſe as ſoon as ——

LADY.

Really, you are ſo good natur'd——

COURTINE.

Grub-ſtreet, and *Specimen Vitæ*, quotha! he that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an Armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dunghill, and be bury'd in a Ditch, I ſay.—This is the rareſt Adventure.

[*Exeunt* Courtine *and the Lady.*

The SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

Enter BEAUGARD, *as dreſſing himſelf.*

BEAUGARD.

Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

DWARF.

Here: your Pleaſure? What's your Pleaſure, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

What is't o'Clock, Boy?

DWARF.

DWARF.

Sir, in your World, by Computation, I gueſs it may be Afternoon.

BEAUGARD.

A very pretty little Raſcal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of ſound Reſt came near my Senſes all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and ſprawling from one Side to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Caſtle might have been ſo good-natur'd to have given a Stranger a Viſit. This can be no leſs than ſome romantic Deſign of the little Fairy, that threatned ſhe would cheat the Widow of me: Now will I, for once, if ſhe does attempt me, put on that monſtrous Virtue, call'd Self-denial, and be damnably conſtant.—What Muſick again! This is a merry Region, I'll ſay that for it, where ever it be. Boy!

DWARF.

Did you call, Sir?

BEAUGARD.

My Clothes, Monſter, my Veſtments: I hate a *Diſhabillee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occaſion ſhould preſent itſelf.

[*Dwarf dreſſes him.*

A SONG.

I.

Welcome Mortal to this Place,
Where ſmiling Fate did ſend thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes as they paſs;
Who knows how few attend thee!

II.

Floods of Joy about thee roll,
And flow in endleſs Meaſure.
Dip thy Wiſhes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleaſure.

III.

III.

Feaſt thy Heart with Love's Deſire,
Thy Eyes with Beauty's Charms:
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then ſtifle it in thy Arms.

IV.

For, ſince Life's a ſlippery Gueſt,
Whoſe Flight can't be prevented;
Treat it, whilſt it ſtays here, with the beſt,
And then 'twill go contented.

V.

Come you that attend on our Goddeſs's Will,
And ſprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around;
Shew him your Duty, and ſhew us your Skill.

Enter four Black Women, and dance to the ſame Meaſure of the Song, and ſprinkle Sweets.

Circle him with Charms,
And raiſe in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid *ne'er wrought by the Power of his Dart.*

They dance round him.

Fill all his Veins with a tender Deſire,
And then ſhew a Beauty to ſet 'em a-fire:
'Till kind panting Breaſts to his Wound ſhe apply,
Then on thoſe white Pillows of Love let him die.

[The Dance ends.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Faith, and with all my Heart; for I am weary of the lingring Diſeaſe, and long to taſte my Mortality moſt mightily. Hah! a Banquet too, uſher'd in by a couple of *Cupids!*. [*Two* Cupids *run in a Table Furniſh'd*] Pretty innocent Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of ſtarving, that's one Comfort. Now, my dear Muſicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and ſhew me the Beauty you have ſo prepar'd me for!——But then, my Widow! my dear, generous, noble-hearted Widow! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be falſe to her? Ah *Daredevil, Daredevil!* How I want thee to help me out in this Caſe of Conſcience a little!

Enter DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL.

Beaugard, where art thou?

BEAUGARD.

Ah, dear Damnation! I was juſt now heartily wiſhing for thee.

DAREDEVIL.

Such, News, ſuch Tidings! ſuch a Diſcovery!

BEAUGARD.

Hah, what's the Matter, Man?

DAREDEVIL.

Only ſix and fifty Virgins a-piece for us, that's all, pretty little bluſhing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had ſo much as a Blaſt of Maſculine Breath upon them yet.——What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay then I'm ſatisfied. Never were Heroes ſo enchanted as we are.

BEAUGARD.

But where are the Virgins, *Daredevil?* the Virgins!

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

There's only one of 'em, Child; only one;——but such a one, my Soldier—

BEAUGARD.

Is there but one then?

DAREDEVIL.

That's no matter Man, I'll be contented, till thou haſt done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was never practiſed upon; 'tis like a new Shoe, that was never worn, wrings and hurts one's Foot baſely and ſcurvily. I love my Eaſe, I,

BEAUGARD.

But is ſhe very lovely?

DAREDEVIL.

Such a Swinger, you Dog! ſhe'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball at the Sight of her: with a majeſtic ſtately Shape and Motion.

BEAUGARD.

Well.

DAREDEVIL.

A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face.

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'ns.

DAREDEVIL.

With two triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that ſwear at you every time you look upon her.

BEAUGARD.

Stand off, ſtand off, I ſay; ſhe's mine this Minute. But then again, my Widow!—

Enter a Lady maſk'd.

Hah!——Mask'd too! When the Devil ſhall I ſee a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam——

LADY.

Be pleaſed, Sir, to repoſe yourſelf a little; there is a

ſmall

ſmall Account, Sir, to be adjuſted betwixt you and I. Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[*Several Men vizarded, and arm'd, appear at the Doors.*

BEAUGARD.

What the Devil can be the Meaning of this now? I am not to be murder'd, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation.

DAREDEVIL.

Murder'd, in the Devil's Name! Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly.

LADY.

Come, Sir, ſit down, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I'll obey you.

LADY.

I doubt not, Sir, but ſince your coming hither, You are much ſurprized, and wonder at your Treatment.

DAREDEVIL.

So now the Fardle's opened, we ſhall ſee what is in it. [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

Madam, 't has been ſo very highly generous——

LADY.

That you are prepar'd with Compliments to pay me for it.

But, Sir, ſuch Coin's adulterate and baſe:
I muſt have honeſt Dealing from your Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

Swear to her, ſwear to her a little, Man; pour out a Buſhel of Oaths upon her inſtantly: Swear, ſwear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

LADY.

I know my Rival.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, 'tis ſo, juſt now, juſt as I thought; my poor Widow will run a damnable Hazard of loſing this ſweet Perſon.

of

of mine, if I do not take abundance of Care in the Buſineſs. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunderbuſſes too. I ſhall be raviſh'd. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

She, by her Arts,
And the good Fortune to have firſt attempted it,
I know, 's poſſeſs'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refuſal,
Scornful Refuſal——

DAREDEVIL.

Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow ſhould loſe all this Time for an inſignificant Oath or two. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not deſpicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deſerve you;
Yet I have this to boaſt, I ne'er conceal'd myſelf,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather choſe
To run the Risk of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by baſe Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir;——

BEAUGARD.

Hah!——
That, Madam, I'm moſt miſerable,
Unleſs——

LADY.

Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I muſt confeſs——

LADY.

Well.

BEAUGARD.

That I love her, and will for ever.——

LADY.

Death! Do you confeſs it too?

See you not here yourſelf within my Power,
And dare you ſtill confeſs you love that Creature?
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've croſs'd her Stratagems
You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is paſt,
You ought to think me capable of more.

DAREDEVIL.

If this Fellow would but ſwear a little, all this might be rectified. Madam, to my own Knowledge——

BEAUGARD.

Fool, ſtand off.
I'm ſenſible that you are the loveliеſt Creature,
My Eyes ever gaz'd on; but——

LADY.

But what?

BEAUGARD.

I'm ſure
You'd yourſelf ſcorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithleſs, could I be inconſtant.
Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand——

LADY.

Should ſend a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n I'll never bear it——

BEAUGARD.

Madam!

DAREDEVIL.

Madam,
Could you but throw ſome favour on your Servant.

LADY.

By all the Fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——

DAREDEVIL.

Madam——

BEAUGARD.

Look you, Madam, your Ladyſhip may do your pleaſure, you may command half a Dozen of Bullets through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your

your Beauty ſpoke well off by the Critics of *Holbourn*, that once a Month ſwarm at their Windows to ſpy handſom Faces: Upon that Conſideration you may murder a poor conſtant Monſter if you pleaſe, Madam.

LADY.

Still I am ſcorn'd then!

BEAUGARD.

Would you kill me barbarouſly?
Sure thoſe ſweet Eyes could not ſee ſuch a Sight.

LADY.

No, take your Life, and with't this Satisfaction;
Porcia ſcorns you, as much as you do me:
And, till thou fueſt upon thy humble Knees,
To me for Pity, *Porcia* ſhall deſpiſe thee.

BEAUGARD.

Madam, I ſwear!

LADY.

No more.

BEAUGARD.

By all thoſe Beauties.

LADY.

Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h!— [*Squeaks.*

Enter COURTINE,

COURTINE.

Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

Friend *Courtine!* Speak Man: What's the matter?

COURTINE.

Damnation! jilted, chous'd, betray'd—

Enter a WOMAN.

WOMAN.

A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for ſome good Woman.—Oh Madam, an Accident.

BEAUGARD.

A Midwife!

LADY.

LADY.

Heav'ns! a Midwife. [*Exit.*

COURTINE.

Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am ſweetly manag'd, I—I thought I had been in private here, in this Houſe, with a civil Perſon of good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trapanning Strumpet. Juſt in the middle of all our good Underſtanding together, ſhe fetches a great Shriek, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Baſtard, and ſwears I am the Father of it.

BEAUGARD.

A very great Happineſs, take my Word for't, Friend; Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine.* It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, your Olive Branches are unſpeakable Bleſſings, the Gift of Heaven. I love to ſee Poſterity go forward, and Families encreaſe with all my Heart.

COURTINE.

Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I ſet Eyes on the Harlot in my Life before. My ſweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither.

BEAUGARD.

Why, is thy Wife in *London?*

COURTINE.

Yes, Hell confound her! ſhe has hunted me full Cry up to Town: ſeiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it ſeems ſhe lay all the laſt Night.

DAREDEVIL.

Why then, for aught I know, we may ſtill be enchanted.

BEAUGARD.

I am glad to hear that with all my heart. Is ſhe in the Houſe.

COURTINE.

No; I was forced to counterfeit Sickneſs, 'till I was

e'en

ven ſick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Phyſician, in the Devil's Name; that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Baſtard, and I might conſole together for half an Hour! and I am ſweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the Truth on't.

BEAUGARD.

This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you had kept me Company, and liv'd virtuouſly, none of this had happened to you now. But you muſt be wandring. No reaſonable Iniquity will ſerve your turn.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll ſwear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happieſt Gentleman! Yonder's the fineſt chopping Boy for you, Why, it will be able to carry a Muſket in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am ſo oblig'd to you for bringing the Lady to lie in at my Houſe, that if your Wife will do me the Honour, I'll take it for a Favour to ſtand for Godmother with her.

COURTINE.

And, Madam, to return your Compliment, I wiſh with all my Heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine ſuch chopping Boys, upon Condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.—Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

That's ſomething coarſe though, Friend, to a Lady that's ſo civil to you.

Enter ſeveral Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *MAID.*

See, *Jenny*, yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2 *MAID.*

I'll ſwear it is a proper Perſon.

3 *MAID*

3 *MAID.*

Oh Sir, Heavens bleſs you, you're the happieſt Man. Here is my young Maſter, as like you as if you had bore it yourſelf.

1 *MAID.*

What a pretty little Noſe it has!

2 *MAID.*

And juſt its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1 *MAID.*

It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by ſuch a handſome Gentleman.

COURTINE.

Ye Whores, ye Drabs! ye fulſome, ſtinking Whores! Cluſters of Poxes on ye, and no Hoſpitals pity ye:— Confound ye, leave me.

BEAUGARD.

Fy upon it, *Courtine*; fy for Shame: give ſomething to the Nurſe, Man; that's but civil.

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

A Baſtard! Death, a Baſtard! Under my Noſe too Where's the vile hateful Monſter?

BEAUGARD.

Have Patience, Lady.—

SYLVIA.

Falſe, loathſom Traitor.

COURTINE.

Now my Joy's compleated,

SYLVIA.

Let me come at him, let me go.——

COURTINE.

Hold her faſt, Friend, if thou loveſt me.

SYLVIA.

Thou Devil!——Thou treach'rous, faithleſs, perjur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

COUR-

COURTINE.

Well.——

SYLVIA.

Did ever I deſerve this?
Degenerate Brute! thou, only in Falſhood, Man!
Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home.

COURTINE.

Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c, [*Sings.*

SYLVIA.

Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! thou heavy Ox,
Thou want'ſt a Goad to make thee know thy Strength.
Death, Fiends, and Torments! I could dig thoſe Eyes out.
I'll bear it no longer. *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!*

[Courtine *ſings, and dances a Jig.*

SYLVIA.

No more! I'll ſtay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are bleſt
With your firſt native Freedom: Let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind woo you to your Ruin:
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your Feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for Pity moſt his Tears implore,
Like me, your Virtue to your Hearts recall;
Reſolve to ſcorn, and never ſee him more. [*Exit.*

COURTINE.

With all my Heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague.

BEAUGARD.

Methinks a very pitiful Caſe this, Madam.

LADY.

If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, ſhe might fairly ſee what ſhe is like to truſt to.

[*Here the ſham Scene.*

Enter a Woman and DAREDEVIL.

WOMAN.

Oh, Madam! Madam! what will become of us all?

LADY.

LADY.

Become of us, Woman! Pr'ythee, what's the Matter, are we in any danger?

DAREDEVIL.

Only your Brother-in-law, Madam, and his Friend with above a Dozen armed Men more, Madam, that's all the Matter, Madam.

LADY.

My Brother-in-law!

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, your Brother-in-law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia:* Such a one they ask for.

BEAUGARD.

Porcia!

COURTINE.

Yes, *Porcia:* I could have told you ſhe was *Porcia* before.

PORCIA.

'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is *Porcia.*

BEAUGARD.

Porcia, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow! What an ill-natur'd Trick was this Concealment!

PORCIA.

Though, Sir, you never ſaw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your leaſt Regard,
Protect me, for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worſe than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield myſelf
Up yours for ever.

BEAUGARD.

And ſhall I claim thee?

PORCIA.

From this Hour, for ever.

BEAUGARD.

And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then. Secure thyſelf in the next private Cloſet,

Peace,

Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow. [*Exit Porcia.*
Give us but Arms!—

DAREDEVIL.

Thoſe I have provided for you.
I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that ſhall be nameleſs, where I was propoſing ſome civil Familiarities to the Lady Governeſs of the Family, juſt as the Bluſterers entered.

BEAUGARD.

Are they in the Houſe, then?

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hungry Rogues were all ſurpriz'd at Dinner; you'll hear more of them preſently, I'll warrant you.

COURTINE.

Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's upon us.

DAREDEVIL.

We have had a Succeſſion of very pretty Adventures here; firſt we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to ſleep, then we are fiddled up again; then here's a Diſcovery of a very fair Lady, follow'd by another, of a bouncing brown Baſtard; and when we might have thought all Fortune's Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at laſt of having our Throats cut. But I'll ſecure one Life, that ſhall be my Care—

[*Is ſtealing off.*

BEAUGARD.

Dog, ſtay and fight, or, by Heav'n, I'll rip your Heart out.

DAREDEVIL.

Well then, If I muſt fight I muſt: What a Pox, I have two Seconds o'my ſide; and that has ſav'd many a Coward's Credit before now, [*Noiſe within.*

THEODORET.

Break open the Door there, force the Paſſage, down with it.

Enter THEODORET, GRATIAN, *and* FATHER.

BEAUGARD.

Well, Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

THEODORET.

I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you ſee who we are.

FATHER.

We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Porcia*.

BEAUGARD.

How's that, my Father!

FATHER.

Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am theſe Gentlemens Friend here.—— Now, Atheiſt, will I murder thee.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh Lawd!

FATHER.

Jack, Jack, Jack! Come hither, *Jack!* a Word with thee, *Jack:* Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o'thy ſide, *Jack*; and help thee to beat off theſe impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.—

BEAUGARD.

Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a ſingle Shilling, Sir.

FATHER.

Though, if he were my Son ten thouſand times, in ſuch a Cauſe as yours, I'll draw my Sword againſt him. [*Draws.*

BEAUGARD.

You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

GRA-

GRATIAN.

Which you forgot, Sir.

COURTINE.

Hah! a Challenge, *Beaugard?*

BEAUGARD.

I'll tell thee more hereafter. To ſhew you I ha'not forgot it, the Lady you thus perſecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her ſo.

[*Draws.*

COURTINE.

If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

THEODORET.

Come on then, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

For the Lady.

GRATIAN.

For my Honour.

COURTINE.

And for my Friend, Sir.

DAREDEVIL.

Old Brimſtone-Beard, have at thee.

[*Fight. The reſt of* Theodoret's *Party falls in.*

COURTINE.

Baſe Traitors! Odds!

BEAUGARD.

Confound 'em, thruſt.

[Beaugard *and* Courtine *driven off.*

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, I am ſlain! My Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh! [Gratian *and* Daredevil *fall.*

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

Secure that Paſſage now:——How fares my Friend?

GRATIAN.

I'm wounded: Send for a Chirurgeon quickly, for I bleed much.

THEODORET.

Look to your Maſter, Sirrah? and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beaſt here.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh, a Parſon! a Parſon! dear Sir, a Parſon! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter FATHER *with* PORCIA.

FATHER.

Here, here he is; I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferretting a Female's Quarters out.

THEODORET.

I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's Miſchief done, Sir.

FATHER.

The more Miſchief the better; thou ſhalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make ſure of her.

PORCIA.

Inhuman Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

THEODORET.

None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour.
By Hell, here's that ſhall ſilence you for ever.
Thou Woman: Thou young, itching, wanton Devil!
Fly to baſe Cells of Luſt! Give up thy Virtue,
Diſgrace thy Name, and triumph e'en in Infamy.
On what a tott'ring Point his Honour ſtands,
That truſts the Treaſure in ſuch laviſh Hands. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LUCRETIA *in Man's Clothes, and* CHLORIS.

LUCRETIA.

FROM this gay Minute farewel Love and Doating: I have ſhook the lazy, ſtretching, wiſhing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home again. Let me ſee; I have a hundred and a hundred times wiſh'd myſelf a Man; and now, in outward Appearance, I am a very Fellow; nay, a very pretty Fellow: For methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other maſculine Qualities grow upon me ſtrangely.——Oh, Miſchief, Miſchief, Miſchief! thou art a very ſweet Employment——But Opportunity! bewitching, lovely, omnipotent Opportunity! How ſhall I come at thee?——*Chloris!*

CHLORIS.

Madam.

LUCRETIA.

Give me my Sword.

CHLORIS.

Here Madam: Bleſs us what will your Ladyſhip do with yourſelf in this Equipage!

LUCRETIA.

Ladyſhip, Huzzy! take Notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Miſtreſs; but that imperial Creature, your Maſter: And therefore know too, I will have my feminine Habiliments burnt inſtantly, and an Operator ſent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pies: Nay, if the Humour hold, I'll go Volunteer into *Germany* againſt the *Turk*.

CHLORIS.

But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

LUCRETIA.

Why, if I go into the War, I ſhall have the Privilege when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battles and Sieges, which I never was at, nor underſtand any more than the Fools I tell my Story to. If I ſtay at home, with the Privilege of good Clothes, Perfumes, and much Simplicity, will I ſet up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-hall*, and impudent with ſome great Man there, or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in eating-Houſes, and noiſy all over the Town.

CHLORIS.

A very hopeful Reſolution.

LUCRETIA.

As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Damn me, *Jack*, ſays I, What Times are there ſtirring? What Ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Looſe lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

CHLORIS.

Well, Madam; but what will all this Gibberiſh ſignify?

LUCRETIA.

Signify, you Fool! why what it ſignifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Diſcipline, Intereſt at Court, Pretence to Preferment, free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who ſhall truſt me againſt his palpable Knowledge, that I am not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

CHLORIS.

And muſt your Honour have a Miſtreſs too?

LUCRETIA.

Yes, Huſſy, and you ſhall be ſerviceable to me in the Matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night, I have ſingled her out already; *Courtine*'s Wife, that jealous, raging, inſatiable Help-mate of the Captain's ſhall be my *Dulcinea del Tobiſo*. She's in Love with me already, that's my Comfort: As I paſſed through the Hall juſt

now,

now, ſhe coming into the Houſe to pay a Viſit to the Widow *Porcia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as myſelf, and my great Counſellor in this noble Project) we met: I, you muſt know, bow'd very reſpectfully; ſhe taking me for a Stranger, curtſy'd as low; and viewing me ſtrictly leer'd at me, as if that Minute ſhe took Aim at my Heart, and deſign'd me for her Quarry.

CHLORIS.

But, Madam, ſhe knows, and muſt diſcover you.

LUCRETIA.

Thou art a Fool: ſhe never ſaw me 'till yeſterday in her Life-time, then too diſguiſed: So that if I do not practiſe on her Frailty, and by that means find a way to revenge myſelf on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the preſent Uſe I make of them.

CHLORIS.

Hiſt, Madam, ſhe's returning.

Enter SYLVIA.

LUCRETIA.

Huſh then: Now my Cauſe is coming on, and have at her.

SYLVIA.

Sweet-heart, pray oblige me ſo far to ſhew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a viſit to Madam *Porcia*, and am inform'd ſhe's gone there for the Air.—A very handſome Youth— [*Aſide.*

CHLORIS.

Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the ſame kind Errand with your Ladyſhip, and waits 'till her Return.

LUCRETIA.

But, Madam, the good Fortune of ſeeing you is a Happineſs would recompence the being diſappointed of all the Converſation of your Sex beſides.

SYLVIA.

Indeed, Sir!

LUCRETIA.

Yes, indeed, Madam.

SYLVIA.

Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Madam, the greateſt Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kiſſing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I ſhould make no ungentlemanly uſe of.

SYLVIA.

Opportunity, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Yes, Opportunity, Madam: I am not aſham'd to mention ſo honeſt a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, ſhould not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

SYLVIA.

Do you know me, Sir?

LUCRETIA.

Why, Madam; do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you! By this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night ſince I firſt ſaw you, that I have thought or dream't of any thing elſe. Are not you the Wife of a certain ſwaggering 'Squire about this Town, who calls himſelf Captain *Courtine*.

SYLVIA.

Yes, Sir; ſuch a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to ſay to him, Sir?——I'll ſwear, a very handſome Youth ſtill.—— [*Aſide.*

LUCRETIA.

What, Madam! what I have to ſay to you, rather than loſe you, I would ſay to him; which is, that I like you, love you, languiſh for you; and would with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit, and Fleſh, I——

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I'll ſwear, Sir, I am mightily oblig'd to you, and ſo is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha!

LUCRETIA.

Mr. *Courtine!* Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expreſſion as kindly as if you had call'd him what I wiſh him: For, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyſhip as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman.

SYLVIA.

Sir!

LUCRETIA.

Madam!

SYLVIA.

Oh Gad, he's very handſome. [*Aſide.*

LUCRETIA.

Shall we walk in theſe Gardens anon, for I have the Privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon ſhines too.

SYLVIA.

Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon ſhine?

LUCRETIA.

As bright as any thing but yourſelf,

SYLVIA.

But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

LUCRETIA.

Only you how I love you.

SYLVIA.

Eleven's a late Hour.

LUCRETIA.

Not too late.

SYLVIA.

Indeed!

LUCRETIA.

Take this, and my Word for it. [*Kiſſes her.*

SYLVIA.

Fie, how you uſe me, when you mean to forget me.

LUCRETIA.

Huſh, no more; Company's Coming. Eleven.

SYLVIA.

Ten if you are kind enough.

LUCRETIA.

Well ſaid, my chaſte Sex. [*Aſide.*

Enter PORCIA.

PORCIA.

Oh, Couſin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomeſt Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almoſt to Deſpair for theſe three Hours. Oh, Sir, your Servant.

LUCRETIA.

I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

SYLVIA.

Her Commands!

PORCIA.

Oh, Couſin, the prettieſt beſt-natur'd Youth! He is ſomething related to us a great way off; and by that means has the Privilege of viſiting, without Offence to my jealous Brother-in-Law, and tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that Buſineſs?

LUCRETIA.

Madam, it is done.

SYLVIA.

Bus'neſs! What Bus'neſs, Couſin?
Lord, Couſin, you ſeem concern'd at it.

PORCIA.

I'll tell thee: Seeing myſelf here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Priſon, I am reſolv'd to put as good a Face upon the Matter as it will bear, and make my Misfortune as eaſy as I can. Wherefore, for a little preſent Diverſion, I have contriv'd a Letter in an

an unknown Name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and ſent for thee, my Dear, to ſhare in the Pleaſure of the Conſequence.

SYLVIA.

Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this Conſequence, Couſin?

PORCIA.

Twenty to one but it occaſions ſome new Alarm, and Divertiſement to my Jailors; who are ſo very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings for a conceal'd Lover. It may too, by Chance, produce me ſome lucky Opportunity once more to make my Eſcape out of their mercileſs Power. Nay, they are already half diſpos'd to run away themſelves; for by my Woman's Intereſt in the Chirurgeon, who has Care of the ſwearing Atheiſtical Fellow, yeſterday hurt in the Scuffle, and afterwards convey'd hither, he gives it out that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* ſighs, and turns up his Eyes like a godly Brother at Exerciſe. My Brother *Theodoret* puffs, ſwells, grinds his Teeth, and ſtamps as if he would brain himſelf againſt the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard*'s ne'er-be good Father has with pure Fear, loſt a red Noſe that has been his faſt Friend for theſe forty Years; and every time he ſees his Face in a Glaſs, fancies every Wrinkle there has the the Shape of a Gibbet.

Enter PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the moſt unhappy Accident!

PORCIA.

Hah!

PHILLIS.

Indeed, Madam, I could not poſſibly help it: I ha' loſt it.

POR.

PORCIA.

Loſt it, loſt what? What haſt thou loſt? Would thou hadſt loſt thyſelf? loſt a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this Fright. Speak, what is the matter?

PHILLIS.

Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

LUCRETIA.

How's this?

PORCIA.

What, the Note I ſent to *Beaugard?*

PHILLIS.

As I hope to ſee you happy, Madam, I put it as faſt here between theſe two poor naked Breaſts here, as ever it could ſtick, ſo I did; when, juſt as I was going forth, who ſhould meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hanged a Twelvemonth ſince; and there he fell a towzing and mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never ſo afraid of being raviſh'd in my Life, gad he knows: So in the Struggle, I gueſs the Note was loſt truly; though in my Heart, I wiſh I had been raviſh'd ſix times over, rather than ſuch a Misfortune had happened. Nevertheleſs, I have done your Buſ'neſs for you, ſo I have,

PORCIA.

Buſ'neſs! what Buſ'neſs? Uglineſs and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou haſt undone and ruin'd me for ever.

PHILLIS.

Why, I have met with the Captain and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himſelf. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, ſo I am, to be thus reviled and curſed by you for all this.

PORCIA.

What then did he ſay? Fool, Beaſt and Blockhead; tell me.

PHIL.

PHILLIS.

Why, he ſaid, he'd die a thouſand and a thouſand times for you, were it poſſible, ſo he did; and that he will not eat, drink or ſleep 'till he has ſet you at Liberty, ſo he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

LUCRETIA.

What's in this Caſe to be done, Madam?

PORCIA.

O deareſt Couſin, retire if you love me; for, ſhould the Lords of my Liberty get any Notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithſtanding your Relation, who knows what ill Uſage it may aggravate!——To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us.

[*Aſide.*

LUCRETIA.

—am all Obedience: Sweet Creature, you'll remember.

[*To* Sylvia.

SYLVIA.

It is not poſſible to forget you, ſurely.

LUCRETIA.

Bleſſings on you for this Goodneſs.

[*Kiſſes her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter THEODORET *in a Rage.*

THEODORET.

Double bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the Houſe, and be ready for Execution inſtantly, all of ye. By thoſe Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given yourſelf over to Hell ſo far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

PORCIA.

What means the great He-brute?

THEODORET.

To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curſe thy Father and Mother that let thee learn to write. Seeſt thou this, thou irreclaima-

ble

ble profligate Wretch! fogh! ſend you the draggle-tail'd Miniſter of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full Cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a brawny back'd Hector! By Heavens! the Thought of it makes me loath the Houſe, and fancy it ſtinks of the foul Sins thou haſt imagin'd in it.

PORCIA.

Thou barbarous, ill-manner'd, worſe than Beaſt! Why am I abus'd thus; why made a Priſoner too, at your ſaucy Will? fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converſe?

THEODORET.

For the ſame Reaſon other too hot-blooded Females are; becauſe, if poſſible, I would not have a good Breed ſpoil'd.

PORCIA.

What a Load of Dirt is thy Thick-Scull cram'd with! al, if thy Tongue were able to throw it out!

THEODORET.

Filthy, filthy, fulſome filthy! What be a *Doll Common*, and follow the Camp! how lovelily would your fair Ladyſhip look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, preſiding over the reſt of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

SYLVIA.

If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very ſtrong Fancy I have, that I ſhould never ſee you in one, Sir.

THEODORET.

Your Ladyſhip has reaſon to defend the Soldier's Cauſe, you have married one, as I take it, Madam. Ha, ha, ha.

PORCIA.

He in a Camp! he has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Humour enough to make a Spaniel of, nor Senſe enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

THEODORET.

This will open no Locks, Lady.

POR-

PORCIA.

But there are Inſtruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

THEODORET.

Will you pleaſe to retire, and conſider farther of that in your Chamber.

PORCIA.

No, I'll not ſtir, Sir.

THEODORET.

Nay, by Heaven, but you ſhall, Madam.

SYLVIA.

Nay, by Heaven, but ſhe ſhall not, Sir.

[*Father at the Door.*

THEODORET.

How!

FATHER.

By *Jove*, and that's well ſaid, I'll ſtand ſtill a little and ſee what's the matter.

THEODORET.

Do not drive me to uſe Violence.

FATHER.

How! Violence to a fair Lady! that's not ſo well neither.

PORCIA.

Hark you, Sir, my Jailor or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your Proceedings, I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the leaſt Violence to compel me to a cloſer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the Houſe about your Aſſes Ears: I'll ſooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure ſuch Inſolence and Torment any longer.

THEODORET.

Very well.

FATHER.

I'gad, a brave Girl, a-delicate Wench! how my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Month's mind to eſpouſe her Quarrel and make Friends with poor

Jacky

Jacky again. Honeſt *Jacky!* 'tis the beſt natur'd Boy in the World, though I was ſuch a Beaſt to fall out with him. [*Aſide.*

PORCIA.

Inhuman, cruel *Theodoret!* why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you —— [*Weeps.*

THEODORET.

For your Soul's Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your waſting Reputation. A Pox o' your whining! come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

PORCIA.

To my Grave firſt.

THEODORET.

Nay then——Wha, hoa! [*Offers to lay hold of her.*

PORCIA.

Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palſies wither thy unmanly Hands.

THEODORET.

By Heaven!

PORCIA.

You dare not do it.

THEODORET.

Hah!

SYLVIA.

No, Sir, you dare not do it, you dare not.

THEODORET.

Avaunt, Paſs! Confound me but I ſhall be ſcratch'd here preſently for my Patience.

SYLVIA.

What an ill-bred Camel 'tis!

FATHER.

Nay, and what's more; you ſhall not do it, you ſhall

ſhall not, Sir, Hoh! Is this the Iſſue of your honourable Pretenſions?

THEODORET.

Et tu Brute;

FATHER.

Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes, Friend: Ounds, I am a Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

THEODORET.

Your Pardon, Sir!

SYLVIA.

Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter GRATIAN *leaning on a Staff.*

GRATIAN.

Oh, Friend!

THEODORET.

Poor *Gratian.*

GRATIAN.

If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare and look about us: I have made hard Shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troubleſome—We are all loſt.

THEODORET.

I can fear nothing when my Friend's ſo near me.

SYLVIA.

Now Couſin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

FATHER.

Jacky, I hope, *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and [illegible]aring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen: I [illegible] confeſs I have a Remorſe of Conſcience, and am [illegible]ible I have been a Rebel: Wherefore if my Liege Son [illegible] Heir have recruited his Power and be once more up [illegible] Arms, Loyalty and natural Affection, Friends, will [illegible]ork; I muſt pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I reſolve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a Broad Sword.*

GRA-

GRATIAN.

If Prince *Jacky* have Intereſt enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your beſt way to cloſe with him; for, in ſhort, the Atheiſt *Darcdevil*, your Antagoniſt, is dead, Sir.

THEODORET.

Hah! Dead!

FATHER.

Dead!

GRATIAN.

Yes dead, Sir.

SYLVIA.

So much the better, *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

FATHER.

Then I find, that I am but a ſhort-liv'd Sinner; farewel for ever Old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg, and Sugar, Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebelling againſt one's natural-born Children. I ſhall be hang'd one of theſe Sun-ſhiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty-eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead, ſaid you, Sir?

GRATIAN.

Or, at leaſt, cannot ſurvive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion, that we inſtantly quit the Houſe, and provide for all our Safety.

THEODORET.

Confuſion, Devils!

PORCIA.

Nay, Sir, ſtand faſt! dare but to open a Door, Si[r] Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: Yo[u] not think to eſcape, reeking with a poor Man's B[lood] ſhed in Defence of me.

THEODORET.

Lady, no fooling.

POR-

PORCIA.

No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, go you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

THEODORET.

Damnation! unhand me!

PORCIA.

I'll dye e're I'll unhold you. Think you ſo barbarouſly to leave me here in the Houſe with a dead Wretch, and have the Puniſhment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head?

THEODORET.

What do you reſolve to do, Sir?

FATHER.

Do, Sir! What can I reſolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to eſcape, Sir: for, in the firſt place, I have no Money; and a Man that kills another without Money in his Pockets, is in a very hopeful Condition. In the next place for a Diſguiſe, I have no Cloaths but theſe you ſee on my Back; with this Tripe-buff Belt here, which there is not a Conſtable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Cuſtody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will reſolve, fairly and ſquarely, to hang like Friends together, ſo: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Diſcover the Plot, the old Boy muſt impeach.

Enter ROSARD.

ROSARD.

Oh, Sir, where are you?

GRATIAN

Well, *Roſard*, what's the News now?

ROSARD.

The Gentleman, Heaven be thank'd, is reviv'd again, Sir: tho' the Doctors ſay, ſuch another Fit will certainly carry

carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

FATHER.

In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is ſtill——I am for hanging all together.

THEODORET.

Hark you, old Ruſt; you ſay you have no Money, wherefore, during the preſent Interval, in the firſt place, becauſe I will have no Mutiny upon this Occaſion; in order to your Eſcape, there's Money for you: In the next place, as you want change of Rayment, here is the Key of a ſmall Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip yourſelf, and provide for your Security, as your beſt Diſcretion ſhall direct you.

FATHER.

Look you, Friend, the ſooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, elſe I ſhall make but a ſcurvy matter, of it at *Tyburn* Croſs; with a whining, ſnivelling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of ſhewing your politer Rhetoric, and ſave a Member of the Common-wealth.—There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money. [*Aſide and Exit.*

PORCIA.

And now, my Tyrant Brother, I hope we ſtand on even Terms.

THEODORET.

No Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd: and therefore Hopes ſtill; though at preſent, in ſome meaſure to comply with you, and eaſe your Apprehenſions, within the Limits of the Houſe and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And for your ampler Satisfaction, if I have any midnight Alarms from your Correſpondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; ſo Good-night,

it,

it is almoſt Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come, *Gratian*, I'll ſee you to your Repoſe, and then to my Poſt of Guard. [*Ex.* Theo. *and* Grat.

PORCIA.

Ten! That was the Hour, *Phillis*, *Beaugard* mentioned? was it not?

PHILLIS.

It was, Madam.

PORCIA.

Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that ſmile on faithful Love; wait, like kind Angels, on him; eſtabliſh Conqueſt in his able Hand, and Kindneſs in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia!*

SYLVIA.

You are tranſported, Couſin!

PORCIA.

With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: It is an *Engliſh* Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinſmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion againſt their Sovereign? And why ought not we by their Example, to rebel as plauſibly againſt them?

SYLVIA.

Moſt edifying Doctrine this is, truly.

[*A Whiſtle without.*

PORCIA.

The Sign! Hark, the Sign! *Phyllis*, heard you nothing? [*Whiſtle again.*] 'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire ourſelves; you know your Apartment, for precious Miſchief will be ſoon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cauſe. Thy Husband too may chance to have his ſhare in the Buſineſs, and as I have order'd Matters, meet ſomething in the Adventure, to mortify his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance. — Hark! [*Whiſtle again.* There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to ſurrender. This ſhall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard*'s beſieging of the Widow.

Which

Which, as 'tis laid, ſure with Succeſs muſt end,
Since Juſtice does his Enterprize attend
Without, and powerful Love within his Friend.

SCENE *changes to Fields on the Back-ſide of a Garden.*

Enter BEAUGARD, *with a Party.*

BEAUGARD.

Hold, ſtand faſt; I have juſt now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our Deſign has taken air. And there will be no eaſy Entrance.

1 *MAN.*

Ah Captain; the Time has been, when, under your Command, we ſhould have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking ſuch a Fortification as this is.

BEAUGARD.

Peace, *Plunder*, Peace, you Rogue; no Moroding now? we'll burn, rob, demoliſh and murder another time together: This is a Bus'neſs muſt be done with Decency—— Hark.

2 *MAN.*

Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street-Ward.

BEAUGARD.

Hold then, *Plunder:* Do you, with your flying Party, hover at a diſtance about the Fields; while I, with the reſt of the Body, poſt myſelf as advantageouſly as I can, to watch the Enemy's Motions.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter THEODORET *and his Party,*

THEODORET.

This way the Noiſe was: Be ſure keep ſafe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [*Exit.* Theod.

Enter

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

So here I am; and now for my Inſtructions. Let me ſee, [*Reads the Billet.*] *Pray come diſguiſed, that if the Deſign ſhould miſcarry your Retreat may be the eaſier. Your unknown bluſhing Servant.*——Humph! *Bluſhing Servant!* Paſſingly modeſt, I'll warrant you! *Pray come diſguiſ'd!* So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing elſe. Let me ſee; Upon this very Spot, the laſt time I was here did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, ſweet Heaven I beſeech thee. And now, as I am conſidering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at preſent too? With a Whore. There's that Queſtion anſwer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown bluſhing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could ſo ſhuckle, and run, and bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah! [*Turns about.*

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

Stand: Who goes there?

COURTINE.

What's the matter now?

SERVANT.

Stand, Sir: What are you, Sir?

COURTINE.

What am I, Sir! a Man, Sir?

THEODORET.

A Man, Sir, we ſee you are: But what Man are you, Friend?

COURTINE.

A Gentleman, Friend; and you had beſt uſe me ſo.—By Heav'n, *Theodoret?* and if I am but diſcover'd!

THEODORET.

Hands off, unlooſe him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

COUR-

COURTINE.

I am glad of that with all my Heart. [*Aside.*

THEODORET.

And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will aſſiſt one in me, that have been injured. I have reaſon to believe, my Houſe is now beſet with Villains, who have baſe Deſigns upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do Juſtice in a good Cauſe.

COURTINE.

Sir, I wear it for no other End; and you ſhall command it.—Ah, 'tis ſo; *Beaugard* upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight Errantry ſtirring this Moon.

THEODORET.

Pleaſe you then, Sir, to ſtay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can diſcover. [*Exit.* Theod.

COURTINE.

You may truſt me, Sir. Now will I ſhew myſelf a true *Renegado*; take Entertainment in Chriſtian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the firſt Opportunity. And ſo, my bluſhing Unknown, you may e'en ſtay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

They are here, ſtand faſt; be reſolute, and be rewarded.

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do Miſchief. *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Miſtreſs punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now could I but order the Affair, ſo, as to ſlur *Beaugard* upon her, inſtead of myſelf; and her upon him, inſtead of *Porcia*, my

Conſcience

Conſcience would be ſatisfied: and he, Mr. *Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife, ſerv'd all in their kind.

THEODORET.

Hold, Sir; what are you? [*To* Beau. *at the Entrance.*

COURTINE.

Ay; Now, now.

BEAUGARD.

No, matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to anſwer Queſtions.

THEODORET.

Nay, then.——

BEAUGARD.

Nay, now Sir; and when elſe you think fitting, Sir; I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wiſh'd to meet here.

COURTINE.

Now how the Devil I ſhall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

BEAUGARD.

Come on there.

THEODORET.

You paſs upon your Death.

BEAUGARD.

I have learnt to ſcorn Death more ſince firſt you threatned it;
I ſee your Numbers too, and come prepar'd;
Porcia's my Claim, and here I'll win or loſe her.

THEODORET.

Then take thy Due; and die like a midnight Thief. Fall on.

Beau. *and* Theod. *engage, and their Parties.* Beau. *and* Theod. *quit each other.* Beau. *falls upon* Courtine *and* Theod. *upon* Beaugard's *Party; who retire from him, as* Cour. *does from* Beau. *off from the Stage.*

THEODORET.

He runs, he runs; the half-bred Hector runs. Falſe

Cards and Dice, and Quart pot Brothel Brawls, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference; Hark, clashing of Swords still! by Heaven I miss our Friend, the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party: if it be him, let's out, and give him Succour.

Enter BEAUGARD *driving in* COURTINE, *who retires beyond the Reach of his Sword.*

BEAUGARD.

Base Rascal! Coward, fly!—

COURTINE.

No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a Stroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

BEAUGARD.

Courtine!

COURTINE.

The same.

BEAUGARD.

And thou my Enemy too!

COURTINE.

No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it. I came hither disguised, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the Hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you: Yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave. But you, when you should have kept at the Head of your Friends took a particular fancy to be tickling my small Guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

BEAUGARD.

Then farewel for ever, poor Widow,——But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so—Let me see—Lend me thy Disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

COURTINE.

Ay, with all my Heart, and glad to be rid of it so—

[*Disguises* Beaugard.

BEAU.

BEAUGARD.

Take this, and rally my ſcatter'd Forces. [*Gives him a Whiſtle.*] They know the Sign; and cannot be far off under the Conduct of *Plunder* that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'ſt him; make what haſte is poſſible. I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Diſaſter ſhould happen.

COURTINE.

Well, with all my Heart for once: Here is a new Deſign in Embrio now; though I fancy when we have got her, we ſhall never make of this Widow what ſhe has coſt us.

BEAUGARD.

No more; I hear Company; Vaniſh—— [*Exit.* Cour.

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

This way I think I heard it: Look, is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

BEAUGARD.

Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the Man I had to deal withal is fallen, for I left him ſtagg'ring. Security were beſt for us all, Sir.

THEODORET.

My Houſe ſhall be your Sanctuary, and I'll die with you but I'll protect you.

BEAUGARD.

I gad, and that's kindly ſaid, as things ſtand between us, and if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

THEODORET.

Open the Garden-gate there: You ſhall reſt yourſelf in an Arbour, while I diſpoſe of the groſs of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your privacy.

BEAUGARD.

If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generoſity like this had over rewarded it. [Cour. *at the Entrance.*

COURTINE.

Stand ſtill ye beaten ſcatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a diſtance.

THEODORET.

Open the Gate I ſay there; come Sir———

COURTINE. [*They enter the Garden.*

The Stratagem, ſucceeds, and *Troy* at laſt is taken.

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

O dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard?*

COURTINE.

The ſame, my dear Child, the ſame; haſt thou any good Tidings for me?

LUCRETIA.

The private Door of the Garden on the other Side is opened, and you may enter, Sir. My poor Lady is dying almoſt with Deſpair, that ſhe ſhall never ſee you more: Could you now tell me News of Captain *Courtine?*

COURTINE.

Hah! Does then my bluſhing Unknown belong to theſe Territories? It muſt be ſo. Captain *Courtine* is juſt gone in before, Sweet heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me.

LUCRETIA.

I'll ſhew you Sir, into the Door, where you may conceal yourſelf in one of the Arbours till I go through the Houſe, and bring you farther Intelligence.

COURTINE.

And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this Buſineſs, my Friend and I ſhall not, I fancy, paſs our time very uncomfortably, Rogues follow me, follow me, Rogues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Garden.*

BEAUGARD *looking out of an Arbour.*

BEAUGARD.

So, ſo, thus far I am undiſcovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himſelf were abroad a ſolacing amongſt a Company of Northern Witches to Night: If *Courtine* be but enter'd with my *Mirmidons*, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hiſt! Who comes here?

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA.

Sir, Sir, where are you?

BEAUGARD.

Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

LUCRETIA.

Friend! is not your Name——

BEAUGARD.

My Name, what! what can this mean?—— [*Aſide.*

LUCRETIA.

Beaugard, Come, come, I know you: You need not diſturb yourſelf, my Deſign is to do you Service, your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open; follow me.

BEAUGARD.

Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that Name I muſt follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

LUCRETIA.

Softly, no Noiſe, this way, give me your Hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

Hold, let me ſee: Ay, there I think is an Arbour where I will creep in, and lie as cloſe, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

Enter THEODORET,

THEODORET.

Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark! Friend! Friend! Where are you?

COURTINE.

Ha! that's another ſort of Voice than the Youngſter's I depend upon. By Heaven, *Theodoret!* [*Aſide.*

THEODORET.

Friend, Friend, I ſay, where are you?

COURTINE.

Ay, but the Devil a Word you get out of me. [*Aſide.*

THEODORET.

Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

COURTINE.

No, [*Aſide.*

THEODORET.

I am ſure this muſt be the Arbour; I'll run and call a Flambeaux.

COURTINE.

That may not be ſo well neither, my Affairs will not agree with the Light, as I take it. [*Aſide.*

THEODORET.

May be he's fallen aſleep; let me ſee. [*Gropes into the Arbour and feels him*] 'Tis even ſo: What hoa, Sir!— [Courtine *ſnores.*

Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I ſtay for you.

COURTINE.

Who's there? What are you?

[*Aloud, as if frighted ſuddenly.*

THEODORET.

Huſh, make no Noiſe; but come away.

COURTINE.

Is it you, Sir?——He miſtakes me for *Beaugard*, I hope.

THEO-

THEODORET.

The ſame: I wait upon you, follow me.

COURTINE.

If he diſcover me, all again is ruin'd; but Darkneſs, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cauſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Daredevil's *Chamber.*

With only one ſmall Lamp burning, and DAREDEVIL *on the Bed.*

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conſcience, Conſcience, Conſcience, how ſhall I quiet thee!

[Beaugard's *Father at the Door.*

FATHER.

This cowardly Chicken-hearted Raſcal will die, and be damn'd at laſt. How do you do, Sir? How do you find yourſelf.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh very ill, Heaven knows! within few Hours of a Grave, and, without great Mercy, of a deeper Place: Whoever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me ſome Conſcientious Godly Divine to unburden myſelf of my Iniquity to.

FATHER.

This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within theſe two Days was blaſpheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for ſuch a Varlet! ſhall I ſend you a Divine, ſaid you, Sir?

DAREDEVIL.

It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

FATHER.

I'll try what I can do for you, ſince I ſee your Condition ſo dangerous; a Pox o' your queaſy Conſcience. There is no Safety for me in ſtaying here that's one thing, the Houſe being certainly beſet for the apprehending ſome

body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dreſſing myſelf, I obſerv'd ſix or ſeven arm'd Rogues, with hangmanly Faces, ſneaking and ſculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will haſten and finiſh my Diſguiſe, and if there come an Alarm, take the faireſt Opportunity to get off in it; and that for me will be the beſt thing. [*Exit Father.*

Enter COURTINE.

COURTINE.

To what an inſignificant Purpoſe have I taken all this pains to Night? here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with Pray, Sir, will you pleaſe to take your Reſt, in the Devil's Name; when my Deſign has not been to take my Reſt, but my Recreation; I fancy I heard a kind, ſmall complaining Voice this way too, and muſt at preſent confeſs myſelf in a very good-natur'd Humour, very much inclined to ſuccour any diſtreſſed Damſel that wants a Companion to paſs away a tedious Night withal.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

COURTINE.

Hah! hark! That muſt certainly be me ſhe means; nay, I am ſure on't: I'll on a little farther.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh h h!

COURTINE.

Where art thou, thou poor Creature; I am come to comfort thee.

DAREDEVIL.

I wiſh you had come a little ſooner, I am very ill.

COURTINE.

Alas, kind Soul, ſhe's ſick with paſſionate Expectation: This muſt be my bluſhing, unknown Servant, at the leaſt.

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

Whereabouts are you? Give me your Hand hither, will you?

COURTINE.

Here, here it is, and my Heart too, thou haſt 'em both: I'll ſwear ſhe has a well-grown Palm, by the Rule of Proportion, I'll warrant her a Swinger:—But no matter, 'tis in the dark. [*Aſide.*

DAREDEVIL.

Heart, ſaid you, Sir; Alas! my poor Heart's breaking.

COURTINE.

Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it; I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole, I warrant thee. This is the moſt Romantic Adventure. [*Falls to undreſſing himſelf.*

PORCIA *and* PHILLIS *at the Door.*

PORCIA.

Has then *Beaugard* gotten Entrance art thou ſure.

COURTINE.

Hah!

PHILLIS.

Madam, ſo ſure, that his *Valet Fourbine* is here in the Houſe, and told me ſo himſelf.

COURTINE.

What's that?

PORCIA.

Then now my Part begins. Was there ever ſuch inhuman Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarouſly murder'd and expos'd, without Comfort or Succour?

COURTINE.

Murder, ſaid they? What, Manſlaying! when all my Thoughts are upon nothing but Man-making. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and 'till a better Conveniency offer itſelf, here's my Burrough. Murder in the Devil's name. What do they ſay now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*

PORCIA.

No, no, my Conſcience will not bear it, I muſt proclaim it to the World: What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder!

COURTINE.

Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

PORCIA.

But does the Chirurgeon ſay there is certainly no Danger?

PHILLIS.

Only a thin skin Wound on the Outſide of his Belly; but that the force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

PORCIA.

The preſent Advantage of it then muſt be improv'd: wherefore, I ſay, the ſtinging of my Conſcience will not let me reſt, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the Houſe.

PHILLIS.

Here is ſomebody coming already, Madam.

PORCIA.

Stand ſtill and obſerve then.

Enter BEAUGARD.

I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am ſure I reign Lord Paramount of this Caſtle now. The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as faſt and ſnores and gapes ſo wide, one might ſteal the Widow out of his Mouth if ſhe were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladyſhip's Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowſy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an Opportunity would that be? For there is but one way of making a ſlippery Widow ſure to you.

POR-

PORCIA.

No matter, happen how it will, I ſay again it is a dying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a—Ah?

[*Seeing* Beau. *diſguis'd, is frighted and runs out.*

BEAUGARD.

Hah! What do Ghoſts walk here at this time o'Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you, ye airy Forms.

[*Going out is met by his Father, diſguis'd like a Phanatic Preacher.*

FATHER.

Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

BEAUGARD.

Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that ſqueak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleſhly ſimilitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in Gamut — Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

FATHER.

A Miniſter of Peace to wounded Conſciences. I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my Mouth, to viſit a mortal Ark toſs'd and floating in floods of its own own Tears, for its own Frailties.

BEAUGARD.

And are you, really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the ſcowering of foul Conſciences?

DAREDEVIL.

Ha, ha, ha! Godly Implement! it has almoſt made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh, h h!

FATHER.

I am, Friend, I tell thee, an Inſtructor of the Choſen: Thou ſavour'ſt of the old Man, ſtand off, and do not pollute me with too near Communication; I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth; It was I that convert-

ed—

ed——as ſome ſay nobody; and expounded the Groans of the Proteſtant Board. How fareth our Brother?

DAREDEVIL.

Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Diſſolution, and tormented with the Stings of a terrify'd Conſcience.

FATHER.

Lay then one Hand upon thy Heart.

DAREDEVIL.

I do ſo.

FATHER.

Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy Sins, thy right Hand may not know what thy left Hand doth.

BEAUGARD.

A very material Point that is truly.

FATHER.

Thou haſt liv'd in Wickedneſs long.

DAREDEVIL.

From ſixteen to eight-and-four, without the leaſt Repentance or a Thought of it.

FATHER.

A very dangerous ſtate; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

DAREDEVIL.

Drunkenneſs.

FATHER.

A very pernicious Sin, and of the Devil's own Inſtitution; for it ſets our Soul's o'fire: Nay, it ſets our Noſes o'fire, and ſets Houſes o'fire. Drunkenneſs—— Did you ever burn any Houſes?

DAREDEVIL.

Never but three, and they Houſes of Pollution too: Bawdy-Houſes, Sir.

FATHER.

So much the worſe: For if Bawdy-Houſes be burnt, what civil Family in this City ſleeps ſafe? I never burnt a Bawdy-houſe in my Life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

DARE-

DAREDEVIL.

Whoredom, Adultery?

FATHER.

For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other Mens Wive let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

DAREDEVIL.

From the Bottom of my Heart.

BEAUGARD.

So, Heaven be thank'd, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

FATHER.

No more to be ſaid then: be comforted, and I'll abſolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedneſs committed laſt?

DAREDEVIL.

With my Boſom Friend's Wife, and one that deſerv'd much better of me.

BEAUGARD.

And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

FATHER.

Impudent Rogue! But was ſhe very young.

BEAUGARD.

Ay, now the feeling, circumſtantial Queſtions are ſtarting.

DAREDEVIL.

About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full Year.

FATHER.

Voluptuous Dog! But handſome too? Was ſhe very handſome?

DAREDEVIL.

Too beautiful, to have had ſo little Virtue.

FATHER.

Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I ſay unto thee, let me know her Name.

BEAU-

BEAUGARD.

Well ſaid, well ſaid there, old Fornication!

DAREDEVIL.

That I have promiſed ſhall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

FATHER.

Then thou art damn'd, and I do not abſolve thee. I muſt know this precious young Harlot. [*Aſide.*
Once more I ſay her Name!

DAREDEVIL.

But I have ſworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forſworn.

FATHER.

A mortal Sin in itſelf; Swearing is another Sin. Farewell, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee——A damn'd Rogue not to tell her Name.

DAREDEVIL.

Oh! oh! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this deſperate, deſponding, ſad Condition.

[*Exit Father.*

BEAUGARD.

If he has any Mercy in this Caſe but upon his own Conditions, he's no Father of mine I'm ſure on't.

Enter LUCRETIA,

LUCRETIA.

Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you; a word with you in private; turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly; *Porcia, Porcia,* your Widow *Porcia,* Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Hah! ſpeak, where is ſhe, thou pretty, ſmiling *Mercury!*

LUCRETIA.

I am to bring her to you this moment: no more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

COURTINE.

Porcia, Porcia, ſaid he? Then I am ſure it muſt be *Beaugard*; a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. [*Aſide.*

BEAUGARD.

And ſhall I truſt thee?

LUCRE-

LUCRETIA.

Why ſhould I deceive you?

BEAUGARD.

Be ſure thou doſt not, as thou lov'ſt the welfare of this ſoft, tender Outſide; adieu for a Minute. *Exit.*

LUCRETIA.

That Minute gives her to your Poſſeſſion, Sir—Hiſt, Madam,—Hiſt! The Coaſt is now clear.

SYLVIA.

Where are you, Ill-nature?

LUCRETIA,

Here, tortur'd with my Longings. Where are you? come, come.

SYLVIA.

Why do you make me do this?

LUCRETIA.

Is that a Queſtion now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but ſecure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

SYLVIA.

Don't ſtay too long.

COURTINE.

How afraid ſhe is, leſt he ſhould come again too ſoon; [*Aſide.*

LUCRETIA.

Be ſatisfy'd, I'll fly—that is from you as faſt as I can: for I hope I have fitted you. [*Exit* Sylvia.

COURTINE.

Nay, faith, if this be the Cuſtom of the Houſe, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re Enter FATHER.

FATHER.

Trouble me no more, I ſay I will not be perſuaded, I will know the Adultereſs's Name, that I may admoniſh her: for it has been of ancient Practice in theſe our pious

pliſh Officers, to make our Converts confeſs not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

DAREDEVIL.

Not, Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

FATHER.

No Matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or falſe, if it be for our uſe, it muſt be confeſſed. Therefore I ſay, and ſay again, I do not abſolve thee, thou art in the ſtate of Perdition ſtill: tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkenneſs, and burning of Houſes; thy Whoredoms and Adulteries; Blaſphemy, and Profaneneſs; thy Swearing, and Forſwearing; thy rubbing out Milkſcores, and lamb-blacking of Signs in *Covent-Garden*; thy breaking of Windows, killing Conſtables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-boys, for all theſe——

Noiſes of ſqueaking from each ſide of the Stage, one from Sylvia.

Hark there, the ſcreaming Fiends are at thy Door already Hark! [*Scream again.*

COURTINE.

Nay, Madam, if you ſqueak, and think to alarm the Houſe, if I do not behave myſelf like a true Friend to Love, I am miſtaken, and ſo here I am poſted, and thus will maintain the Paſs.

[*Goes to the Door where* Beau. *and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.*

LUCRETIA.

[*At the Door.*] Well ſaid, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckhold.

Enter THEODORET *and* PORCIA *crying.*

THEODORET.

Come forth, thou Strumpet.

PORCIA.

Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me: here on my Knees——

COUR-

COURTINE.

How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

THEODORET.

By Heav'n thou dy'ſt this Moment.

COURTINE.

By Hell though, but ſhe ſhall not, Sir.

Enter SYLVIA *and* BEAUGARD *purſuing her.*

BEAUGARD.

Nay, Madam, then! How's this? my Widow ſplit in twain! my *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife! I have done finely.

THEODORET.

You'll juſtify this Uſage?

COURTINE.

You ſee, Sir, I am reſponſible. [*Shews him* Beau.

BEAUGARD.

By Heav'n unhand her, or—Nay, look, Sir, well, you'll know me. [*Throws off his Diſguiſe.*

PORCIA.

My faithful Soldier!

BEAUGARD.

My victorious Widow. [*She runs into his Arms.*

THEODORET.

Call up my Servants there, raiſe all the Houſhold.

BEAUGARD.

I'll do't, Sir—

[*Gives the Sign,* Plunder *and his Party appear.*

See here are thoſe that are ready to wait on you, if you have any Service to command them.

THEODORET.

And I will find 'em Service that ſhall warm 'em. [*Exit.*

COURTINE.

Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing herſelf, ſhe may be a diſcovery worth the making. Madam, you ſee here

Here my Friend is inconſtant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from his Widow here——*Sylvia!* My Wife! my rigid virtuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

BEAUGARD.

Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

COURTINE.

It was very courteouſly done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the Door for you, with my own Wife, Sir.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, let us not quarrel, *Ned*, I'll give thee a friendly account of this Matter to-morrow between ourſelves; in the mean time be ſatisfy'd; I have not wrong'd thee.

PORCIA.

Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

BEAUGARD.

I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a Finger in the Plot, though——

SYLVIA.

Indeed, my deareſt——

COURTINE.

Your humble Servant, my Deareſt! I am only glad of this fair Opportunity to get rid of you, my Deareſt; henceforth, my Deareſt, I ſhall drink my Drink, my Deareſt, I ſhall Whore my Deareſt; and ſo long as I can Pimp ſo handſomely for you, my Deareſt, I hope if ever we return into the Country, you'll wink at a ſmall Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Deareſt.

SYLVIA.

I always was a Burden to your ſight, and you ſhall be this time eas'd on't.

COURTINE.

With all my Heart! Heav'n grant it would laſt for ever.

Exit.

Enter THEODORET.

THEODORET.

My Doors lock'd up! my Servants gagg'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

BEAUGARD.

Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Deſign was not laid for a Tragedy.

THEODORET.

How do you intend to deal with me?

BEAUGARD.

Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deſerve it of me: In ſhort, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my Power; and by her Authority, this being her own Houſe, I have made thus bold with it; and will take care to diſpoſe her hereafter out of the reach of your mercileſs Tyranny; nay, if this reverend Parſon will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc'd it, am ready to do it one way this Moment. *Daredevil* wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

DAREDEVIL.

Hey!

PORCIA.

Riſe, Sir! Won't you riſe? If your old Friend and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be ſo kind to dance at the Wedding.

DAREDEVIL.

Dance, Madam! I am dying.

PHILLIS.

That's falſe, to my Knowledge, Madam: For the Surgeon told me laſt dreſſing, it was ſo ſlight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

DAREDEVIL.

Yes, by the ſame token when he had done with me, he began with you, forſooth, and ſaid he would ſhew you a little of his Operation, for handling and tampering with

his Box of Inſtruments, and there's the truth out now.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DAREDEVIL.

Why, Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole in my Belly, that you may turn a Coach and ſix in?

BEAUGARD.

[No, no: Pr'ythee leave raving, and get up for ſhame. Man. Thou an Atheiſt, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine*, lend us thy hand to raiſe up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Sets him on his Legs.*

DAREDEVIL.

Ah! faith and troth, I fancy, not ſo bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find myſelf pretty hearty; I can ſtand, I can walk too, I have no Pain at all. How doeſt thou do, old Orthodox?

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, which ſhakes the Diſguiſe from his Face.*

COURTINE.

Ah! but you repented, *Daredevil*? thou didſt repent, Friend: I am ſorry to hear of it with all my heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Eſcutcheon: but thou didſt repent.

FATHER.

A Pox on the Block-head, now I ſhall be known.

[*Fumbling to fix his Diſguiſe again.*

DAREDEVIL.

Repent! pr'ythee be quiet, Man; repent, quotha! Why, doſt thou think I did not know my old Cuſtomer for two Duces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

FATHER.

My *Jacky*, my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I muſt kiſs thee, and I will kiſs thee, eeee you Dog, you

Dog,

Dog, you Dog, you little dear dámn'd Dog. [*Sings old.*
Simon,] *Huzza*, the Widow's our own. There lie Divinity.

BEAUGARD.

A very *Cutter*, as I live, had be but a *Tabitha*, a perfect *Cutter*.

FATHER.

Now, *Jacky-boy*; *Jacky*, you Rogue, ſhall not I have a little ſpill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly Worms that have fattened ſo long in this Malmſey Noſe of mine, with the Fumes of Sack, will die, and drop out of their Sockets elſe. Couldſt thou have the Heart to ſee this illuminated Noſe of mine look like an empty Honey-comb; couldſt thou be ſo hard-hearted?

PORCIA.

Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, propoſes very moderately.

FATHER.

It ſhall be ſo, ſhe ſhall be my Daughter-in-Law, tho' I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Bleſſing.

BEAUGARD.

Look you, *Sir*: Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promiſe to leave off Gaming, and ſtick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you.

FATHER.

The truth on't is, I have been to blame, *Jack!* But thou ſhalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have any Terms: which are theſe.

BEAUGARD.

Come on, then.

FATHER.

Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack*, *per Diem*, without Deduction or falſe Meaſure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per* Month; and that of the beſt too.

COURTINE.

Truly this is but reaſonable.

FATHER.

Butter-Beef and *March* Beer at Dinner, you Rogue: A young Wench of my own chuſing, to wait on no body but me always: Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horſe, and an Elbow-Chair.

BEAUGARD.

Agreed. You ſee Sir, already; I am beginning to ſettle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the ſame ſort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another ſort of Domeſtick. What ſay you, Sir? Are you contented?

THEODORET.

I cannot tell whether I am or no.

BEAUGARD.

Then you are not ſo wiſe a Man as I took you for. In the mean Time; for your Liberty, you muſt diſpenſe with the want of it, 'till I have this Night ſecured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian* becauſe of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Reſt as otherwiſe. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuſes.

Thus ſtill, with Power in hand we treat of Peace;
Bnt when 'tis ratify'd, Suſpicions ceaſe:
The conquer'd to recruiting Labours move;
Like me, the Victor, crowns his Eaſe, with Love.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DUKE, of *Cambridge*.

IT is not long, ſince in the noiſy Pit
Tumultuous Faction *ſat the Judge of* Wit;
There Knaves *applauded what their* Blockheads *writ.*
At a Whig-Brother's *Play, the Bawling Crowd*
Burſt out in Shouts, as zealous, *and as* loud,
As when ſome Member's *ſtout* Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice *of a whole* Drunken Shire.
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho' 'twas a Dev'liſh Pull to ſtem the Tyde:
And tho' he ne'er did Line of Treaſon write,
Nor made one Rocket *on Queen Beſſe's Night,*
Such was his Fortune, or ſo good his Cauſe,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applauſe.
He that could then eſcape, now *bolder grows:*
Since the Whig-Tyde *runs out, the* Loyal *flows.*
All you who lately here preſum'd to hawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-Hall;
The Spirit *of* Rebellion *there is quell'd,*
And there your Poet's-Acts *are all repeal'd:*
Judicial Juſtice *has reſum'd again*
Impartial, awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
Her Stage *ſhall laſh the* Follies *of the Times,*
The Law's Vengeance *overtake the* Crimes.
And the perjur'd Wretch *ſhall no Protection gain*
From his diſhonour'd Robe *and* Golden Chain;
But ſtand expos'd to all th' inſulting Town,
While rotten *Eggs bedaub the* Scarlet Gown.

EPILOGUE.

Pack hence betimes, you that were never ſparing
To ſave the Land, *and* damn yourſelves, *by* ſwearing.
Shou'd the Wiſe City *now, to eaſe your Fears,*
Erect an Office to enſure your Ears,
Thither ſuch num'rous Shoals of Witneſſes,
And Juries, *conſcious of their Guilt, wou'd preſs,*
That to the Chamber *hence might more be gain'd.*
Than ever Mother Creſwell *from it drain'd;*
And Perjury *to th'* Orphans Bank *reſtore*
Whatever Whoredom *robb'd it of before.*

End of the Second Volume.

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